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THE POWER OF THE SENATE.

SHORTLY before daybreak, in the closing night of the session of the Congress which came to an end on the 4th of last March, Mr. Cannon made a remarkable speech. One of the great appropriation bills of vital importance to the government was in conference between the two Houses. Unless it should pass before twelve o'clock on that day it would be necessary to have an extra session, or the wheels of some of the great governmental departments would be stopped. A Senator had delivered an ultimatum that an ancient claim of his state should be fastened upon the bill, or, as an alternative, he would talk until the end of the session and defeat the measure. Under the rules of the Senate it was clearly in the power of one Senator to carry on, as long as his physical strength would last, the appearance of debate, which would in no fair sense be debate at all, but simply a forcible stopping of the legislative machine. Mr. Cannon very unwillingly consented to pay the price demanded, but he declared with emphasis that the Senate should change its procedure, or that another body, "backed up by the people, will compel that change, else this body, close to the people, shall become a mere tender, a mere bender of the pregnant hinges of the knee to submit to what any one member of another body may demand of this body as a price for legislation."

Such instances of the effect of the rules of the Senate are by no means rare. Perhaps one more strikingly illustrat-

ing not merely the tendency to efface the House as a legislative body but also the overthrow of the rule of the majority in the Senate itself was seen two years ago. The River and Harbor Bill, after a protracted consideration on the part of both Houses and of their committees, and after passing both Houses in its substantial form, had reached its last stage in the report of the conference committee within less than twenty hours of the final adjournment of the Congress. An unsuccessful attempt had been made to attach to the bill, to which it bore no relation, an irrigation scheme involving scores of millions of dollars. A Senator who had the irrigation project much at heart determined to defeat the bill. It did not appeal to him that the measure had received the careful attention and approval of both Houses. The rules of the Senate permitted him, under the guise of debate, to consume all the remaining time of the session. He took the floor against the measure. To talk against time for twenty hours demands qualities which few, if any, of the greatest parliamentary orators have possessed. The "debate" which followed afforded a rare display of physical endurance. The Senator demonstrated his capacity to defeat the bill, and, to save the little time that was left to the Senate for the transaction of other urgent public business, the supporters of the bill surrendered and withdrew it from consideration.

It is scarcely a conclusive answer to

indulge in the time-honored epithet and say that the measure in question was a "River and Harbor steal." Very little public money is expended with greater benefit to the people of the country at large than the money which is spent to deepen the rivers and improve the harbors along the oceans and the Great Lakes. Some portion of it doubtless is mere waste, and never should be appropriated at all. A large proportion of that waste is due to the fact that some Senators, like the one to whom I have just referred, with small states behind them, but with the same power as Senators from the great taxpaying states, are careful that their localities shall receive their share of the public money, and their ingenuity expends itself in finding other objects for public bounty in default of oceans and navigable rivers. I shall subsequently refer, more fully, however, to the unequal character of the constitution of the Senate. I am only referring here to the effect of the Senate rules.

The House of Representatives may devote its time to the perfecting of a great measure which also receives the approval of a majority of the Senate, and then the measure is to be overthrown, and the labors of the House brought to naught unless consent is given to engraft upon it the pet scheme of some individual Senator to which the great majority of both bodies may be opposed. As much can be said for the freedom of debate which exists in the Senate as for the summary procedure which often prevails in the House, under which a vote is taken upon most important measures with practically no debate at all. But unless a change of the Senate rule is made, as applied to new matters sought to be put upon bills which have received in substance the approval of both Houses, the House of Representatives will be compelled to submit to the demands of individual Senators, and accept the principle of government by unanimous consent in-

stead of by majorities, or see necessary legislation fail of passage.

From the time of the adoption of the Constitution to the present day there have been frequent protests against the large measure of power possessed by the Senate, especially in view of the very unequal and very unrepresentative principle upon which that body is constituted, but its power appears to have fattened upon these protests, and to have been, on the whole, increasing. If, in spite of the constitution of the Senate, its power has been employed as a rule for the general good, it must be remembered that something can be said in favor of the most unequal system of government that has ever existed. The purest despotisms and the most exclusive oligarchies have frequently been responsive to popular opinion, and have often sheltered order and sometimes individual freedom. I shall take for granted, however, that the democratic idea, which our nation is supposed to represent, will be accepted without argument as applied to North America. Caution compels me to say "as applied to North America," for the government of the American people has decreed that the "consent-of-the-governed" declaration of our forefathers was either not a declaration of a principle at all, or had only a local application, and did not possess vitality across the seas.

The great and growing power of the Senate is not more odious on account of any degeneracy in its personnel. The lament of the degeneracy of the present as compared with the past is one of the oldest things one can find in history. There always have been, and there probably always will be, people in the world who disparage the times in which they live, — people who, as Macaulay said, are always painting a golden age which never existed save in their imaginations. I am not one of those who think that the talent in public life has declined. I believe it is true that, on the whole, even the national

Congress for the last ten years will compare very favorably with the national Congress of any other time in our history. Some exceptionally great figure may depart from one House or the other and be greatly missed for a time, but the average of membership maintains itself very fairly. If I were dealing with the House of Representatives, I could cite many names from the last decade of its history that would show the strength of its membership, — statesmen like Reed and Dingley and Wilson, orators like Cockran and Dalzell and Bryan, debaters like Turner, Cannon, Hepburn, and Crisp. But I am dealing with the Senate. It contains in its present membership one, whose name will readily occur to all, who will pass into history as among the three or four greatest statesmen who ever had a place in that body. When has it had, since the days of Douglas certainly, a more accomplished debater than Spooner, or a more pungent and brilliant speaker than Vest; or when has it ever had more tactful and discerning leaders than Allison and Aldrich? And the list of striking figures might easily be made longer.

Select for the purpose of comparison the debates of the Convention which formulated our national Constitution, — a body of very great eminence in history, the virtues of which it would be little short of treason to disparage. Those debates had a very competent and dispassionate reporter. He did not write shorthand, and for that reason did not always preserve the dilutions that would have the effect of weakening what was said. I imagine no one would question that Mr. Madison was, of all men, fitted to report the substance of a great political debate, and yet careful readers of his report have doubtless observed that gentlemen in the Convention who have left sounding names sometimes talked like sophomores; that others had very crude and undigested notions of government, and that only occasionally would a man be found who spoke with

the pith and weight of Dr. Franklin, whose speeches impress one very much as speeches made in our modern House of Representatives by Mr. Thomas B. Reed. The Convention which framed the Constitution was one of the most memorable assemblages of all time. On the other hand, there is hardly one so poor to do the latter-day Congress reverence. But let any one infatuated by the theory of modern degeneracy compare the great debate in the Convention with any of the most important debates in Congress in the last decade. In wisdom, in learning, in eloquence, and in a rich variety I think the comparison will not be to the disadvantage of the modern assembly.

The striking circumstance in connection with the power of the Senate is that it holds the commanding place at the centre of the government. It brings to mind the condition of things in Europe under the feudal system, where the nobles had the position between the king and the people, and gradually encroached upon both until they were able to oppress both, — a condition which continued until a union was effected between the people and the sovereign, and the feudal system was finally overthrown. The Senate shares the powers of legislation with the House and some of the most important executive functions with the President. The latter is unable to appoint a collector or a postmaster, or even a member of his own official household, without the Senate's consent. Such important powers, exercised at the centre of the state, would naturally increase by encroachment upon both extremes, and they certainly would not diminish.

The course of the Revolution made it almost inevitable that in the Continental Congress, and in the Congress under the Articles of Confederation, the states should vote as a unit and exercise an equal authority; but when the time came to formulate the Constitution, the most enlightened of our statesmen were

strongly impressed with the idea that there could not be such a thing as a permanent free government established upon so unequal a principle. The question of the relative power of the large and small states in the new government became a pressing one. That was the rock upon which the Convention was more than once very nearly destroyed. In the long contest which ensued it must be admitted that the representatives of the small states played the better game and won upon almost all points. Their most effective resource was found in the ardent desire of the leading statesmen from the larger states to substitute a real national government for the mere shadow of a government that then existed, and they made the larger states pay a high price to obtain it. They secured an equal representation in the Senate, and they exaggerated the powers of that body by conferring upon it a great variety of important functions.

The large states made a determined stand upon the question of taxation. They insisted that the people and not the states paid the taxes, and that, as the larger states would yield more taxes than the smaller states, the representatives of the people, chosen substantially upon the basis of population, should have a peculiar control over revenue bills. Mr. Gerry well stated the prevailing idea of the time with reference to taxation when he said, "Taxation and representation are strongly associated in the minds of the people, and they will not agree that any but their immediate representatives shall meddle with their purses."

Although the representatives of the smaller states insisted upon an equal power even over revenue bills, they did not lack in thrift when it came to guarding themselves against liability to pay an equal share of the expenses of the government, and the Constitution accordingly provided that representation and direct taxes should be apportioned

among the states according to population.

An apparent concession, however, was finally made by the small states with regard to revenue bills, and I shall refer to it more fully hereafter, because it is the one point where I think the Senate, not satisfied with the great powers conferred upon it, has directly encroached upon the prerogatives of the House. Having secured the great grant of power in the Constitution, the smaller states then demanded a provision that that instrument should never be amended so as to take away the equal representation of the states in the Senate without the consent of every state, — something which obviously it would be impossible to obtain, and which was equivalent to providing that the Constitution, in that particular, should never be amended at all.

The constitution of the Senate was recognized, at the time of its establishment, as a violation of the democratic principle, but a violation which the peculiar conditions seemed to require, and I think it was never imagined that the inequality would not be limited to that which existed, or might grow out of the states at first forming the Union. While the Senate's constitutional powers have not changed, the course of events has greatly intensified their undemocratic character. The practical inequality originally was sufficiently bad, but, by the admission of so many new and small states, it has become almost intolerable. The original inequality bore heavily upon three states, yet was not essentially glaring with reference to the others; but to-day it is possible to select fifteen states having together in round numbers five millions of people, or about two thirds of the population of the state of New York. The senatorial representatives of those five millions would lack only a single vote of the number necessary to defeat some great treaty which the Senators of the other seventy millions might support. States having

less than one sixth of the population choose a majority of the entire Senate, while more than five sixths of the people of the country are represented by a minority in that body. The state of Nevada, under the last census, had less than forty-three thousand people. If New York were permitted to have the same proportional representation in the Senate, it would have some three hundred and fifty Senators. There are many things in the constitution of the Senate which are admirable. Such a conservative body is to-day of vital importance. The length of the term, the different method of choice from that of the Representatives, and the very gradual change in membership are highly valuable features. But none of its good features grows out of the great inequality of its constitution, giving one man in one section of the country the power of a hundred equally good men in another.

This exaggerated inequality, so utterly subversive of the American dogma of government, is undoubtedly the great fault in the constitution of the Senate. There is none of the common traditional attributes of aristocracy that enters into this situation. The theory of government which treats sovereignty as a mere possession, passing from father to son like any other species of property, at least has something human in it. But even the human element disappears entirely when a capricious bestowal of power is made upon a mere incorporation. If the owners of land and other property, the mercantile interests, and the workingmen are treated as classes and permitted to choose their representatives in the governing body, there is at least a representation of the diversity of interests with which legislation deals. And the proposition is not entirely lacking in force that individuals, separated from property or class interests, are affected in much the same way by legislation, and have a substantial identity of interests. In other words,

that the touch of nature will affect legislators when they pass laws concerning life and liberty to which they themselves will be subject; and that they are representatives in a stronger sense than if they exercised a mere delegated authority; but that when property and class rights are dealt with, the rapacity of one class should be held in check by the rapacity of another, and that there should be such a balance in the assembly that those broad interests which are weak in mere numbers should not be devoured by those that are strong. But what conceivable thing is there in the state of Nevada, estimable as her people doubtless are, to entitle one individual there to a hundred times as much weight in governing the country as is possessed by a man residing in New York or Pennsylvania or Illinois. or indeed to a particle greater weight? On any rational theory of government such inequality is unthinkable, unless, indeed, it be true that those having a particular occupation should exercise a special and almost potent control in governing the myriads of other occupations.

We have had recent illustrations that this system of inequality does not merely violate our ideals, but that it has serious practical results. Ten years ago, in consequence of concessions to the silver mining interests, the country had reached the verge of the precipice, and our financial system was at last almost at the point of falling upon the silver standard. Under the law requiring the government to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion every month, gold was rapidly leaving the treasury, while its vaults were groaning under the great mass of silver. The spectacle was then witnessed of Senators from states, containing mining camps but comparatively few people, almost holding the balance of power, and, having an equal voice with that of the populous commercial states of the Union, struggling desperately to con-

tinue the fatal policy of the government purchase of silver. It was only by the inflexible and heroic conduct of the President, supported, as he chanced to be, by the great body of the party in opposition to him, that the most vital commercial interests of the great majority of the people and the financial honor of the nation as well were not sacrificed.

Other illustrations might be given, but they would only tend to prove what is axiomatic — that the Senators from the small states, as well as the Senators from the large states, will, as a rule, vote for those measures furthering the special interests of the states they represent. They would, I think, be accused of betraying their trust if they did less.

The great practical encroachment of the power of the Senate beyond its fair constitutional limits is seen in connection with bills relating to taxation. The chief concession in the formation of the Constitution was that by which the large states were given at least the appearance of a special power over taxation in proportion to their population as a set-off against the great proportional powers given the small states through their equal representation in the Senate. The small states, however, on the basis of population would possess entire equality with the large states, and it would certainly be no good ground for complaint that they should not be accorded the right to impose taxes for other people to pay. This compensating power is found in that clause of the Constitution providing that all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives, reserving to the Senate the right to propose or concur with amendments as on other bills. Unless a substantial power was intended to be conferred by this clause, the contemporary construction put upon it by the Federalist, in a paper written either by Madison or Hamilton, was strikingly erroneous. "Admitting,

however," says the author of this paper, "that they should all be insufficient to subdue the unjust policy of the smaller states, or their predominating influence in the councils of the Senate, a constitutional and infallible recourse still remains with the larger states by which they will be able at all times to accomplish their just purposes. The House of Representatives can not only refuse, but they alone can propose the supplies requisite for the support of government. They, in a word, hold the purse, — that powerful instrument by which we behold, in the history of the British Constitution, an infant and humble representative of the people gradually enlarging the sphere of its activity and importance, and finally reducing, so far as it seems to have wished, all the overgrown prerogatives of the other branches of the government. This power of the purse may, in fact, be regarded as the most complete and effectual weapon with which any constitution can arm the immediate representatives of the people for obtaining a redress of every grievance, and for carrying into effect every just and salutary measure."

But what would this power amount to if the imposition of a tax upon a single article would confer upon the Senate the right to go over the whole range of taxes and construct any sort of a bill it desired? By giving such an interpretation to the meaning of the exception the great power itself is practically destroyed. At the time of the framing of the Constitution there was no such thing known as amendment by complete substitution, and the fair construction of that clause, having reference to the conditions surrounding its adoption, is that if the House should send a bill to the Senate imposing a tax upon an article, the Senate might amend by raising or diminishing the proposed tax as it saw fit. It was such an abuse of the right of amendment as to destroy the power to originate taxation laws, when the Senate, as it did in 1872,

substituted for a House bill relating to a tax on coffee a general revision of the tariff. The Senate's action at that time called out a protest from Garfield, who had deeply studied this subject, and who contributed to it one of the most notable efforts of his career in Congress. Garfield held that the action of the Senate in the case cited was an abuse, and that its action should be confined substantially to the subjects in the House bill. He declared that the action of the Senate invaded "a right which cannot be surrendered without inflicting a fatal wound upon the integrity of our whole system of government." No hard and fast rule can be set up in such a case, but it is a question of prerogative, and each body should respect the constitutional prerogatives of the other. Surely the body representing the people should struggle for its own.

The great Senators have almost uniformly contended for a broad construction of the prerogative of the House. Webster held that it was purely a question of privilege, and that the decision of it belonged to the House. Benton, who belonged to the opposite political party, in the same debate declared that "in all cases of doubtful jurisdiction between the Houses my rule is to solve the doubt in favor of the House, which, by the Constitution, is charged with the general subject. Taxation and representation go together. The burdens of the people and the representation of the people are put together. An important and full representation of the people is in the House of Representatives." Sumner, Wilson, Seward, and Hoar have also declared in the Senate for a broad construction of the prerogative of the House.

It has been said that the Senate will construct a better tariff than the House. The framers of the Constitution, and especially its great interpreter, Hamilton, did not foresee in its full force the influence of special great interests in framing tariff laws. It is for the

benefit of those interests, sometimes pressing for governmental protection and sometimes for governmental indifference, to have tariffs constructed by a few men, responsible practically to no great body of public opinion, as many of them as possible with small constituencies, so that after having protected the interests of those they particularly represent, they might be unattached and without special electoral responsibility. A scrutiny of the recent bills relating to taxation will show that the House bills have usually been drawn upon more popular lines. Take the repeal of some of the war revenue taxes two years ago, when the House of Representatives sent to the Senate a bill, the chief feature of which was the removal of nearly all the troublesome and vexatious stamp taxes which had been imposed upon almost all the instrumentalities of trade. The tax upon bank checks, insurance policies, real estate conveyances, and similar taxes of a wide application were removed by the House bill. The Senate, under the guise of its power to amend, struck out all after the enacting clause of the House bill, and substituted a measure of its own. The distinguishing feature of the Senate bill was an extension of the amount of the reduction of the tax on beer and tobacco by about twelve millions, and to enable this to be done, it retained many of the stamp taxes which the House bill removed, and especially the stamp tax upon checks. The tax upon checks was a direct tax upon hundreds of thousands of people, and was not of sufficient importance to any individual, vexatious though it might be, to lead him to make any special effort for its repeal. On the other hand, the millions which were remitted upon beer went to a very small class who had so much at stake as to warrant an extraordinary effort. The House repeal was in favor of the great number, and the Senate repeal was in favor of the few.

It does not require a close study

of the tariff laws of the last twenty years to lead to the conclusion that, although special interests have fully as much consideration shown them in the House of Representatives as they should have, yet the Senate has been the citadel of those interests. The representatives are reached directly by the people who pay the taxes and can be visited with public indignation, while the Senators in some instances at least are for all practical purposes irresponsible to the taxpayer.

The question primarily is not one of wise or unwise laws, or whether small states do not often have strong Senators, while large states have weak ones. It involves a principle which is not disregarded even in a constitutional monarchy like Germany. It involves the principle of one set of men imposing taxes for another set of men to pay, and if the House of Representatives would insist, as some of its greatest members have advised, upon a broad and fair construction of its prerogatives, we should be upon a platform more consistent with the principles of sound government. We should, I am sure, have laws of taxation formulated upon more popular lines. The masses would suffer less for the benefit of the great special interests, and there would be some compensation to the large states, and to the people who are directly represented, for the extraordinary powers conferred upon the Senate.

The notable struggle over taxation in the Parliament of Great Britain, which must have been in the minds of the framers of the Constitution, should be of decisive weight in upholding the prerogative of the House. That struggle, continuing for centuries, had just been brought to an end at the time of our Revolution, and had resulted in a signal victory for the English Commons. It had secured to them the complete control over all matters of taxation. The question of taxation was the one out of which the Revolution ori-

ginated. That Revolution was the assertion by the people who paid the taxes of the right to say what taxes should be imposed. Surely if the construction of our Constitution upon this point were doubtful the course of events in Great Britain and the Colonies would make it clear.

By a sort of attraction of gravitation the great powers of the Senate increase by drawing other powers to them, and this species of expansion is especially seen in the tendency to confer special official functions upon the Senators individually. Take the negotiation of the treaty of peace with Spain in 1898, which was, in effect, a treaty of war rather than of peace, and which embarked us upon a policy nobody contemplated when we entered upon the war for the liberation of Cuba. Of the five commissioners who were appointed to negotiate that treaty, three were Senators. That is not an exceptional instance, but it is becoming the rule. A more recent illustration is found in the appointment of the commission, soon to meet, to decide the Alaskan boundary dispute, a tribunal which, under the agreement, was to be composed of impartial jurists of repute. Two of the three American members of the commission were chosen from the Senate. We may concede to those two Senators the utmost their warmest friends could claim for them, and yet there is no danger in the assertion that there are plenty of other jurists in the country as impartial and of as high repute. If there were a paucity of American talent, or if the great part of it were concentrated in the Senate, then it might be desirable to fill such places, which, for all essential purposes, are offices, from the membership of the Senate. But there is certainly no such lack of talent in private life as to call for a duplication of parts in the play, or for imposing on Senators important public functions in addition to those belonging to their own office. Mr. Hay

had not been conspicuous as a public man before the first election of Mr. McKinley. The public career of Mr. Richard Olney had been limited to a term in the Massachusetts legislature before he rendered his notable service in the Cabinet of President Cleveland. I think neither Mr. Gage nor Mr. Root nor yet Mr. Knox had ever held important public office before he entered President McKinley's Cabinet. Scores of instances can be found where men of little or no experience in the public service have been selected to fill the most important offices, and have infused new strength and energy into the government.

In a government which is a republic in anything but name the offices should be as widely distributed as is consistent with good administration, and the rich red blood which the country possesses in abundance should course through the channels of office. Even if the country were so poor in talent as to make it desirable to appoint Senators to such places, even if there were no impropriety in their negotiating treaties upon which they were to pass judgment as Senators, such appointments come perilously near being an infraction of the Constitution. A Senator is disqualified from holding any other office under the United States, and if it is not a most important office of government to determine in the first instance the great question of peace and war, or to settle a disputed boundary with another nation, then the term has an exceedingly narrow meaning.

The expansion of the power of the Senate in an undemocratic as well as an unconstitutional direction is also seen in the growing tendency to pass laws, and especially taxation laws, by treaty. Treaties are high contracts between nations, and it can hardly be believed that it was within the contemplation of the framers of the Constitution so elaborately to construct a legislative machine and at the same time to throw the whole

mechanism out of gear by a single clause regarding treaties, providing that the President and Senate might call in a foreign potentate and might make laws for the internal government of the United States. Treaties have the force of law, but they should obviously be within the fair scope of the treaty-making power. At any rate, it would scarcely be reasonable to claim that they set aside the Constitution, and if we are to regard the Senate as a part of two legislative machines, it cannot, as a part of either, do the things prohibited by the Constitution. Under that instrument revenue bills must originate in the House. How, then, can they originate by treaty? It would, indeed, be a curious spectacle, that of the Senate, composed in the way it is, sitting behind closed doors, and deciding in secret what taxes the American people are to pay.

The four years' term of the presidency is too short for a struggle with the Senate, and its part in executive transactions is so great that any such struggle would expose an administration to failure. The period of life of the House of Representatives is still shorter, and its term would be likely to come to an end before a contest between the two Houses would acquire any great momentum. The custom under which Representatives are expected to secure offices for their constituents, and thus to ask for senatorial favors, makes a contest between the two Houses less apt to occur. As I have said, an amendment to the Constitution depriving states of their equal membership in the Senate is not within the range of possibilities, as such an amendment would require the unanimous consent of all the states. It would be possible to pass an amendment in the ordinary way, reducing the powers of the Senate, but the friction of the amending machinery is so great that it would involve an intense and long continued pressure of public opinion to set it in motion. The only practical hope of even a partial

remedy lies in the jealous insistence by the House upon its constitutional prerogatives. If it should do that, it would be more likely to realize the advantage of its position in a nation imbued with the democratic idea. The doubtful powers of government would gravitate toward the House, our laws would become more popular in character, and would respond to broad and general needs in the community, while the character of the Senate as a conservative body would be unimpaired.

But things have drifted long enough. Nothing can be clearer than that in the long lapse of time institutions of government may be corrupted and become vastly different from their original character. Venice began her national career as a republic in fact, and for centuries was governed by elected rulers responsible to a popular assembly, but, while maintaining the name of republic, she came to have, in the Council of Ten, sitting in secret, or, as it might be called to-day, "in executive session," as despotic and cruel an oligarchy as ever existed. It might be said that we have the restraints of a written Constitution, and a Supreme Court to enforce them, but already we have heard made, not entirely without effect, that appeal to an utterly false national pride, "Is not the American government able to do anything that any other government can do?" as if that which has been accounted our glory, as if the restrictions in favor of freedom and against tyranny, even by the government itself,

were a defect and a badge of weakness. And in view of the tendency of recent decisions, how long may we expect the Supreme Court to remain the austere guardian of the Constitution against the encroachments of executive or congressional power? That court may not always be composed of Marshalls and Storys and Harlans, and what will become of the limitations of the Constitution if ever the high aery, about which the eagles of our jurisprudence once hovered, shall be held by the twittering judicial tomtit? At any rate, the preservation of our institutions in their purity requires that each branch of the political department of the government shall be the guardian of its own powers, and, without encroaching upon any other branch, shall stand firmly for its own prerogatives. Any determined conflict will be settled, not by mere popular clamor, but by public opinion. Popular clamor is often stirred up by an ardent cultivation of the galleries, and the sensation of yesterday is thrust aside and forgotten for the sensation of to-day. But the settled and potent public opinion, which is the product of patient discussion, and of the persistent education of the people, usually leads to policies in quite an opposite direction. When that shall be appealed to in any determined contest between the two Houses, it can scarcely be doubted that the decision will be in favor of those great principles of popular government which underlie the American Commonwealth.

S. W. McCull.

QUIXOTISM.

WHEN Falstaff boasted that he was not only witty himself but the cause of wit in other men, he thought of himself more highly than he ought to have thought. The very fact that he was witty prevent-

ed him from the highest efficiency in stimulating others in that direction. The atmospheric currents of merriment move irresistibly toward a vacuum. Create a character altogether destitute of humor

and the most sluggish intelligence is stirred in the effort to fill the void.

When we seek one who is the cause of wit in other men we pass by the jovial Falstaff and come to the preternaturally serious Don Quixote. Here we have not the chance outcropping of "the lighter vein," but the mother lode which the humorist finds inexhaustible. Don Quixote, with a lofty gravity which never for an instant relaxes, sets forth upon his mission. His is a soul impenetrable to mirth; but as he rides he enlivens the whole country-side. Everywhere merry eyes are watching him; boisterous laughter comes from the stables of village inns; from castle windows high-born ladies smile upon him; the peasants in the fields stand gaping and holding their sides; the countenances of the priests relax, and even the robbers salute the knight with mock courtesy. The dullest La Manchana is refreshed, and feels that he belongs to a choice coterie of wits.

Cervantes tells us that he intended only a burlesque on the books of chivalry which were in vogue in his day. Had he done no more than he intended, he would have amused his own generation and then have been forgotten. It would be too much to ask that we should read the endless tales about Amadis and Orlando, only that we might appreciate his clever parody of them. A satire lasts no longer than its object. It must shoot folly as it flies. To keep on shooting at a folly after it is dead is unsportsmanlike.

But though we have not read the old books of chivalry, we have all come in contact with Quixotism. I say we have all come in contact with it; but let no selfish, conventional persons be afraid lest they catch it. They are immune. They may do many foolish things, but they cannot possibly be quixotic. Quixotism is a malady possible only to generous minds.

Listen to Don Quixote as he makes his plea before the duke and duchess: "I have redressed grievances, righted the in-

jured, chastised the insolent, vanquished giants. My intentions have all been directed toward virtuous ends and to do good to all mankind. Now judge, most excellent duke and duchess, whether a person who makes it his study to practice all this deserves to be called a fool."

Our first instinct is to answer confidently, "Of course not! Such a character as you describe is what we call a hero or a saint." But the person whose moral enthusiasm has been tempered with a knowledge of the queer combinations of goodness and folly of which human nature is capable is more wary, and answers, "That depends."

In the case of Don Quixote it depends very much on the kind of world he lives in. If it should happen that in this world there are giants standing truculently at their castle doors, and forlorn maidens at every cross-roads waiting to be rescued, we will grant him the laurels that are due to the hero. But if La Mancha should not furnish these materials for his prowess, — then we must take a different view of the case.

The poor gentleman is mad, that is what the curate and the barber say; but when we listen to his conversation we are in doubt. If the curate could discourse half so eloquently he would have been a bishop long before this. The most that can be said is that he has some notions which are not in accordance with the facts, and that he acts accordingly; but if that were a proof of madness there would not be enough sane persons in the world to make strait-jackets for the rest. His chief peculiarity is that he takes himself with a seriousness that is absolute. All of us have thoughts which would not bear the test of strict examination. There are vagrant fancies and random impulses which, fortunately for our reputations, come to nothing. We are just on the verge of doing something absurd when we recognize the character of our proposed action; and our neighbors lose a pleasure. We comfort ourselves by the

reflection that their loss is our gain. Don Quixote has no such inhibition; he carries out his own ideas to their logical conclusion.

The hero of Cervantes had muddled his wits by the reading of romances. Almost any kind of printed matter may have the same effect if one is not able to distinguish between what he has read and what he has actually experienced. One may read treatises on political economy until he mistakes the "economic man" who acts only according to the rules of enlightened self-interest for a creature of flesh and blood. One may read so many articles on the Rights of Women that he mistakes a hard-working American citizen who spends his summer in a downtown office, in order that his wife and daughter may go to Europe, for that odious monster the Tyrant Man. It is possible to read the Society columns of the daily newspapers till the reader does not know good society when he sees it. An estimable teacher in the public schools may devote herself so assiduously to pedagogical literature that she mistakes her schoolroom for a psychological laboratory, with results that are sufficiently tragical. There are excellent divines so learned in the history of the early church that they believe that semi-pelagianism is still the paramount issue. There were few men whose minds were, in general, better balanced than Mr. Gladstone's, yet what a fine example of Quixotism was that suggested by Queen Victoria's remark: "Mr. Gladstone always addresses me as if I were a public meeting." To address a woman as if she were a public meeting is the mistake of one who had devoted himself too much to political speeches.

A thoroughly healthy mind can endure a good deal of reading and a considerable amount of speculation with impunity. It does not take the ideas thus derived too seriously. It is continually making allowances, and every once in a while there is a general clearance. It is like a gun

which expels the old cartridge as the new shot is fired. When the delicate mechanism for the expulsion of exploded opinions gets out of order the mind becomes the victim of "fixed ideas." The best idea becomes dangerous when it gets stuck. When the fixed ideas are of a noble and disinterested character we have a situation which excites at once the admiration of the moralist and the apprehension of the alienist. Perhaps this borderland between spiritual reality and intellectual hallucination belongs neither to the moralist nor to the alienist, but to the wise humorist. He laughs, but there is no bitterness or scorn in his laughter. It is mellow and human-hearted.

The world is full of people who have a faculty which enables them to believe whatever they wish. Thought is not, for them, a process which may go on indefinitely, a work in which they are collaborating with the universe. They do it all by themselves. It is the definite transaction of making up their minds. When the mind is made up it closes with a snap. After that, for an unwelcome idea to force an entrance would be a well-nigh impossible feat of intellectual burglary.

We sometimes speak of stubborn facts. Nonsense! A fact is a mere babe when compared with a stubborn theory. Let the theory, however extravagant in its origin, choose its own ground, and entrench itself in the mind of a well-meaning lady or gentleman of an argumentative turn, and I'll warrant you it can hold its own against a whole regiment of facts.

Did you ever attend a meeting of the society for the, — perhaps I had better not mention the name of the society lest I tread on your favorite Quixotism. Suffice it to say that it has a noble purpose. It aims at nothing less than the complete transformation of human society, by the use of means which, to say the least, seem quite inadequate.

After the minutes of the last meeting

have been read, and the objects of the society have been once more stated with much detail, there is an opportunity for discussion from the floor.

"Perhaps there is some one who may give some new suggestions, or who may desire to ask a question."

You have observed what happens to the unfortunate questioner. What a sorry exhibition he makes of himself! No sooner does he open his mouth than every one recognizes his intellectual feebleness. He seems unable to grasp the simplest ideas. He stumbles at the first premise, and lies sprawling at the very threshold of the argument. "If what I have taken for granted be true," says the chairman, "do not all the fine things I have been telling you about follow necessarily?"

"But," murmurs the questioner, "the things you take for granted are just what trouble me. They don't correspond to my experience."

"Poor, feeble-minded questioner!" cry the members of the society, "to think that he is not even able to take things for granted! And then to set up his experience against our Constitution and by-laws!"

We sometimes speak of an inconsequent, harum-scarum person, who is always going off after new ideas, as quixotic. But true Quixotism is grave, self-contained, conservative. Within its own sphere it is accurate and circumstantial. There is no absurdity in its mental processes; all that is concealed in its assumptions. Granted the reality of the scheme of knight-errantry, and Don Quixote becomes a solid, dependable man who will conscientiously carry it out. There is no danger of his going off into vagaries. He has a mind that will keep the roadway.

He is a sound critic, intolerant of minor incongruities. When the puppet-player tells about the bells ringing in the mosques of the Moorish town, the knight is quick to correct him. "There you are out, boy; the Moors have no bells; they only

use kettledrums. Your ringing of bells in Sansuena is a mere absurdity." Such absurdities were not amusing; they were offensive to his serious taste.

The quixotic mind loves greatly the appearance of strict logic. It is satisfied if one statement is consistent with another statement; whether either is consistent with the facts of the case is a curious matter which it does not care to investigate. So much does it love Logic that it welcomes even that black sheep of the logical family, the Fallacy; and indeed the impudent fellow, with all his irresponsible ways, does bear a family resemblance which is very deceiving. Above all is there delight in that alluring mental exercise known as the argument in a circle. It is an intellectual merry-go-round. A hobby-horse on rockers is sport for tame intelligences, but a hobby that can be made to go round is exciting. You may see grave divines and astute metaphysicians and even earnest sociologists rejoicing in the swift sequence of their own ideas, as conclusion follows premise and premise conclusion, in endless gyration. How the daring riders clutch the bridles and exultingly watch the flying manes of their steeds! They have the sense of getting somewhere, and at the same time the comfortable assurance that that somewhere is the very place from which they started.

"Didn't we tell you so!" they cry. "Here we are again. Our arguments must be true, for we can't get away from them."

Your ordinary investigator is a disappointing fellow. His opinions are always at the mercy of circumstances over which he has no control. He cuts his coat according to his cloth, and sometimes when his material runs short his intellectual garments are more scanty than decency allows. Sometimes after a weary journey into the Unknown he will return with scarcely an opinion to his back. Not so with the quixotist. His opinions not being dependent on evidence, he does not mea-

sure different degrees of probability. Half a reason is as good as a whole one, for the result in any case is perfect assurance. All things conspire, in most miraculous fashion, to confirm him in his views. That other men think differently he admits, he even welcomes their skepticism as a foil to his faith. His imperturbable tolerance is like that of some knight who conscious of his coat of mail good-humoredly exposes himself to the assaults of the rabble. It amuses them, and does him no harm.

When Don Quixote had examined Mambrino's enchanted helmet, his candor compelled him to listen to Sancho's assertion that it was only a barber's basin. He was not disposed to controvert the evidence of the senses, but he had a sufficient explanation ready. "This enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the possession of one who ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin; but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired in the first town where there is a smith that it shall not be surpassed or even equaled. In the meantime I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing, and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones."

Where have you heard that line of argument, so satisfying to one who has already made up his mind? Yesterday, it runs, we had several excellent reasons for the opinion which we hold. Since then, owing to investigations which we imprudently entered into before we knew where we were coming out, all our reasons have been overthrown. This, however, makes not the slightest difference. It rather strengthens our general position as it is no longer dependent on any particular evidence for its support.

We prate of the teaching of Experience. But did you ever know Experience to teach anything to a person whose ideas had set up an independent government of their own? The stern old dame has been much overrated as an instructor. Her pedagogical method is very primitive. Her instruction is administered by a series of hard whacks which the pupil is expected to interpret for himself. That something is wrong is evident; but what is it? It is only now and then that some bright pupil says, "That means that I made a mistake." As for persons of a quixotic disposition, the most adverse experience only confirms their pre-conceptions. At most the wisdom gained is prudential. After Don Quixote had made his first unfortunate trial of his pasteboard visor, "to secure it against like accidents in future he made it anew, and fenced it with thin plates of iron so skillfully that he had reason to be satisfied with his work, and so, without further experiment, resolved that it should pass for a good and sufficient helmet."

One is tempted to linger over that moment when Quixote ceased to experiment and began to dogmatize. What was the reason of his sudden dread of destructive criticism? Was he quite sincere? Did he really believe that his helmet was now cutlass proof?

For myself, I have no doubts of his knightly honor and of his transparent candor. He certainly believed that he believed; though under the circumstances he felt that it was better to take no further risks.

In his admirable discourse with Don Fernando on the comparative merits of arms and literature, he describes the effects of the invention of gunpowder.

"When I reflect on this I am almost tempted to say that in my heart I repent of having adopted the profession of knight-errantry in so detestable an age as we live in. For though no peril can make me fear, still it gives me some uneasiness to think that powder and lead

may rob me of the opportunity of making myself famous and renowned throughout the world by the might of my arm and the edge of my sword."

There is here a bit of uneasiness, such as comes to any earnest person who perceives that the times are out of joint. Still the doubt does not go very deep. In an age of artillery knight-errantry is doubtless more difficult, but it does not seem impossible.

It is the same feeling that must come now and then to a gallant twentieth-century Jacobite who meets with his fellow conspirators in an American city, to lament the untimely taking off of the blessed martyr King Charles, and to plot for the return of the House of Stuart. The circumstances under which they meet are not congenial. The path of loyalty is not what it once was. A number of things have happened since 1649; still they may be treated as negligible quantities. It is a fine thing to sing about the king coming to his own again.

"But what if there is n't any king to speak of?"

"Well, at any rate, the principle is the same."

I occasionally read a periodical devoted to the elevation of mankind by means of a combination of deep breathing and concentrated thought. The object is one in which I have long been interested. The means used are simple. The treatment consists in lying on one's back for fifteen minutes every morning with arms outstretched. Then one must begin to exhale self and inhale power. The directions are given with such exactness that no one with reasonably good lungs can go astray. The treatment is varied according to the need. One may in this way breathe in, not only health and love, but, what may seem to some more important, wealth.

The treatment for chronic impecuniosity is particularly interesting. The patient, as he lies on his back and breathes deeply, repeats, "I am Wealth." This

sets the currents of financial success moving in his direction.

One might suppose that a theory of finance so different from that of the ordinary workaday world would be surrounded by an air of weirdness or strangeness. Not at all. Everything is most matter of fact. The Editor is evidently a sensible person when it comes to practical details, and, on occasion, gives admirable advice.

A correspondent writes: "I have tried your treatment for six months, and I am obliged to say that I am harder up than ever before. What do you advise?"

It is one of those obstinate cases which are met with now and then, and which test the real character of the practitioner. The matter is treated with admirable frankness, and yet with a wholesome optimism. The patient is reminded that six months is a short time, and one must not expect too quick results. A slow, sure progress is better, and the effects are more lasting. This is not the first case that has been slow in yielding to treatment. Still it may be better to make a slight change. The formula, "I am Wealth," may be too abstract, though it usually has worked well. A more concrete thought might possibly be more effective. Why not try, remembering, of course, to continue the same breathings, "I am Andrew Carnegie"?

Then the practitioner adds a bit of advice which was certainly worth the moderate fee charged: "When the exercises are over, ask yourself what Andrew would do next. Andrew would hustle."

A slight acquaintance with the pseudosciences which are in vogue at the present day reveals a world to which only the genius of Cervantes could do justice. We see Absurdity clothed, and in its right mind. It is formally correct, punctiliously exact, completely serious, and withal high-minded. Until it comes in contact with the actual world we do not realize that it is absurd.

Religion and medicine have always

furnished tempting fields for persons of the quixotic temper. Perhaps it is because their professed objects are so high, and perhaps also because their achievements fall so far below what we have been led to expect. Neither spiritual nor mental health is so robust as to satisfy us with the usual efforts in their behalf. Sin and sickness are continual challenges. Some one ought to abolish them. An eager hearing is given to any one who claims to be able to do so. The temptation is great for those who do not perceive the difference between words and things to answer the demands.

It is not necessary to go for examples either to fanatics or quacks. Not to take too modern an instance, there was Bishop Berkeley! He was a true philosopher, an earnest Christian, and withal a man of sense, and yet he was the author of *Siris*, a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-Water, and divers other Subjects connected together, and arising One from Another. It is one of those works which are the cause of wit in other men. It is so learned, so exhaustive, so pious, and the author takes it with such utter seriousness!

Tar is the good bishop's Dulcinea. All his powers are enlisted in the work of proclaiming the matchless virtues of this mistress of his imagination, who is "black but comely." Our minds are prepared by a lyric outburst:—

"Hail vulgar Juice of never-fading Pine!
Cheap as thou art! thy virtues are divine,
To show them and explain, (such is thy store)
There needs much modern and much ancient
Lore."

For this great work the author is well equipped. Plato, Aristotle, Pliny, and the rest of the ancients appear as vanquished knights compelled to do honor to my Lady Tar.

Other specifics are allowed to have their virtues, but they grow pale before this paragon. Common soap has its admirers; they are treated magnanimously,

but compelled to surrender at last. "Soap is allowed to be cleansing, attenuating, opening, resolving, sweetening; it is pectoral, vulnerary, diuretic, and hath other good qualities; which are also found in tar water. . . . Tar water therefore is a soap, and as such hath all the medicinal qualities of soaps." To those who put their faith in vinegar a like argument is made. It is shown that tar water is not only a superior kind of soap, but also a sublimated sort of vinegar; in fact, it appears to be all things to all men.

To those who incline to the philosophy of the ancient fire-worshippers a special argument is made. "I had a long Time entertained an Opinion agreeable to the Sentiments of many ancient Philosophers, that Fire may be regarded as the Animal Spirit of this visible World. And it seemed to me that the attracting and secreting of this Fire in the various Pores, Tubes and Ducts of Vegetables, did impart their specifick Virtues to each kind, that this same Light, or Fire, was the immediate Cause of Sense and Motion, and consequently of Life and Health to animals; that on Account of this Solar Light or Fire, Phœbus was in the ancient Mythology reputed the God of Medicine. Which Light as it is leisurely introduced, and fixed in the viscid juice of old Firs and Pines, so setting it free in Part, that is, the changing its viscid for a volatile Vehicle, which may mix with Water, and convey it throughout the Habit copiously and inoffensively, would be of infinite Use in Physic." It appears therefore that tar water is not only a kind of soap, but also a kind of fire.

Yet is not Quixote himself more careful to avoid all appearance of extravagance? The author shrinks from imposing conclusions on another. After an elaborate argument which moves irresistibly to one conclusion, he stops short. "This regards the Possibility of a Panacea in general; as for Tar Water in particular, I do not say it is a Panacea,

I only suspect it to be so." Yet he must be a churlish reader who could go with him so far and then refuse to take the next step. Nor can a right-minded person be indifferent to the moral argument in favor of "Tar water, Temperance, and Early Hours." If tar water is to be known by the company it keeps, it is to be commended.

There is a great advantage in taking our example from another age than ours. Our enjoyment of the bishop's Quixotism does not cast discredit on any similar hobby of our own day. "However," as the author of *Siris* remarked, "it is hoped they will not condemn one Man's Tar Water for another Man's Pill or Drop, any more than they would hang one Man for another's having stole a Horse."

Indeed of all quixotic notions the most extreme is that of those who think that Quixotism can be overcome by any direct attack. It is a state of mind which must be accepted as we accept any other curious fact. As well tilt against a cloud as attempt to overcome it by argument. It is a part of the myth-making faculty of the human mind. A myth is a quixotic notion which takes possession of multitudes rather than of a single person. Everybody accepts it; nobody knows why. You can nail a lie, but you cannot nail a myth,—there is nothing to nail it to. It is of no use to deny it, for that only gives it a greater vogue.

I have great sympathy for all mythical characters. It is possible that Hercules may have been an amiable Greek gentleman of sedentary habits. Some one may have started the story of his labors as a joke. In the next town it was taken seriously, and the tale set forth on its travels. After it once had been generally accepted what could Hercules do? What good would it have been for him to say, "There's not a word of truth in what everybody is saying about me. I am as averse to a hard day's work as any gentleman of my social standing

in the community. They are turning me into a sun-myth, and mixing up my private affairs with the signs of the zodiac! I won't stand it!"

Bless me! he would have to stand it! His words would but add fuel to the flame of admiration. What a hero he is; so strong and so modest! He has already forgotten those feats of strength! It is ever so with greatness. To Hercules it was all mere child's play. All the more need that we keep the stories alive in order to hand them down to our children. Perhaps we had better touch them up a bit so that they may be more interesting to the little dears. And so would begin a new cycle of myths.

After Socrates had once gained the reputation for superlative wisdom, do you think it did any good for him to go about proclaiming that he knew nothing? He was suspected of having some ulterior design. Nobody would believe him except Xanthippe.

When after hearing strange noises in the night Don Quixote sallies forth only to discover that the sounds come from fulling hammers instead of from giants, he rebukes the ill-timed merriment of his squire. "Come hither, merry sir! Suppose these mill hammers had really been some perilous adventure, have I not given proof of the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I, being a knight, to distinguish between sounds, and to know which are and which are not those of a fulling mill, more especially as I have never seen any fulling mills in my life?"

If the mill hammers could only be transformed into giants how easy the path of reform! for it would satisfy the primitive instinct to go out and kill something. I have heard a temperance orator denounce the Demon Drink so roundly that every one in the audience was ready to destroy the monster on sight. The solution of the liquor problem, however, was quite a different matter. The young

patriot who conceives of the money power under the terrifying image of an octopus resolves at once to give it battle. When elected to the legislature he meets many smooth-spoken gentlemen whose schemes are so plausible that he readily assents to them, — but not an octopus does he see. Yet I believe that were he to see an octopus he would slay it.

Perhaps there is no better test of a person's nature than his attitude toward Quixotism. The man of coarse unfriendly humor sees in it nothing but a broad farce. He greets the misadventures of Don Quixote with a loud guffaw. What a fool he was not to know the difference between an ordinary inn and a castle!

There are persons of a sensitive and refined disposition to whom it is all a tragedy, exquisitely painful to contemplate. Alas, poor gentleman, with all his lofty ideals to be so buffeted by a world unworthy of him!

But this refinement of sentiment comes perilously near to sentimentalism. Cervantes had the more wholesome attitude. He appreciated the valor of Don Quixote. It was genuine, though the knight, owing to circumstances beyond his own control, had been compelled to make his visor out of pasteboard. He had heroism of soul; but what of it! There was plenty more where it came from. A man who had fought at Lepanto, and endured years of Algerine captivity, was not inclined to treat manly virtue as if it were a rare and delicate fabric that must be preserved in a glass case. It was amply able to take care of itself. He knew that he could n't laugh genuine chivalry away, even if he tried. It could stand not only hard knocks from its foes, but any amount of raillery from its friends.

The bewildered soldier who mistakes a harmless camp follower for the enemy must expect to endure the gibes of his comrades; yet no one doubts that he would have acquitted himself nobly if the enemy had appeared. The rough hu-

mor of the camp is a part of its wholesome discipline.

Quixotism is a combination of goodness and folly. To enjoy it one must be able to appreciate them both at the same time. It is a pleasure possible only to one who is capable of having mixed feelings.

When we consider the faculty which many good people have of believing things that are not so, and ignoring the plainest facts and laws of Nature, we are sometimes alarmed over the future of society. If any of the Quixotisms which are now in vogue should get themselves established, what then?

Fortunately there is small need of anxiety. When the landsman first ventures on the waves he observes with alarm the keeling over of the boat under the breeze, for he expects the tendency to be followed to its logical conclusion. Fortunately for the equilibrium of society, tendencies which are viewed with alarm are seldom carried to their logical conclusion. They are met by other tendencies before the danger point is reached, and the balance is restored.

The factor which is overlooked by those who fear the ascendancy of any quixotic notion is the existence of the average man. This individual is not a striking personality, but he holds the balance of power. Before any extravagant idea can establish itself it must convert the average man. He is very susceptible, and takes a suggestion so readily that it seems to prophesy the complete overthrow of the existing order of things. But was ever a conversion absolute? The best theologians say no. A great deal of the old Adam is always left over. When the average man takes up with a quixotic notion, only so much of it is practically wrought out as he is able to comprehend. The old Adam of common sense continually asserts itself. The natural corrective of Quixotism is Sancho-Panzaism. The solemn knight, with his head full of visionary plans, is followed by a squire

who is as faithful as his nature will permit. Sancho has no theories, and makes no demands on the world. He leaves that sort of thing to his master. He has the fatalism which belongs to ignorant good nature, and the tolerance which is found in easy-going persons who have neither ideals nor nerves. He has no illusions, though he has all the credulity of ignorance.

He belongs to the established order of things, and can conceive no other. When knight-errantry is proposed to him he reduces that also to the established order. He takes it up as an honest livelihood, and rides forth in search of forlorn maidens with the same contented joy with which he formerly went to the village mill. When it is explained that faithful squires become governors of islands he approves of the idea, and begins to cherish a reasonable ambition. Knight-errantry is brought within the sphere of practical politics. Sancho has no stomach for adventures. When his master warns him against attacking knights, until such time as he has himself reached their estate, he answers :—

“Never fear; I’ll be sure to obey your worship in that, I’ll warrant you; for I ever loved peace and quietness, and never cared to thrust myself into frays and quarrels.”

When Sancho becomes governor of his snug, land-locked island, there is not a trace of Quixotism in his executive policy. The laws of Chivalry have no recognition in his administration; and everything is carried on with most admirable common sense.

It is an experience which is quite familiar to the readers of history. “All who knew Sancho,” moralizes the author, “wondered to hear him talk so sensibly, and began to think that offices and places of trust inspire some men with understanding, as they stupefy and confound others.”

Mother wit has a great way of evading the consequences of theoretical absurdities.

Natural law takes care of itself, and preserves the balance. So long as Don Quixote can get no other follower than Sancho Panza, we need not be alarmed. There is no call for a society for the Preservation of Windmills.

After all, there is an ambiguity about Quixotism. They laugh best who laugh last; and we are not sure that satire has the last word. Was Don Quixote as completely mistaken as he seemed? He mistook La Mancha for a land of romance, and wandered through it as if it were an enchanted country.

The Commentator explains to us that in this lay the jest, for no part of Spain was so vulgarly commonplace. Its villages were destitute of charm, and its landscape of beauty. La Mancha was a name for all that was unromantic.

“I cannot make it appear so,” says the Gentle Reader, who has come under the spell of Cervantes, “Don Quixote seems to be wandering through the most romantic country in the world. I can see

‘The long, straight line of the highway,
The distant town that seems so near,

‘White crosses in the mountain pass,
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din
Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
Alighting at the inn;

‘White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,
White sunshine flooding square and street,
Dark mountain-ranges, at whose feet
The river-beds are dry with heat,—
All was a dream to me.’

“Through this enchanted country it is pleasant to wander about in irresponsible fashion, climbing mountains, loitering in secluded valleys where shepherds and shepherdesses still make love in Arcadian fashion, meeting with monks, merchants, muleteers, and fine gentlemen, and coming in the evening to some castle where one is lulled to sleep by the splash of fountains and the tinkle of guitars; and

if it should turn out that the castle is only an inn, — why, to lodge in an inn of La Mancha would be a romantic experience ! ”

The Spain of the sixteenth century is to us as truly a land of romance as any over which a knight-errant roamed. It seems just suited for heroic adventure.

Some day our quixotic characters may

appear to the future reader thus magically conformed to the world they live in, or rather, the world may be transformed by their ideals.

“ They do seem strange to us,” the Gentle Reader of that day will say, “ but then we must remember that they lived in the romantic dawn of the twentieth century.”

Samuel McChord Crothers.

DIES ULTIMA.

WHITE in her woven shroud,
 Silent she lies,
 Deaf to the trumpets loud
 Blown through the skies :
 Never a sound can mar
 Her slumber long ;
 She is a faded star, —
 A finished song !

Over her hangs the sun,
 A golden glow ;
 Round her the planets run,
 She does not know :
 For neither gloom nor gleam
 Can reach her sight :
 She is a broken dream, —
 A dead delight !

No voice can waken her
 Again to sing ;
 She nevermore will stir
 To feel the spring ;
 Through the dim ether hurled
 Till Time shall tire,
 She is a wasted world, —
 A frozen fire !

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE FRUITS OF INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

THE political, educational, social, and economic evolution through which the South passed during, say, the first fifteen or twenty years after the close of the civil war furnishes one of the most interesting periods that any country has passed through.

A large share of the thought and activity of the white South, of the black South, and of that section of the North especially interested in my race, was directed during the years of the Reconstruction period toward politics, or toward matters bearing upon what were termed civil or social rights. The work of education was rather slow, and covered a large section of the South; still I think I am justified in saying that in the public mind the Negro's relation to politics overshadowed nearly every other interest. The education of the race was conducted quietly, and attracted comparatively little attention, just as is true at the present time. The appointment of one Negro postmaster at a third or fourth rate post office will be given wider publicity through the daily press than the founding of a school, or some important discovery in science.

With reference to the black man's political relation to the state and Federal governments, I think I am safe in saying that for many years after the civil war there were sharp and antagonistic views between the North and the South, as well as between the white South and the black South. At practically every point where there was a political question to be decided in the South the blacks would array themselves on one side and the whites on the other. I remember that very soon after I began teaching school in Alabama an old colored man came to me just prior to an election. He said: "You can read de newspapers and most of us can't, but dar is one thing dat we knows dat you don't, and

dat is how to vote down here; and we wants you to vote as we does." He added: "I tell you how we does. We watches de white man; we keeps watching de white man; de nearer it gits to election time de more we watches de white man. We watches him till we finds out which way he gwine to vote. After we finds out which way he gwine to vote, den we votes exactly de other way; den we knows we's right."

Stories on the other side might be given showing that a certain class of white people, both at the polls and in the Legislatures, voted just as unreasonably in opposing politically what they thought the Negro or the North wanted, no matter how much benefit might ensue from a contrary action. Unfortunately such antagonism did not end with matters political, but in many cases affected the relation of the races in nearly every walk of life. Aside from political strife, there was naturally deep feeling between the North and the South on account of the war. On nearly every question growing out of the war, which was debated in Congress, or in political campaigns, there was the keenest difference and often the deepest feeling. There was almost no question of even a semi-political nature, or having a remote connection with the Negro, upon which there was not sharp and often bitter division between the North and South. It is needless to say that in many cases the Negro was the sufferer. He was being ground between the upper and nether millstones. Even to this day it is well-nigh impossible, largely by reason of the force of habit, in certain states to prevent state and even local campaigns from being centred in some form upon the black man. In states like Mississippi, for example, where the Negro ceased nearly a score of years ago, by operation of law, to be a determining factor

in politics, he forms in some way the principal fuel for campaign discussion at nearly every election. The sad feature of this is, that it prevents the presentation before the masses of the people of matters pertaining to local and state improvement, and to great national issues like finance, tariff, or foreign policies. It prevents the masses from receiving the broad and helpful education which every political campaign should furnish, and, what is equally unfortunate, it prevents the youth from seeing and hearing on the platform the great political leaders of the two national parties. During a national campaign few of the great Democratic leaders debate national questions in the South, because it is felt that the old antagonism to the Negro politically will keep the South voting one way. Few of the great Republican leaders appear on Southern platforms, because they feel that nothing will be gained.

One of the saddest instances of this situation that has come within my knowledge occurred some years ago in a certain Southern state where a white friend of mine was making the race for Congress on the Democratic ticket in a district that was overwhelmingly Democratic. I speak of this man as my friend, because there was no personal favor in reason which he would have refused me. He was equally friendly to the race, and was generous in giving for its education, and in helping individuals to buy land. His campaign took him into one of the "white" counties, where there were few colored people, and where the whites were unusually ignorant. I was surprised one morning to read in the daily papers of a bitter attack he had made on the Negro while speaking in this county. The next time I saw him I informed him of my surprise. He replied that he was ashamed of what he had said, and that he did not himself believe much that he had stated, but gave as a reason for his action that he had found himself before an audience

which had heard little for thirty years in the way of political discussion that did not bear upon the Negro, and that he therefore knew it was almost impossible to interest them in any other subject.

But this is somewhat aside from my purpose, which is, I repeat, to make plain that in all political matters there was for years after the war no meeting ground of agreement for the two races, or for the North and South. Upon the question of the Negro's civil rights, as embodied in what was called the Civil Rights Bill, there was almost the same sharp line of division between the races, and, in theory at least, between the Northern and Southern whites, — largely because the former were supposed to be giving the blacks social recognition, and encouraging intermingling between the races. The white teachers, who came from the North to work in missionary schools, received for years little recognition or encouragement from the rank and file of their own race. The lines were so sharply drawn that in cities where native Southern white women taught Negro children in the public schools, they would have no dealings with Northern white women who, perhaps, taught Negro children from the same family in a missionary school.

I want to call attention here to a phase of Reconstruction policy which is often overlooked. All now agree that there was much in Reconstruction which was unwise and unfortunate. However we may regard that policy, and much as we may regret mistakes, the fact is too often overlooked that it was during the Reconstruction period that a public school system for the education of all the people of the South was first established in most of the states. Much that was done by those in charge of Reconstruction legislation has been overturned, but the public school system still remains. True, it has been modified and improved, but the system remains, and is every day growing in popularity and strength.

As to the difference of opinion between the North and the South regarding Negro education, I find that many people, especially in the North, have a wrong conception of the attitude of the Southern white people. It is and has been very generally thought that what is termed "higher education" of the Negro has been from the first opposed by the white South. This opinion is far from being correct. I remember that, in 1891, when I began the work of establishing the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, practically all of the white people who talked to me on the subject took it for granted that instruction in the Greek, Latin, and modern languages would be one of the main features of our curriculum. I heard no one oppose what he thought our course of study was to embrace. In fact, there are many white people in the South at the present time who do not know that instruction in the dead languages is not given at the Tuskegee Institute. In further proof of what I have stated, if one will go through the catalogue of the schools maintained by the states for Negro people, and managed by Southern white people, he will find in almost every case that instruction in the higher branches is given with the consent and approval of white officials. This was true as far back as 1880. It is not unusual to meet at this time Southern white people who are as emphatic in their belief in the value of classical education as a certain element of colored people themselves. In matters relating to civil and political rights, the breach was broad, and without apparent hope of being bridged; even in the matter of religion, practically all of the denominations had split on the subject of the Negro, though I should add that there is now, and always has been, a closer touch and more coöperation in matters of religion between the white and colored people in the South than is generally known. But the breach between the white churches in the South and North remains.

In matters of education the difference was much less sharp. The truth is that a large element in the South had little faith in the efficacy of the higher or any other kind of education of the Negro. They were indifferent, but did not openly oppose; on the other hand, there has always been a potent element of white people in all of the Southern states who have stood out openly and bravely for the education of all the people, regardless of race. This element has thus far been successful in shaping and leading public opinion, and I think that it will continue to do so more and more. This statement must not be taken to mean that there is as yet an equitable division of the school funds, raised by common taxation, between the two races in many sections of the South, though the Southern states deserve much credit for what has been done. In discussing the small amount of direct taxes the Negro pays, the fact that he pays tremendous indirect taxes is often overlooked.

I wish, however, to emphasize the fact that while there was either open antagonism or indifference in the directions I have named, it was the introduction of industrial training into the Negro's education that seemed to furnish the first basis for anything like united and sympathetic interest and action between the two races in the South and between the whites in the North and those in the South. Aside from its direct benefit to the black race, industrial education has furnished a basis for mutual faith and coöperation, which has meant more to the South, and to the work of education, than has been realized.

This was, at the least, something in the way of construction. Many people, I think, fail to appreciate the difference between the problems now before us and those that existed previous to the civil war. Slavery presented a problem of destruction; freedom presents a problem of construction.

From its first inception the white people of the South had faith in the theory of industrial education, because they had noted, what was not unnatural, that a large element of the colored people at first interpreted freedom to mean freedom from work with the hands. They naturally had not learned to appreciate the fact that they had been *worked*, and that one of the great lessons for freemen to learn is to *work*. They had not learned the vast difference between *working* and *being worked*. The white people saw in the movement to teach the Negro youth the dignity, beauty, and civilizing power of all honorable labor with the hands something that would lead the Negro into his new life of freedom gradually and sensibly, and prevent his going from one extreme of life to the other too suddenly. Furthermore, industrial education appealed directly to the individual and community interest of the white people. They saw at once that intelligence coupled with skill would add wealth to the community and to the state, in which both races would have an added share. Crude labor in the days of slavery, they believed, could be handled and made in a degree profitable, but ignorant and unskilled labor in a state of freedom could not be made so. Practically every white man in the South was interested in agricultural or in mechanical or in some form of manual labor; every white man was interested in all that related to the home life, — the cooking and serving of food, laundering, dairying, poultry-raising, and housekeeping in general. There was no family whose interest in intelligent and skillful nursing was not now and then quickened by the presence of a trained nurse. As already stated, there was general appreciation of the fact that the industrial education of the black people had direct, vital, and practical bearing upon the life of each white family in the South; while there was no such appreciation of the results of mere literary training. If a black man became

a lawyer, a doctor, a minister, or an ordinary teacher, his professional duties would not ordinarily bring him in touch with the life of the white portion of the community, but rather confine him almost exclusively to his own race. While purely literary or professional education was not opposed by the white population, it was something in which they found little or no interest, beyond a confused hope that it would result in producing a higher and a better type of Negro manhood. The minute it was seen that through industrial education the Negro youth was not only studying chemistry, but also how to apply the knowledge of chemistry to the enrichment of the soil, or to cooking, or to dairying, and that the student was being taught not only geometry and physics, but their application to blacksmithing, brickmaking, farming, and what not, then there began to appear for the first time a common bond between the two races and coöperation between North and South.

One of the most interesting and valuable instances of the kind that I know of is presented in the case of Mr. George W. Carver, one of our instructors in agriculture at Tuskegee Institute. For some time it has been his custom to prepare articles containing information concerning the conditions of local crops, and warning the farmers against the ravages of certain insects and diseases. The local white papers are always glad to publish these articles, and they are read by white and colored farmers.

Some months ago a white land-holder in Montgomery County asked Mr. Carver to go through his farm with him for the purpose of inspecting it. While doing so Mr. Carver discovered traces of what he thought was a valuable mineral deposit, used in making a certain kind of paint. The interests of the land-owner and the agricultural instructor at once became mutual. Specimens of the deposits were taken to the laboratories of the Tuskegee Institute

and analyzed by Mr. Carver. In due time the land-owner received a report of the analysis, together with a statement showing the commercial value and application of the mineral. I shall not go through the whole interesting story, except to say that a stock company, composed of some of the best white people in Alabama, has been organized, and is now preparing to build a factory for the purpose of putting their product on the market. I hardly need to add that Mr. Carver has been freely consulted at every step, and his services generously recognized in the organization of the concern. When the company was being formed the following testimonial, among others, was embodied in the printed copy of the circular:—

“George W. Carver, Director of the Department of Agriculture, Tuskegee, Alabama, says:—

“‘The pigment is an ochreous clay. Its value as a paint is due to the presence of ferric oxide, of which it contains more than any of the French, Australian, American, Irish, or Welsh ochres. Ferric oxides have long been recognized as the essential constituents of such paints as Venetian red, Turkish red, oxide red, Indian red, and scarlet. They are most desirable, being quite permanent when exposed to light and air. As a stain they are most valuable.’”

In further proof of what I wish to emphasize, I think I am safe in saying that the work of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, under the late General S. C. Armstrong, was the first to receive any kind of recognition and hearty sympathy from the Southern white people, and General Armstrong was perhaps the first Northern educator of Negroes who won the confidence and coöperation of the white South. The effects of General Armstrong's introduction of industrial education at Hampton, and its extension to the Tuskegee Institute in the far South, are now actively and helpfully

apparent in the splendid work being accomplished for the whole South by the Southern Education Board, with Mr. Robert C. Ogden at its head, and by the General Education Board, with Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., as its president. Without the introduction of manual training it is doubtful whether such work as is now being wrought through these two boards for both races in the South could have been possible within a quarter of a century to come. Later on in the history of our country it will be recognized and appreciated that the far-reaching and statesman-like efforts of these two boards for general education in the South, under the guidance of the two gentlemen named, and with the coöperation and assistance of such men as Mr. George Foster Peabody, Dr. Wallace Buttrick, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, of the North, and Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, Chancellor Hill, Dr. Alderman, Dr. McIver, Dr. Dabney, and others of the South, will have furnished the material for one of the brightest and most encouraging chapters in the history of our country. The fact that we have reached the point where men and women who were so far apart twenty years ago can meet in the South and discuss freely from the same platform questions relating to the industrial, educational, political, moral, and religious development of the two races marks a great step in advance. It is true that as yet the Negro has not been invited to share in these discussions.

Aside from the reasons I have given showing why the South favored industrial education, coupled with intellectual and moral training, many of the whites saw, for example, that the Negroes who were master carpenters and contractors, under the guidance of their owners, could become still greater factors in the development of the South if their children were not suddenly removed from the atmosphere and occupations of their fathers, and if they

could be taught to use the thing in hand as a foundation for higher growth. Many of the white people were wise enough to see that such education would enable some of the Negro youths to become more skillful carpenters and contractors, and that if they laid an economic foundation in this way in their generation, they would be laying a foundation for a more abstract education of their children in the future.

Again, a large element of people at the South favored manual training for the Negro because they were wise enough to see that the South was largely free from the restrictive influences of the Northern trades unions, and that such organizations would secure little hold in the South so long as the Negro kept abreast in intelligence and skill with the same class of people elsewhere. Many realized that the South would be tying itself to a body of death if it did not help the Negro up. In this connection I want to call attention to the fact that the official records show that within one year about one million foreigners came into the United States. Notwithstanding this number, practically none went into the Southern states; to be more exact, the records show that in 1892 only 2278 all told went into the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. One ship sometimes brings as many to New York. Various reasons are given to explain why these foreigners systematically avoid the South. One is that the climate is so hot; and another is that they do not like the restrictions thrown about the ballot; and still another is the presence of the Negro in so large numbers. Whatever the true reason is, the fact remains that foreigners avoid the South, and the South is more and more realizing that it cannot keep pace with the progress being made in other parts of the country if a third of its population is ignorant and without skill.

The South must frankly face this truth, that for a long period it must depend upon the black man to do for it what the foreigner is now doing for the great West. If, by reason of his skill and knowledge, one man in Iowa learns to produce as much corn in a season as four men can produce in Alabama, it requires little reasoning to see that Alabama will buy most of her corn from Iowa.

Another interesting result of the introduction of industrial education for the Negro has been its influence upon the white people of the South, and, I believe, upon the whites of the North as well. This phase of it has proved of interest in making hand training a conciliatory element between the races.

In 1883 I was delivering an address on industrial education before the colored State Teachers' Association of one of our Southern states. When I had finished, some of the teachers began to ask the State Superintendent of Education, who was on the programme, some questions about the subject. He politely but firmly stopped the questions by stating that he knew absolutely nothing about industrial training, and had never heard it discussed before. At that time there was no such education being given at any white institution in that state. With one or two exceptions this case will illustrate what was true of all the Southern states. A careful investigation of the subject will show that it was not until after industrial education was started among the colored people, and its value proved, that it was taken up by the Southern white people.

Manual training or industrial and technical schools for the whites have, for the most part, been established under state auspices, and are at this time chiefly maintained by the states. An investigation would also show that in securing money from the state legislatures for the purpose of introducing hand work, one of the main arguments

used was the existence and success of industrial training among the Negroes. It was often argued that the white boys and girls would be left behind unless they had the opportunities for securing the same kind of training that was being given the colored people. Although it is, I think, not generally known, it is a fact that since the idea of industrial or technical education for white people took root within the last few years, much more money is spent annually for such education for the whites than for the colored people. Any one who has not looked into the subject will be surprised to find how thorough and high grade the work is. Take, for example, the state of Georgia, and it will be found that several times as much is being spent at the Industrial College for white girls at Milledgeville, and at the technical school for whites at Atlanta, as is being spent in the whole state for the industrial education of Negro youths. I have met no Southern white educators who have not been generous in their praise of the Negro schools for taking the initiative in hand training. This fact has again served to create in matters relating to education a bond of sympathy between the two races in the South. Referring again to the influence of industrial training for the Negro in education, in the Northern states I find, while writing this article, the following announcement in the advertisement of what is perhaps the most high-priced and exclusive girls' seminary in Massachusetts:—

“In planning a system of education for young ladies, with the view of fitting them for the greatest usefulness in life, the idea was conceived of supplementing the purely intellectual work by a practical training in the art of home management and its related subjects.

“It was the first school of high literary grade to introduce courses in Domestic Science into the regular curriculum.

“The results were so gratifying as to lead to the equipment of Experiment Hall, a special building, fitted for the purpose of studying the principles of Applied Housekeeping. Here the girls do the actual work of cooking, marketing, arranging menus, and attend to all the affairs of a well-arranged household.

“Courses are arranged also in sewing, dressmaking, and millinery; they are conducted on a similarly practical basis, and equip the student with a thorough knowledge of the subject.”

A dozen years ago I do not believe that any such announcement would have been made.

Beginning with the year 1877, the Negro in the South lost practically all political control; that is to say, as early as 1885 the Negro scarcely had any members of his race in the national Congress or state legislatures, and long before this date had ceased to hold state offices. This was true, notwithstanding the protests and fervent oratory of such strong race leaders as Frederick Douglass, B. K. Bruce, John R. Lynch, P. B. S. Pinchback, and John M. Langston, with a host of others. When Frederick Douglass, the greatest man that the race has produced, died in 1895, it is safe to say that the Negro in the Southern states, with here and there a few exceptions, had practically no political control or political influence, except in sending delegates to national conventions, or in holding a few Federal positions by appointment. It became evident to many of the wise Negroes that the race would have to depend for its success in the future less upon political agitation and the opportunity of holding office, and more upon something more tangible and substantial. It was at this period in the Negro's development, when the distance between the races was greatest, and the spirit and ambition of the colored people most depressed, that the idea of industrial or business development was introduced

and began to be made prominent. It did not take the more level-headed members of the race long to see that while the Negro in the South was surrounded by many difficulties, there was practically no line drawn and little race discrimination in the world of commerce, banking, storekeeping, manufacturing, and the skilled trades, and in agriculture, and that in this lay his great opportunity. They understood that, while the whites might object to a Negro's being a postmaster, they would not object to his being the president of a bank, and in the latter occupation they would give him assistance and encouragement. The colored people were quick to see that while the Negro would not be invited as a rule to attend the white man's prayer-meeting, he would be invited every time to attend the stockholders' meeting of a business concern in which he had an interest, and that he could buy property in practically any portion of the South where the white man could buy it. The white citizens were all the more willing to encourage the Negro in this economic or industrial development, because they saw that the prosperity of the Negro meant also the prosperity of the white man. They saw, too, that when a Negro became the owner of a home and was a taxpayer, having a regular trade or other occupation, he at once became a conservative and safe citizen and voter; one who would consider the interests of his whole community before casting his ballot; and, further, one whose ballot could not be purchased.

One case in point is that of the twenty-eight teachers at our school in Tuskegee who applied for life-voting certificates under the new constitution of Alabama, not one was refused registration; and if I may be forgiven a personal reference, in my own case, the Board of Registers were kind enough to send me a special request to the effect that they wished me not to fail to register as a life voter. I do not wish to

convey the impression that all worthy colored people have been registered in Alabama, because there have been many inexcusable and unlawful omissions; but, with few exceptions, the 2700 who have been registered represent the best Negroes in the state.

Though in some parts of the country he is now misunderstood, I believe that the time is going to come when matters can be weighed soberly, and when the whole people are going to see that President Roosevelt is, and has been from the first, in line with this policy, — that of encouraging the colored people who by industry and economy have won their way into the confidence and respect of their neighbors. Both before and since he became President I have had many conversations with him, and at all times I have found him enthusiastic over the plan that I have described.

The growth of the race in industrial and business directions within the last few years cannot perhaps be better illustrated than by the fact that what is now the largest secular national organization among the colored people is the National Negro Business League. This organization brings together annually hundreds of men and women who have worked their way up from the bottom to the point where they are now in some cases bankers, merchants, manufacturers, planters, etc. The sight of this body of men and women would surprise a large part of American citizens who do not really know the better side of the Negro's life.

It ought to be stated frankly here that at first, and for several years after the introduction of industrial training at such educational centres as Hampton and Tuskegee, there was opposition from colored people, and from portions of those Northern white people engaged in educational and missionary work among the colored people in the South. Most of those who manifested such opposition were actuated by the highest and most honest motives. From the

first the rank and file of the blacks were quick to see the advantages of industrial training, as is shown by the fact that industrial schools have always been overcrowded. Opposition to industrial training was based largely on the old and narrow ground that it was something that the Southern white people favored, and therefore must be against the interests of the Negro. Again, others opposed it because they feared that it meant the abandonment of all political privileges, and the higher or classical education of the race. They feared that the final outcome would be the materialization of the Negro, and the smothering of his spiritual and æsthetic nature. Others felt that industrial education had for its object the limitation of the Negro's development, and the branding him for all time as a special hand-working class.

Now that enough time has elapsed for those who opposed it to see that it meant none of these things, opposition, except from a very few of the colored people living in Boston and Washington, has ceased, and this system has the enthusiastic support of the Negroes and of most of the whites who formerly opposed it. All are beginning to see that it was never meant that *all* Negro youths should secure industrial education, any more than it is meant that *all* white youths should pass through the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, or the Amherst Agricultural College, to the exclusion of such training as is given at Harvard, Yale, or Dartmouth; but that in a peculiar sense a large proportion of the Negro youths needed to have that education which would enable them to secure an economic foundation, without which no people can succeed in any of the higher walks of life.

It is because of the fact that the Tuskegee Institute began at the bottom, with work in the soil, in wood, in iron, in leather, that it has now developed to the point where it is able to furnish employment as teachers to

twenty-eight Negro graduates of the best colleges in the country. This is about three times as many Negro college graduates as any other institution in the United States for the education of colored people employs, the total number of officers and instructors at Tuskegee being about one hundred and ten.

Those who once opposed this see now that while the Negro youth who becomes skilled in agriculture and a successful farmer may not be able himself to pass through a purely literary college, he is laying the foundation for his children and grandchildren to do it if desirable. Industrial education in this generation is contributing in the highest degree to make what is called higher education a success. It is now realized that in so far as the race has intelligent and skillful producers, the greater will be the success of the minister, lawyer, doctor, and teacher. Opposition has melted away, too, because all men now see that it will take a long time to "materialize" a race, millions of which hold neither houses nor railroads, nor bank stocks, nor factories, nor coal and gold mines.

Another reason for the growth of a better understanding of the objects and influence of industrial training is the fact, as before stated, that it has been taken up with such interest and activity by the Southern whites, and that it has been established at such universities as Cornell in the East, and in practically all of the state colleges of the great West.

It is now seen that the result of such education will be to help the black man to make for himself an independent place in our great American life. It was largely the poverty of the Negro that made him the prey of designing politicians immediately after the war; and wherever poverty and lack of industry exist to-day, one does not find in him that deep spiritual life which the race must in the future possess in a higher degree.

To those who still express the fear

that perhaps too much stress is put upon industrial education for the Negro I would add that I should emphasize the same kind of training for any people, whether black or white, in the same stage of development as the masses of the colored people.

For a number of years this country has looked to Germany for much in the way of education, and a large number of our brightest men and women are sent there each year. The official reports show that in Saxony, Germany, alone, there are 287 industrial schools, or one such school to every 14,641 people. This is true of a people who have back of them centuries of wealth and culture. In the South I am safe in saying that there is not more than

one effective industrial school for every 400,000 colored people.

A recent dispatch from Germany says that the German Emperor has had a kitchen fitted up in the palace for the single purpose of having his daughter taught cooking. If all classes and nationalities, who are in most cases thousands of years ahead of the Negro in the arts of civilization, continue their interest in industrial training, I cannot understand how any reasonable person can object to such education for a large part of a people who are in the poverty-stricken condition that is true of a large element of my race, especially when such hand training is combined, as it should be, with the best education of head and heart.

Booker T. Washington.

THE END OF DESIRE.

I.

HE had had many strong desires in his life, and God had given him joy of his desires in full measure, more than is the fortune of most men. Being an animal healthy in all parts, he had known the keen zest of appetite, and he had never become sated, using himself and his pleasures wisely with the instinctive restraint of uncorrupt blood. Nevertheless he had turned hither and thither, back and forth upon the earth, on the pleasant errands of this life, and each avenue trod by him touched a new vista of quick desires. There was no end to his joy.

He had dealt kindly with whomsoever he had crossed in the pursuit of his manifold desires, — of that kindness, born of good food and drink well digested, that takes pleasure in the giving of it and believes that all men thirst alike for joy. Moreover, from the beginning, he had done the work appointed

for him, and he had done it with a cheerful will. That little was asked of his hands was beyond his concern. He accomplished his tasks joyfully, and an easy labor yielded abundance, even riches. Thus states and climates furnished him with their best delights; the cycle of the year was too brief to hold them all.

Hence it follows that he was much loved and envied, placed high in the esteem of other men, and given of their best in matter and spirit. The enjoyment of this pleasant fortune caused him, at rare moments, even to envy himself, and to wonder that the sojourn on this earth, ill-spoken of by many, should have offered such a smiling face to him. But this rarely; for he was not given to reflection. To live, with him, was to desire, and to desire was to satisfy. Thus he lived in an unbroken circle, and regret was pushed ever further away, beyond the distant years.

So it went with him for a long time.

Then one day he fell ill of a fever, and woke to find himself in the neat, cool room of a hospital. He could remember nothing since the day he had walked last in the city with some friends, and he called the nurse to him to question her. His eye happening to rest upon his hand, which lay white and nerveless beside him, he demanded a mirror. The nurse held one before his face, for he could not stretch forth his arm to take it; and against the glassy surface of the mirror he saw a strange man, one with deep, sunken, misty eyes, pallid face, and shrunken neck. A long, thick mustache drooped heavily at either side of the sunken mouth.

He would have turned himself to the wall but lacked the strength. Within the hard surface of the mirror there had lurked an image, pale and wan: he knew that he had seen the end of desire! So he lay in the bare and silent room, his eyes fastened to the distant ceiling. When the doctor came and found him lying with vacant eyes at rest upon the ceiling, he greeted the sick man jovially, and pressed his hand with friendly warmth.

"We shall have you out soon!" he exclaimed.

But the sick man, his eye falling on his thin hand in the doctor's powerful fist, remarked indifferently, —

"It seems very empty."

"What — your stomach?" joked the doctor.

"No, no; my arm. Can't you see? Are you empty, too, doctor?"

"You must sleep," the doctor responded hastily.

"I am not tired," the sick man answered. "I seem to have slept a great deal. But I am empty, — like a vast jar, a cool and quiet jar."

The doctor smiled, and glanced at the patient's chart.

"And this room is empty!" the sick man continued. "The shadows stalk back and forth across the ceiling, and the air dances. Do you not feel how

empty it is? Are the streets and the town outside, also, empty?"

But the doctor had slipped away with a word to the nurse.

The patient lay in the pleasant silence of the empty room and thought of nothing, for a number of days, content with the ceiling and the empty shadows, neither asking questions nor heeding those about him. The shrunken frame began to fill once more with flesh and blood, but the eye remained within the arbor of the dark brows and would not look forth.

One night, as he lay there awake, neither thinking nor dreaming, he heard from the corridor a groan, and later another sorrowful groan.

"Some one is dying," he said to himself calmly.

A nurse passed through the corridor, opened and closed a door, and again the hours began broodingly their travel toward the dawn. Just as the gray light was coming over the ceiling the nurse entered the room.

"Some one has died?" he asked.

The pale and weary girl started at the question and dropped the glass she held.

"Some one has just died?" he repeated tranquilly. "You have been with him while he died, and have just now come from him?"

"Yes," she admitted, the tears starting from her eyes. "Yes, another one to-night. And to-morrow, that is to-day, there will be another, — many, many others. It is — awful."

She bent her tired head upon her arm and rested beside the window; her tears flowed gently.

"Why do you care?" the sick man asked coldly. "They are content, no doubt."

"They are somebody's children," she answered softly. "Somebody's fathers or mothers. They might be mine!"

In the dawn by the open window he could see her figure tremble.

"So you have a father and a mother," he observed idly. "Where are they?"

"At home, very far away."

Her little story was soon told. They were poor in the home "very far away," and she had left them two years before to come to the city for work. She had longed to see the city! It was very wonderful, all said; but, fearful and shy, she had seen it only from the high windows of the hospital. And the desire to see the city was swallowed up now in the greater desire to see her home again, to fulfill which she saved the meagre dollars of her wage.

"When will you go back? Soon?" he asked politely.

"Maybe in another year, if I am lucky," she answered with a sigh, and dragged herself from the window where she leaned.

"Why don't they come for you and take you home?"

"All they have to live upon is what I send them, week by week, and that is — little."

At last he asked: "You desire it very much? To go home? To see them again?"

"Oh!" She gave a little aspiring sigh. "Do you know the country? Where we live among the mountains there are tall blue peaks, and still valleys, and great forests."

"Some desolate spot in the backwoods hills," he said to himself, "where the frogs answer one another in the creek, and the flies buzz all day long."

"In the spring," she continued, her eyes flashing, all weariness gone, "the mountains are covered with purple flowers. They run like flames up and down the valley. And some morning you see in the mist on the hillsides the pinky branches of the peach trees. They are like the dresses of a queen, so gay and pink."

Her words stirred the man's memories of forgotten scenes, — tropical twilights, nights on the Alps, a great dawn in the midst of the sea, — old pictures that once filled his heart with joy and wonder, but that hung now like paint-

ings out of fashion in the disused galleries of his soul.

"You are overworked," he observed when she was silent, dreaming of that valley home. "Get me my things," he ordered suddenly; "my watch and purse. They have hidden them away in that drawer behind the door."

The little nurse brought his watch and purse, fingering in childish wonder the long, thin chain and the many rings and seals.

"It is very beautiful!" she murmured.

He took the heavy pocket-book from her, and with trembling fingers emptied it upon the bed. His hand fastened upon a sheaf of bank notes.

"They look very old and yellow," he mused, fingering the bills with curiosity. "I must have lain here asleep a long time! I remember getting them at the bank the day before I became ill. They were bright and crisp enough then!" he laughed. "Here," he exclaimed excitedly, almost roughly, "take this and go at once — to-day. You can go to-day, can't you?"

He thrust a thin, yellowish bill toward the little nurse. She drew back, as if frightened by his rude energy, and the ready tears came to her eyes.

"You are good! So very good. But I cannot take it."

She covered her eyes with her fingers, lest the yellow bank note might tempt her sight.

"Why not? why not?" he panted. "It's enough, isn't it? I mean enough to take you there to the land's end where the flowers grow all over the mountains? And you want to go, don't you? You said you've wanted for two years to go home. Two years! My God! To want anything for two years! What a chance!"

She still drew away from his out-thrust hand which held the trembling bill.

"I cannot take your money, no matter how much — I want it," she gasped.

"It is nothing, child," he urged. "A bit of paper with marks printed on its face. You see there are others like it, — and I want none of them. Come! It will take you there to the wonderful mountains and back, and you can get some presents for your people. You must take them something, of course."

He urged his gift gently, pleadingly:

"It is only a bit of paper, a pass," he said; "and it is no good at all unless you are the right one, the one meant to have it, and then it unlocks everything. I think you are the one meant, — it is *your* pass, — and it is no longer good for me," he ended with something like a groan. "So take your pass while you can use it."

Still she held back.

"Child," he pleaded further. "Do this to give me a bit of joy. There is nothing in this wide, wide world I want as you have wanted this for two years. Just think of it! Perhaps you could make me believe I was going, too, — make me believe I *wanted* to go. So, child, you see it's nothing but a kind deed to me."

The face of the little nurse worked nervously. She let her fingers fall from before her eyes, and looked eagerly at the magic strip of paper. It seemed to bring all the things she had longed for most and had seen afar off within the touch of her hand. Her cheeks flushed with desire.

"And, child," the man added, perceiving some possible woman's motive in this hesitation, "you need not think that I give it. It is *your* pass, and it has dropped from heaven in your path this fine spring morning. God, up aloft there, has felt the passion of your desire and answered it. Not that I am the kind of messenger God might choose ordinarily," he hastened to add with a whimsical smile. "But they say He uses strange messengers sometimes. And, at the worst, this messenger will not harm *you*, my child."

He patted her dubious hand encour-

agingly and smiled up at her. The quick-coming, irresistible desires flushed her face, and left her speechless. Suddenly she fell upon her knees beside the bed and kissed the man's hand and cried childish tears of joy and pain.

"Tut, tut, child," he said. "You make too much of it. Tell me again how the misty hills look when the peach trees blossom. . . . And, now, pull up the shade. I want to see if it is the same outdoors as always."

She obeyed him, and with a startled face, like one in full course of a dream, went out and shut the door. The man lay in the calm room, remote from every desire, and watched the sun creep up the walls to the ceiling.

He thought that God had ordered the conditions of life very wisely, so that most of his creatures being poor and weak could get the full satisfaction of their desires only at rare moments. A two years' longing would make sharp joy! He saw some wisdom in a world of strife and want.

II.

He lay there content for some days longer. The little nurse, with hat on her head and traveling bag in her hand, slipped into his room to say good-by, but finding his lids down, kissed his fingers gently instead. Later, men of business came to see him and asked this and suggested that; invariably he nodded his head and smiled. It seemed to him that they made much of nothing, but he was courteously grateful to them for their kindly interest in the trivial. Yet he might have remembered the days when he found some meaning in the commonest acts of the business day, and trotted back and forth among men with all the zest of a lively dog who carries a basket cleverly between his teeth.

Finally the doctor came to him, — the doctor who was his friend, — and said cheerily: —

"The spring is getting on. We must turn you out of this and pack you away to your country place, and let you watch the blossoms open. You're all fit, my friend, only a little burned out by that quick fever."

Then it was arranged that he should return to his pleasant country home beyond the city, and that a young interne of the hospital should make him a long visit, to keep him company and watch over him. The day before he was to leave for good the cool, placid hospital room he was wheeled out upon the terrace beside the wing of the building that he might sniff the May tonic in the air, and gain strength before taking his journey. There, upon the terrace, he saw many patients from the public wards, convalescents, lying in long chairs or shuffling to and fro. They were dressed in motley blanket wraps, and the men were unshaved. When the stranger, gracefully dressed and freshly shaved, was wheeled among them, the convalescents stared at him with languid, invalid curiosity; and he stared back with a fleeting thought upon the irony of unequal distribution, thrusting its face among the sick and feeble.

His eyes rested upon one immovable bundle huddled in the shelter of the wall. An old, wrinkled, and painful face emerged at the top of the bundle. The man's eyelids opened and shut automatically, and his breath came feebly with much effort. He was a consumptive.

A young girl, with a flaming bit of ribbon on her hat, had come to visit him, — doubtless a daughter. Her vivid, restless eyes followed the stranger rather than the consumptive's bloodless face. He watched her with understanding, uncritical eyes. He knew that she turned to life and sought to avoid the look of death. Soon she went, and the stranger spoke to the consumptive.

"This is fine weather for us all," he said.

"It makes — no difference. It is

— all the — same," gasped the consumptive spasmodically.

"Oh," he replied good-naturedly, "to-morrow you will feel differently."

"Even *they* say that no longer. I care not."

"Your daughter, eh? You would not leave that pretty girl alone" —

The consumptive's lips trembled, and he interrupted shrilly: —

"She will go as her mother went. I cannot save her!"

Between gasps he told his fears to the sympathetic stranger. This daughter, the sole child of a weak woman who had abandoned her and him, was now unfolding the meretricious bloom of her mother.

"But she must even take what lies inside her," the consumptive ended indifferently. "I can do no more now."

"Suppose some one should take your place? Should do for the girl all that can be done? Give her a good home and start her well?"

For a moment the sharp-set features of the consumptive relaxed, and his eyelids stayed open.

"She might be saved!" he whispered. "But who can do that now?"

"I!" the stranger exclaimed.

"You?" the consumptive asked wonderingly. "Why, why do you — Ah, well, I don't know. She must suffer as all do in this life."

The momentary passion died from his face, and he sank back numb. Soon he roused himself and said complainingly, —

"The sun has gone — I am cold. Why does n't some one wheel me into the sun away from this cold wall?"

The stranger moved him gently into the sunlight, perceiving that illness had mercifully simplified life for him and reduced his desires to a few that might easily be satisfied.

That night the consumptive died, in great peace, the breath fading from him easily. The stranger, as he left the hospital, asked to see the dead one. The

body lay in the morgue, — a cold, white room.

"Here, again," thought the man, while he gazed at the composed features of the corpse, "God has ordered wisely this difficult matter of breaking with life. He takes from us each desire, one by one, and leaves us with a calm vacancy of content, unmoved by the tenderest passions of our hearts. And this great gift of peace, He gives at last generously to all!"

Nevertheless, there was the living woman to be cared for by living hands.

III.

"Spring in a pleasant land, among the trees, above a broad river! What more can man dream of?"

So pondered the idle invalid pacing back and forth between the tulip-beds of his garden. What more? He carried an open letter, written in a childish scrawl. Some lines glowed and quickened his blood. "The rhododendron flames like fire over the mountain-sides, and the peach blossoms are like perfumed gowns." It ended with a shy girl's bit of sentiment: "I hope they will give me my old ward at the hospital: it will not be so lonely there, when I go back next month."

The pleasant smile on his face faded quickly as he thought: "She is near the end of her candy, now, and another box will never seem so good as that one. When she goes back to the hospital round, her heart will be warm for a few days, and then she will, like all the rest, try to get enough fun to make the work go down."

He turned to the agreeable young interne, who was also strolling in the garden. "My friend, read this and tell me what you make of the girl."

"Ah," the interne answered, rapidly scanning the writing, "the little drudge, — that's what the nurses called her. Not very clever, or attractive."

"An unattractive, dull woman has no right to exist?"

"I suppose not, — ultimately the variants from the type will be extinguished. I mean that complex type we call a national ideal, — in matters of sex selection varied, but singularly tenacious. When that elimination takes place, I think" —

"Friend," — his host waved a hand distractedly, — "spare me. You clever youngsters describe the universe in a hideous vocabulary. You call it science, and worship it. It is a disease. My little drudge has a heart; she feels and sees things; she desires! Isn't that better than a ripe figure and a smooth skin, — I mean for the race, my boy, for the race?"

The young interne smiled indulgently at his host's foolery, and fingered a letter of his own, one of many that he received.

"Perhaps," continued his host, "you have daily evidence to fortify your mind against me?"

The young man blushed.

"Why, yes. She *is* beautiful, oh, so rarely beautiful, and she has a heart, too, as big as the land we live in!"

"Tell me," his host urged gently. "I believe I am getting an interest in hearts, as a collector. Can you match my drudge?"

The young doctor flashed a scornful defiance at his host's comparison, but yielded to his own wish to tell of *her*. She was the one most admired in the little town where he had grown up and where his parents lived. For her favor he had hoped and struggled against many competitors through the years at college. Others were richer than he, and all more light-hearted and companionable, he admitted; but he had won her away from them. Strange fortune that he related reverently! In him she had seen something to love, and he bore his head more loftily for that. This he had known for a year.

The host refrained from asking ques-

tions, although he knew that more was behind the simple tale. Meantime he thought of the oddity of men, who strive with one another for women, and are proud to carry away the prize as at a county fair, — the prize of the hour, that must fade and grow less year by year! When this young man's country belle had reached the ripeness of her powers, the mother of his children, would it not seem strange to him to look back and know that he had sought her, in part at least, because she had been the prize of his day? In love, it seemed, as in all else, the worth of the thing desired was largely lent to it by public esteem. So merchants stock their stores, and few customers give them the lie and refuse their goods. So brave young men strive for the Helen of their city and of their day, and count it honor to carry her away.

But he was too wise to tell his thoughts, and the young man cleared his throat and answered expectations.

"Yes, I said *she* had a heart! She knows I want to marry her more than anything in the world, but she wants me to go abroad and study, do that work I was telling you about the other day, and not tie myself down first.

"But I don't know. She is n't very happy at home, and two years is a long time, and I could start right in there at home and make a living from the first. It's hard to tell which is best."

Generally speaking, that was the truth, his kindly host reflected, deeply interested in the old conflict between the ideal of fame and the ideal of home. The young doctor was one of those who their elders say have "a future." The young man knew it, and the thought of that had comforted him many a dreary day in the exclusive Eastern hospital where the unknown doctor, who had no family name that chimed when any one spoke it, had been made to feel that it was better to be born to a good name in this life, though you be a fool, than to be a genius. Now, should he demon-

strate to the supercilious that he was a genius, or marry and get his comfort and happiness, which lay three hundred miles south-southwest in a little river town of Pennsylvania?

The young man's brows knit, as his eyes searched the dark Sphinx, that knowing beast who never answers!

"I should do as she says," the host advised cautiously. "Fame will not prick you far, but *she* will!"

A revelation of existence, as the mad dance of atoms in obedience to the call of the mothers of the race, crossed his fancy. Evidently the thing to do was to dance hard, and win one of the mothers of the race at the end.

"If I could only take her over, too. But I shall have to borrow the money to take myself over, even!"

He did not know what a temptation he was placing before his kindly host. The latter itched for his check-book; a month before, when he had spoken with the little nurse, he would have yielded inconsiderately with the crude wish to make mere joy. Now he refrained, wisely declining to interfere with the fabric of Fate until he was more sure of the result. The world hinged on that dance of atoms the young man was about to undertake, at least for the young man. It took wisdom to put a finger in the loom and reshape the fabric; and this rich man, who had seen the end of desire, began to doubt his wisdom.

So he answered gently: "We must have her here to make a visit. My sister will write to her at once."

The young doctor's thanks rang out joyously.

"You will make me jealous, sir, for she will like you tremendously."

"Would you marry a woman who could n't make you jealous?" his host asked blandly.

The evening glow lay upon the valley at their feet, filling it with peace. The one disturbing element in the scene was the evening train winding its way slowly

up grade from the distant city, bearing messages and fruits out of the turmoil. At the height of the grade it stopped and puffed a while, and then passed on around the hill to other horizons.

The two men thought their thoughts each to himself. The young doctor dreamily fancied his fair Helen queen-ing it in the little river town; he pictured her here in this comfortable mansion. He pictured her in his arms, and the world held not one thing more for him.

But the older man, dreaming in the exquisite evening peace, recalled that on the next day he must return to the city, which seemed to him now to be a very caldron of hell. They wrote him from the city that some men whom he had trusted, taking advantage of his long absence from his usual haunts, had cheated him, and were endeavoring to take a still larger part of his wealth. Moreover, a friend whom he had loved for years, and with whom he had shared some joyous feasts, had lately fallen into a vice that was eating the life out of him. Furthermore, certain men had appealed to him to help them in a good act, — an act that would be good for all their fellows without one jot of self-gain or self-glory to any one of them.

He hated to leave the blessed peace of his valley. He remembered with

wonder how in the years gone from him he would have leapt up to revenge himself upon those who had cheated him, and would have pursued them with the exultant ferocity of an Apache. That was life, he would have said. And he remembered how he had drunk with his friend very many pleasant wines, each drop of which had turned to rank poison and corrupted that friend's mind and body. That was life, he would have said, and tossed a light word about the curse of heredity. And he remembered that he had never done in all his life an unrequited act for his fellows, without the expectation of praise and social payment; for such was life, he would have said, — a bargain and a sale between man and man.

Now he felt the lie of all such common belief: that was not life. The robber must be tracked and punished, but not because hate would be appeased. The drunkard must be nursed and shielded, but not for the sake of past feasts. And good deeds must be done by the idle and full-handed, but secretly, and not for the glory and the esteem they might bring.

"Where in it all, in this fabric of Fate, did he come?" he asked himself faintly. And he knew not and cared less, for he had come to the End of Desire, which is the Beginning of Wisdom.

Robert Herrick.

SOME REMARKS ON THE STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE.

THE science of English verse is still in the formative stage. A large body of poetry — a body which seems in many ways the richest and noblest in the world — has grown up in the English language without the conscious adoption of a fixed and universal standard of measurement, or the dominance of a system of metrical rules of recognized authority. No doubt this body

of poetry has developed in accordance with certain fundamental laws, — laws which belong to man's psychical nature and control the sense of pleasure evoked in the human mind by the perception of rhythm. They may therefore be called, with propriety, natural laws.

But to discover what these laws are, and to order them in some kind of a system, we must approach the great

body of poetry as it already exists in the English tongue and study it, not with a fixed theory, but with an observant ear and an open mind. We must take the art of English verse and its products, as the facts given, with which we have to deal, and upon which the science of English verse, if it is to have any value, must be founded.

We must examine and consider the verse structure of the best poems, those which have given pleasure to the rhythmical sense of the most intelligent readers, those which are regarded by persons of general knowledge and taste as representative examples of good metrical form. We must read these poems naturally and simply, not according to arbitrary rules drawn from the prosody of other languages, but according to the native rhythm of the English speech. From this reading we must seek to learn the actual balance and movement of the verse, the number and relation of the parts of which it is composed, the nature of the recurring cadence from which its charm is derived.

The art of poetry in English is not to be evolved out of the inner consciousness of professors, nor deduced from ancient metrical systems. It is to be studied inductively, from the material which has already been produced by the great poets who have written in our language. It is only through a study of this kind, based upon a broad and familiar intimacy with the best poetry, clarified and corrected by the constant practice of reading aloud in a natural tone of voice, and controlled by common sense as well as by literary culture, that we may hope to arrive, in the course of time, at something like an orderly and comprehensive knowledge of the laws and principles of English verse.

In my opinion, this study has much to commend it as a means of academic culture. I do not claim that it has any great advantages from what is called "the practical point of view." For

even if it were possible to teach men how to write poetry by lectures and lessons — which seems to me a very doubtful proposition — the profession of a poet is not one which brings in large pecuniary wages in any age; and just at present the outlook for one who sets out to earn a living by the production of verse is particularly unpromising. I think there is no real demand, in these times at least, for academic classes in the writing of poetry. The poet's way is difficult, and few there be that find it. It is both safe and wise to leave the calling and election of these chosen few to that secret, inward power which impels genius to find its own best expression.

But the reading of poetry, with the spirit and the understanding, is a different thing. It is, in my judgment, one of the very finest instruments for the opening of the mind, the enlarging of the imagination, and the development of the character. I make this claim, in an especial sense, for English poetry. The study of it brings us into immediate touch with the high thoughts and ideals which have guided the progress of the race. It reveals many of the secret spiritual forces which have made our history. We cannot understand the age of Elizabeth, of the Puritans, of Queen Anne, of Victoria, without knowing Shakespeare, and Milton, and Pope, and Tennyson, and Browning. The accurate and sympathetic observation of Nature is stimulated and informed by the study of English poetry. It cultivates humane and noble feelings, broadens and deepens the range of our sentiments toward our fellow men, and adds a new interest and a larger significance to life. Even on the purely technical side, the study of metrical form and movement (which is more particularly the subject that I have in mind at present) trains the eye and the ear, enlightens the judgment and the taste, develops the faculties of careful observation and discrimination, and disci-

plines the mind, in the attempt to trace and verify the subtle laws, and to solve, at least tentatively, the interesting problems which we find in English verse.

It will be a long time, I fancy, before we come to the final solution of some of these problems. Many years, perhaps, will pass away before our knowledge of English metres is complete and capable of a truly scientific statement. The books which have recently been written upon the subject show that it is gaining in interest. Some of them are admirable contributions to an advancing study. But almost all of them present different theories and use different systems of nomenclature. Meantime we stand in need of certain terms, easily understood and commonly accepted, to describe the forms of verse which we are reading and studying. My object, in the present writing, is simply to suggest a few such terms, and to give the reasons why I think they may be useful.

It is generally admitted, to-day, that the controlling principle in English verse is not quantity but accent. In this it differs radically from Greek and Latin verse. A line of English poetry — for example,

“To be, or not to be, that is the question” — does not consist of a certain number of feet, each foot containing a certain number of syllables of a certain length arranged in a certain order. The attempt to read it in that way results in an intolerable sing-song. The length of syllables in English is not fixed and unvarying. It is not determined by rule. In the line quoted above it is impossible to say that there is any difference in the length of the first, second, third, fifth, and sixth vowels; the fourth, which is naturally short, ought to be long according to rule; the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth are equally short in quantity, though in the verse their value is quite different. But when

the line is read naturally, according to the meaning of the sentence, the rhythm comes out clearly, and we cannot help feeling its simplicity and its strength.

Or take the familiar and exquisite lines from Wordsworth’s great Ode: —

“The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth
But yet I know, where’er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the
earth.”

It is impossible to scan these lines according to any known system of quantity. But when one reads them, following the sense and swing of the words, giving one’s self to the subtle and inevitable rhythm, the verses prove their rightness by their charm.

A line of English poetry, metrically considered, is built around a number of accents, recurring at certain intervals, each accent usually supporting a group of two or more syllables of varying length. The simplest and most natural way to measure the line, therefore, is not by attributing to it a fixed number of imaginary “feet,” — which in the majority of cases it does not contain, — but by counting the points of emphasis, which are really the structural factors of the verse.

These points of accentuation do not always coincide with the natural emphasis of the sentence. There must be a certain number of such coincidences, — and I should say a preponderance, — if the verse is to flow smooth and strong. A line in which the sense requires an altogether different accentuation from that which is demanded by the metre is both rough and weak. But it is permissible, and in many instances necessary, to make some of the accents mainly, if not altogether, metrical in character. That is to say, there is a certain stress of the voice, slightly marking words and syllables, which does not

come merely from the meaning of what is written, but also, in part, from the fact that it is intended to be read not as prose but as verse. The poet's art lies in the skill with which he orders his words so that this metrical emphasis blends with the natural emphasis and enhances, while it varies, the cadence of his phrases. Take, for instance, a stanza from Shelley:—

“In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.”

The flow of the verse here requires a slight accent at several points which would not be at all emphatic if the sentence were written as prose. We need, therefore, a word to describe this recurring metrical accent (which may, or may not, fall upon the same syllable with the rhetorical accent), and to distinguish it for the use of poetry. The best word, in my judgment, for this purpose, is *stress*.

The easiest, clearest, and shortest way to describe the measure of a line of English poetry, in regard to length, is not to call it a trimeter, or a pentameter, or a heptameter verse, but simply a three-stress, a five-stress, or a seven-stress verse.

The name to be given to a group of syllables marked and bound together by a metrical stress is more difficult to determine. I will confess that it seems to me artificial and misleading to call such a group of syllables a “foot,” when the element of fixed quantity, which is essential to the “feet” of classical prosody, is wanting. Take another illustration from Shelley's *Sky-lark*:—

“If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,”—

here are three stresses in each line. But are there also three feet? If so, what kind of feet are they? How shall we mark the quantity of the syllables which they contain? There is, in fact,

not the slightest attention paid to the length or shortness of the syllables in the structure of the lines; and to speak of them as containing a certain number of feet is to pervert the meaning of the word.

Compare a good Latin hexameter with a good English six-stress verse.

Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Here are six regular feet, three dactyls, a spondee, a dactyl, and a spondee.

“Earth! thou mother of numberless children,
the nurse and the mother!”

Here are the six stresses, and as many groups of syllables. But it is only by the most forced interpretation that these groups can be classified as dactyls and spondees.

It seems to me very desirable to get rid of this misleading term “foot,” and to use a name more accurate and descriptive. There is a close analogy between the cadence of English verse and the rhythmical structure of music. Take away the element of pitch from a musical measure, and it corresponds very nearly to a verse measure. The word *bar*, which is used in music to describe a group of notes bound together by a strong accent, would be an appropriate term for use in English metrics to denote a group of syllables bound together by a stress.

The question still remains, how are we to describe these bars which make up a measure of verse? Their quality and effect manifestly depend upon the place where the stress falls, and the number of syllables which they contain. Is it proper to make any use of the terms “trochaic,” “iambic,” and the like, to denote the differences of cadence which thus arise?

This question is vigorously debated by the advocates of opposite metrical theories. In the main I agree with the opinion expressed by one of the latest and soundest writers on the subject,¹

¹ *English Verse*. By RAYMOND M. ALDEN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

that a "carefully limited use" of these terms is both admissible and advisable. For this opinion some reasons may be given.

In one particular there is an evident resemblance between the simpler rhythms of classical verse and those which are used in English: namely, in the order of arrangement of the syllables in a structural division. For example, a trochee consists of a long syllable, followed by a short syllable. This corresponds closely to the English rhythm in which the first syllable of the bar is accented, the second unaccented. We may not say that such a verse is composed of trochees, for, as already stated, the syllables cannot be distinguished, with any regularity, as long or short. But we may quite properly say that the general movement and effect of the verse are trochaic. For instance,—

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd
it in his glowing hands"

is an eight-stress trochaic verse, with the light syllable of the last bar omitted.

In the same way the movement of English blank verse may be called iambic, not because it is composed of regular iambs, but because the normal stress in each bar falls upon the second and final syllable.

"So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea"

is five-stress iambic verse.

A metre in which the typical bar is composed of three syllables may be called anapæstic if the stress falls on the last syllable, dactylic if the stress falls on the first syllable. The cadence of such metres distinctly resembles that of classical anapæsts and dactyls.

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly
null"

is a seven-stress dactylic verse, with a trochaic variation in the second bar.

"I remember the time, for the roots of my
hair were stirr'd"

is a six-stress anapæstic verse, with an iambic variation in the last bar.

The only alternative to this nomenclature, so far as I know, is that proposed by Mr. Robert Bridges, in his admirable little book on Milton's Prosody. He suggests that we should speak of "dissyllabic rising rhythm, dissyllabic falling rhythm, trisyllabic rising rhythm, and trisyllabic falling rhythm." But this seems to me more awkward and less accurate than the use of the words iambic, trochaic, anapæstic, and dactylic, not as nouns, let it be remembered, but merely as adjectives to describe the general cadence of the verse.

I shall conclude this paper with a few observations on rhyme. It is here, I think, that there is most need of an agreement, among students of English verse, upon a few simple and clearly defined terms.

Rhyme, in the broadest sense of the word, covers all agreements in tone (that is, quality of sound) between two or more syllables, or groups of syllables, in verse. This recurrence of similar tones is used in English poetry to enhance the pleasure which arises from the regular recurrence of equivalent accents.

Take a stanza from Shelley, for example:—

"Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
Swift be thy flight."

It is evident that the charm of this stanza, as a bit of verbal music, subtle and expressive, comes not only from the rhythmic movement of the recurrent stress, but also from the harmony in quality of the sounds which are so delicately marked and bound together by the accents. But this harmony is not all of one kind. There are at least three different ways in which the delightful agreement of tone is produced in this stanza.

In the first line there is an agreement

in the initial sound of three words: "walk," "western," and "wave." This kind of tonal agreement is called, in common usage, *alliteration*.

In the fourth line there is a harmony of the vowel sounds of the words "long" and "lone." This is what is commonly known as *assonance*.

There are many good reasons why these particular varieties of tonal harmony should be distinguished by these names, and why the word *rhyme* should be kept exclusively for the third form of tonal harmony, which is now decidedly more frequent and more important in English verse.

This third form, as illustrated in Shelley's stanza, consists of an agreement in the final sound of certain lines. Thus the closing tone of the first line is repeated in the third; the closing tone of the second line is repeated in the fourth and in the seventh; and the closing tones of the fifth and sixth lines are alike.

When we look at the nature of this particular tonal harmony more closely we see that it does not include all the letters of the words in which it occurs. The initial sounds of the harmonious words are different. The agreement lies in the accented vowel and the letters which follow it. This form of harmony is what is commonly known in English verse as *rhyme*.

Of course it has a general kinship with assonance and alliteration, in that it belongs, as they do, to the realm of tone. But its specific difference from them is so marked, its influence upon the structure and quality of the stanza is so much greater, that when it is absent it seems natural and proper to call the verse *unrhymed*.

The normal place for rhymes is at the end of the lines. Sometimes, however, one of the rhyming words is within the line, which then receives a more noticeable cadence and a richer effect. Rhymes of this kind are called "internal" or "Leonine." When rhymes

include more than one syllable they are called "feminine." But if three or four syllables are included, they are called "triple" or "quadruple," according to the number of rhyming syllables.

These names are in common use, and there is no need to change them. But it is in regard to the arrangement of rhymes in a stanza that we find ourselves in want of accurate and universally accepted terms.

Take, for example, a simple stanza of four lines, — a quatrain. There are several different orders in which the rhymes may be placed. It would be of considerable advantage to have definite names to describe them. Let me give some illustrations, and suggest a name for each.

Interwoven rhyme.

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love."

Alternate rhyme.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Couplet rhyme.

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken."

Close rhyme.

"Love thou thy land with love far-brought
From out the storied past, and used
Within the present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought."

Interrupted rhyme.

"Here with a little Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse — and
Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Some of these names are already in use, but it would be well, in my opinion, if all of them should be generally recognized and adopted by students of English verse.

We are in need, also, of a revised

and improved nomenclature for the various forms of imperfect rhyme, some of which are allowable in English without real injury to the verse, while others are distinct blemishes.

The most striking instance of the latter kind of imperfection is that form of rhyme which the French call *rime parfait*, and which their verse sanctions. It consists in a complete agreement of sound, not only in the accented vowel and the letters which follow it, but also in the letters which precede it. Thus the two words, or syllables, which correspond are absolutely identical in tone. Corneille, in *Le Cid*, writes: —

*De ses nobles efforts ces deux rois sont le prix ;
Sa main les a vaincus, et sa main les a pris.*

An English illustration may be found in Tennyson's *The Daisy*: —

“ At Florence too what golden hours,
In those long galleries, were ours.”

Now the writers on English verse (I believe without exception) have translated the French term, *rime parfait*, with literal stupidity. They all speak of the recurrence of an identical sound as a “perfect rhyme.” At the same time they all agree that such a rhyme is not to be tolerated in modern English verse. Could anything be more absurd than to call a thing perfect and then to rule it out?

We should have a new and better name for this kind of inadmissible rhyme. It is nothing but an echo of precisely the same sound in two words. It should be called an *echo-rhyme*, and carefully avoided.

There are four other principal kinds of imperfect rhyme, two of which are venial faults, while the second two are serious defects.

There is a rhyme in which the accented vowels differ slightly, but the final consonants agree. Thus Tennyson writes in *The Palace of Art*: —

“ And one, an English home — gray twilight
pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep — all things in order stor'd,
A haunt of ancient Peace.”

Trees — peace, I think, should be called an *assonant rhyme*, because the vowel sound is identical, but there is a slight difference in the sound of the final consonants.

Another variety of imperfect rhyme is found in the next stanza but one of the same poem: —

“ Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonix
Sat smiling, babe in arm.”

Warm — arm, I think, should be called an *approximate rhyme*, because the vowel sounds are different, though the final consonants agree.

These two kinds of imperfect rhyme are not uncommon in the work of the best poets. In Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, in Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, they stand in about the proportion of one to seven perfect rhymes. Of course, as this proportion rises, the effect of the verse is marred. A defect which is tolerable as an exception, becomes intolerable when it is constantly repeated.

An imperfection of the third kind is a much graver fault. There is one in *The Lady of Shalott*: —

“ From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror.”

Here both vowels and consonants fail to agree. I should call this a *false rhyme*.

An imperfection of the fourth kind is found in *A Dream of Fair Women*, where Tennyson rhymes *sanctuaries* with *palaces*. In order to produce any resemblance of tones a false accent must be put on the last syllable of each word. The effect is harsh and halting. I should call this a *lame rhyme*, and pray the Muse to keep me from it, or pardon it.

Henry van Dyke.

OF WALKS AND WALKING TOURS.

MANY are the indictments which are brought against Golf: that it is a deplorable waster of time; that it depletes the purse; that it divorces husband and wife; that it delays the dinner hour, freckles fair feminine faces, upsets domestic arrangements, and unhinges generally the mental balance of its devotees. Yet perhaps to each of such charges Golf can enter a plea. It repays expenditure of time and money with interest in the form of health and good spirits. If it acts the part of correspondent, it is always open to the petitioner to espouse the game. If it keeps men and women away from work and home, at least it keeps them out on the breezy links and dispels for a time the cares of the office or the kitchen. If it tans — well, it tans, and a tanned face needs no paint, and is, moreover, beautiful to look upon. Nevertheless, one indictment there is against which it is not in the power of Golf to enter a plea. It has killed the country walk. "A country walk!" exclaimed a fellow golfer to me the other day; "I have not taken a country walk since I began to play."

There are, I know, who affect to believe that Golf consists of country walks, diversified and embellished by pauses made for the purpose of impelling little round balls into little round holes; that mind and eye are occupied chiefly with the beauties of Nature, and that the impulsion of the insignificant sphere into the insignificant void is, as it were, but a sop to Cerberus, or a cock sacrificed to the Æsculapius of this sporting age. "How greatly," said to me once a fair and innocent stranger to my links, "how greatly this beautiful landscape must enhance the pleasure of your game!" *O sancta simplicitas!* Far be it from me to explain that as a rule the horrid golfer only drank in the beau-

ties of that landscape when the game was over, and he was, perchance, occupied in performing a similar operation upon the contents of a tumbler at his elbow as he reclined in an armchair on the veranda. — And yet, and yet, our links *are* beautiful, and one and all of us their frequenters know and appreciate to the full their beauty; but *not*, I think, at the moment of "addressing the ball." — No; Golf is Golf; a country walk is quite another thing; and the one, I maintain, has killed the other.

For mark you, the essence of a country walk is that you shall have no object or aim whatsoever. The frame of mind in which one ought to set out upon a rural peregrination should be one of absolute mental vacuity. Almost one ought to rid one's self, if so be that were possible, even of the categories of time and place: for to start with a determination to cover a certain distance within a specified time is to take, not a walk, but a "constitutional;" and of all abortions or monstrosities of country walks, commend me to the constitutional. The proper frame of mind is that of absolute and secure passivity; an openness to impressions; a giving-up of ourselves to the great and guiding influences of benignant Nature; an humble receptivity of soul; a wondering and childlike eagerness — not a restless and too inquisitive eagerness — to learn all that great Nature may like to teach, and to learn it in the way that great Nature would have us learn. — Yet, true, though we take with us a vacuous mind, it must be a plenable mind (if I may coin the word), a serenely responsive mind; otherwise we shall not reap the harvest of a quiet eye.

"How bountiful is Nature! he shall find
Who seeks not; and to him who hath not
asked

Large measure shall be dealt,"

sings Wordsworth; and of Nature and of Nature's ways no one had a greater right to sing. — Wordsworth must have been an ideal country walker. The Excursion is the harvest of innumerable walks, and when Wordsworth depicts the Wanderer he depicts himself: —

“In the woods

A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
Itinerant in this labour, he had passed
The better portion of his time; and there
Spontaneously had his affections thriven
Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
And liberty of Nature; there he kept,
In solitude and solitary thought,
His mind in a just equipoise of love.”

Only, “the w . . . w . . . worst of W . . . W . . . Wordsworth is,” as a stammering friend of mine once remarked, “is, he is so d . . . d . . . d . . . desperate p . . . pensive.” (I was expecting a past participle, not an ungrammatical adverb for the “d.”). — He is; and like, yet unlike, Falstaff, he is not only pensive in himself, but he is the cause of pensiveness in other things, — to wit, his “stars,” his “citadels,” and what not; and certainly his diary of *A Tour in Scotland* makes the driest reading I know. — Nevertheless, Wordsworth must have been an ideal country walker. He was

“A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth;”

and if we would understand him, we ourselves must

“Let the moon

Shine on us in our solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against us.”

All great souls, I venture to think, were at some period of their lives walkers in the country. Jesus of Nazareth spent forty days in the wilderness, and the three years of his mission were, we know, spent in unceasing wandering. And whose heart does not burn within him as he reads the moving narrative of that seven-mile country walk which he took with two of his disciples to the village called Emmaus, a narrative that

Cowper has touched without spoiling? It was after a forty days' solitary sojourn on Mount Sinai, too, so we are told, that Moses came down armed with the Decalogue; and was it not after a similar Ramadan retreat that Mohamed returned with the novel doctrine that there was no God but God? Enoch, we know, walked with God; and it is a childish fancy of mine which I am loath to relinquish that God took him, and that he was not, because he was so delectable a companion. Of a surety the Sweet Singer of Israel must have wandered much in the green pastures and by the still waters; he who kept his father's sheep; who slew both the lion and the bear; who sang the high hills, a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies. — Indeed, if one comes to think of it, how much literature owes to the country walk! It was to that long walk outside the wall of Athens, and to the long talk that Socrates held with Phædrus under the plane tree by the banks of the Ilissus, that we owe one of the most beautiful of the Dialogues of Plato. There had been no Georgics had not Virgil loved the country. Horace must as often have circumambulated his Sabine farm as he perambulated the Via Sacra. Chaucer must sometimes have pilgrimed afoot, and Spenser trod as well as pricked o'er the plain. Shakespeare's poaching episode gives us a glimpse into his youthful pursuits. Milton oft the woods among wooed Philomel to hear her even-song; and even after his blindness not the more ceased he to wander where the Muses haunt clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill. The Traveller of Goldsmith was the outcome of a walking tour; so was Robert Louis Stevenson's Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes. To how many minds walks about the green flat meads of Oxford have been a quiet stimulant we may get a hint from Matthew Arnold. Was it to Newman that Jowett, meeting him alone and afoot, put the query, “*Nun-*

quam minus solus quam quum solus?" Of Jowett's walks many a tale is told; of De Quincey, who spent his youth in wanderings; of William Cowper, the gentle singer of the winter walk; of Thoreau; of Mr. John Burroughs; of Richard Jefferies; of Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, the discoverer of the Forest of Arden; of Mr. Henry van Dyke, who, though primarily and avowedly a fisherman, would be, I warrant me, an incomparable companion for a walk, and whose books make the pent-up sigh for the open; of a Son of the Marshes; of Dr. Charles C. Abbott, that indefatigable Wasteland Wanderer; of Mr. Charles Goodrich Whiting, the Saunterer; of that prince of walkers, of whom *The Spectator* said it was "half a pity that such a man could not go walking about forever, for the benefit of people who are not gifted with legs so stout and eyes so discerning," — I mean that erudite nomad, George Borrow; of Senancour, who in his journeys afoot experienced *illusions impossantes*; ¹ of Louis J. Jennings; of Sir Leslie Stephen ² — of these and many another lover of outdoor Nature it is needless to speak.

The earliest walks which my own memory recalls were rather curious ones. We were in Burma, a country in which, in the dry season, exercise must be taken about daybreak or sundown, or not at all. We walked — and before breakfast; and always we were accompanied by a pet cat, a sharp-nosed "toddy-cat" (so they called him), indigenous to the country, and not unlike the American raccoon, very affectionate and very cleanly. But the cat was not our only companion, for just overhead, screaming threateningly, were always also, and all the way, a flock of crows — the mortal enemies, so I must suppose, of Hokey - Pokey (thus was

named our 'coon-cat pet). — Now I come to think of it, it must have been a funny sight: a family afoot; in the rear an impudent cat with tail erect; overhead irate and clamorous crows.

My next walks were on the Nilgiris, the Blue Mountains of India. Ah, they were beautiful! The seven or eight thousand feet of altitude tempered the tropical sun, the mornings were fresh and invigorating — your cold bath was really cold, and Spring seemed perennial. Hedges of cluster-roses bloomed the whole year round; on the orange trees were leaf, bud, bloom, and ripening fruit, also the whole year round. Heliotrope grew in gigantic bushes that were pruned with garden clippers. Through the grounds about the house flowed a babbling brook, widening here and there into quiet ponds, from the sedgy edges of which green-stemmed arums raised their graceful cups. In the deep valleys grew the tree-fern; here and there a playful waterfall gushed from the hill; and everything was green. — No; two things were not green: the one, the hot and bazy plains, shimmering in yellow dust as seen from the shoulder of a hill; the other, the gigantic Droog, a mighty mountain mass rearing its head, sombre and silent, on the other side of a deep ravine. The Droog was purple: not with the pellucid purple of a petal, but with the misty blue-black purple of the bloom of a plum. — Ah, it was all very good. Never shall I forget the convolvulus that decorated the northern veranda before the heat of day shriveled the delicate corollas. There were rich bass blues that stirred one like the tones of an organ. There were soprano pinks so exquisite that a pianissimo trill on a violin seemed crude in comparison. Their beauty was all but audible: it penetrated the senses and reached in to some inner subtle psychic centre, there to

gust, 1901, I have chanced upon just in time to mention it, in my proof sheets, here.

¹ Obermann, *Lettre ii*.

² Whose charming essay *In Praise of Walking* in *Mr. Murray's Monthly Review* for Au-

move emotions which must remain unsaid. — This was in India. — There is something perfervid in the fascination of the East. The West may clutch the thrilled heart with a steely clasp; the East holds the soul in a passionate embrace. Ah, India, beloved India, my first nurse and I trust my last; not were that submarine, gem-lighted city mine would I relinquish hope of seeing thee again, adored India: old majestic land; land of ancient castes and alien creeds; land of custom, myth, and magic; land of pungent odors, stinging tastes, and colors dazzling as the sun; land of mystery, of pageant, and of pain! Ah, subtle, thralling, luring India! — India is like Samson's lion: it has been conquered by the young and lusty Occident, and in its old carcase its conqueror finds both meat and sweetness; — and it serves for a riddle to others. To complete the analogy, there are those who are trying to plough with Samson's heifer.

My next walks were in England. For their size, the British Isles probably afford the most varied tramping ground of any country in the world. Within a few hundred miles of radius you get infinite variety: the rolling Downs; the quiet Weald; hilly Derbyshire; mountainous Wales; Devonshire's lanes; Killybeg's or the Cumberland Lakes, — these for the seeker of quiet. For the more emprising there are the Grampians, the Cotswolds, and the Cheviots, and the wild and broken scenery of the northern isles. The lover of the homeless sea can choose any sort of shore.

Him who knows not England I will here permit to peep into a page of a diary giving a glimpse of a morning dawdle on the Sussex Downs: —

“ROYAL OAK INN,
Village of Poynings,
March 27th, 18—, 11.30 A. M.

“The little maid is laying the other half of this table to supply me with eggs and bacon. . . .

“I got me out of Brighton early, walked through Hassocks and Hurstpierpoint, and strolled on in any direction that invited (for I had the whole lovely day to myself), choosing chiefly bye-ways and sequestered paths approached by stiles.

“The day was superb. The sky, after a rainy night, was a rich deep blue, and across it sailed great white-grey clouds, the shadows of which chased each other — albeit solemnly and with dignity — over field and meadow. The fields, sown with corn already tall, were burnished green — they shone in the sunlight. The meadows were deeper in colour. The slopes of the Downs changed their hues every moment; every acre changed, according as it caught the light direct, or through a thin cloud, or was immersed in shade by a big and thick one. The ditches and the little banks by the road, out of which the trim hedge-rows sprang, were green with a hundred little plants and weeds — the dock, the nettle, groundsel, ‘kisses,’ ivy of every hue and shape, mullein, the alder well in leaf, and the hawthorn here and there in flower. —

“Breakfast over. The most delicious bacon, the freshest of eggs, milk that might have masqueraded as cream; and all served with the extremity of respectful civility. A fire smouldering in the hearth; a terrier longing to make friends; otherwise they shut the door and leave me to quiet privacy.

“The greenness of the hedges was exquisite. And here and there the primroses in profusion — and the violets — and birds. England teems with life. I heard the thrush — ‘It is Spring! It is Spring! O the joy! I tell you it is — is — is!’ And the blackbirds screaming out of a bush, pretending to be frightened, but only looking for an excuse to shout. The ring-doves, really disturbed and rising with noisy wings. The rooks, lost in real wonderment that any one should

stop and look at them for five minutes, and ‘cawing’ and ‘caching’ in vociferous interrogation. Querulous tits, chirping hedge-sparrows, cheeping linnets and finches — by the hundreds and hundreds.”

A mere peep (but a peep photographed on the spot), and giving but a poor glimpse of a scene the exact like of which you will not get elsewhere the wide world over. — And, by the way, should’st ever find thyself at this self-same village of Poynings, omit not to examine the Early Perpendicular church; — the alms-box is an ancient thurible.

A morning walk is worth the effort of getting up. Much would I give to have been of that party which, in sixteen hundred and something, “stretched their legs up Tottenham Hill towards the Thatched House in Hoddesdon on that fine fresh May morning,” — I mean Messrs. *Piscator*, *Venator*, and *Auceps*. I should have been *Peregrinator*; and whereas *Piscator* praised the water, and *Venator* the land, and *Auceps* the air, as the element in which each respectively traded, I should have praised all three, for the pedestrian’s pleasures derive from no single one. And to walking I should have applied dear old Izaak Walton’s own phrase, that it, like angling, was “most honest, ingenious, quiet, and harmless.”¹ Upon quiet, Walton sets extraordinary stress. Quoting with approbation the learned Peter du Moulin, he tells us that “when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to His prophets, He then carried them either to the deserts or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and busi-

ness, and the cares of the world, He might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.”²

It is strange that Izaak Walton, himself apparently a most quiet and contented old man (he lived to be ninety-one), should, writing at sixty years of age, and two hundred and fifty years ago, — when I suppose there was no faster or noisier thing than a galloping horse, — should so insistently preach and teach quiet. Yet, perhaps we must remember that he lived through the Great Rebellion. The last words of his book — and he puts them into his own, *Piscator’s*, mouth — are: —

“And [let the blessing of St. Peter’s Master be] upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling. STUDY TO BE QUIET. — 1 Thess. iv. 11.”

Why, I do not exactly know, but there is to me something straightforward, honest, and simple-minded in the idea of ending a book with the words “and go a-angling.” This and the quotation from 1 Thess. iv. 11 sum up for me the character of the man and the book.

Walking rivals angling in demanding and engendering quiet. “To make a walk successful,” says another dear old gentleman, writing at the same time of life but in modern times, “mind and body should be free of burthen.”³ The true and abiding joy of walking is in calm. “The mood,” says John Burroughs, “in which you set out on a spring or autumn ramble or a sturdy winter walk . . . is the mood in which your best thoughts and impulses come to you. . . . Life is sweet in such moods, the Universe is complete, and

¹ See The Compleat Angler, chap. i.

² Ibid.

³ See a delightful letter to The Publishers’ Circular of September the 27th, 1902; vol. lxxvii., p. 325, on A Plea for a Long Walk, by T. Thatcher, of 44 College Green, Bristol, England. Also another letter by the same

writer on 42 Miles on 2d. at the Age of 64, in the same periodical in its issue of April the 25th, 1903; vol. lxxviii., p. 457. — The “2d.” means that his food consisted of dry brown-bread crusts only, the cost of which he computes at two-pence.

there is no failure or imperfection anywhere." ¹ Only Nature can induce such moods: —

"Dear Nature is the kindest mother still," says the soul-tossed, self-torturing Byron. Books, music, art, the drama, philosophy, science, — at bottom there seems to be something disquieting in these. They come in such questionable shape. They are the works of man; and we never altogether trust the works of man. We never feel, even with the first of those who know, that our fellow man, who is, after all, like unto ourselves, has answered every question, allayed every doubt, stilled every fear. Was something of this in Matthew Arnold's mind when he cried: —

"One lesson, *Nature*, let me learn of thee," and prayed her to calm, to compose him to the end? — But enough in praise of calm. Calm is compatible with the highest and most exuberant spirits. Indeed, high and exuberant spirits are the first and natural outcome of a mind at peace with itself. Good old Walton is continually breaking out into pious or pastoral song — and making milkmaids and milkmaids' mothers break out into song, too.

For many reasons, walking seems to be an ingrained instinct of mankind. I cling to the perhaps fanciful theory that no primitive instinct of man is altogether lost. It is modified, amplified, refined; that is all. With all our culture, we are barbarians still. Man is a clothed savage. And now and again he delights in doffing the clothing and returning heartily to savagery. How delightful the feel of the briny breeze and the boisterous wave on the bare pelt! Mr. Edward Carpenter rails at the (I think) eleven layers of clothing that intervene between our skins and the airs of heaven. Walt Whitman reveled nude in his sun-bath. What a treat too, sometimes, to get away from the multi-coursed dinner and to bite downright

audibly into simple food in the fresh air, and to lap water noisily from the brook! Well, walking, perhaps, is the primal instinct, ancient as Eden, where the Lord God walked in the garden in the cool of the day. And, if my theory is correct, walking will persist till in recovered Paradise man walks with his Maker again. No mechanical contrivance for locomotion will extirpate the tribe of tourists, of those who walk from love of walking.

But not all walks are occasions of unmitigated pleasure. By no means. A certain trudge, which particularly lives in my memory, was one of almost unmitigated pain. — No; I will not say that, for wert not thou, L——, cheeriest of companions, with me? What a day that was! It was in Canada, in early spring. It rained the long day through, and as we walked westward, a cold, wet wind from the east caught us just where the waistcoat leaves off and the trousers don't begin. The roads were impassable for mud; the trees were leafless; the fields bare. Inns there were none, and at the thirteenth mile I broke a nice big flask of port wine or ere a blessed sip of the liquid (I mean a sip of the blessed liquid) had passed our lips. A woeful walk was that, and woeful pedestrians were we. — Yet, somehow, it is with the extremest pleasure that now I recall that trudge. To beguile the time and to try to forget the rain, we improvised a play, and shouted dialogues as we trudged. We covered forty miles at a stretch; and whether it was the play, or the fresh air, or the exercise, or L——'s indomitable Mark Tapleyism, or what, we limped (no, we lamely ran the last few yards) into our destination, in spirits, at least, buoyant, jubilant, and secure. — How mad and bad and sad it was! And oh, how we were stiff!

Up to the present we have considered the country walk only. The walking trip or tour is a more serious affair. If

¹ Pepacton: *Foot-Paths*, p. 205.

it requires as vacuous a frame of mind, it necessitates a more deliberate preparation. Much depends upon the country and the locality chosen. If inviting hostelries abound, one needs to weight one's self with little; if they are infrequent or non-existent, food and clothing become matters of moment. This may sound a truism; but it is a truism that many a tripper wishes he had laid more earnestly to heart when, miles from house and home, he finds himself wet, hungry, and fatigued. It is better to carry a few extra pounds far than to run short soon; for a worn-out body means a useless mind, and hunger and cold, with their attendant depression of spirits, not only rob the tour of its pleasure, but rob the tourist of his zest. Start, therefore, comfortable and comfortably provided. This is not Sybaritism; it is common sense.

For an extended trip, send on some luggage ahead, if you can; and some money (I speak of civilized regions). It is impossible, if you are alone, — unless, like Stevenson, you hire a donkey, — to transport on your own back food and clothing to keep you going for more than a few days at a stretch, — unless you shoot, or fish, or trap, — which is sport, not walking.

Your first care should be for your feet, — another truism not seldom neglected. See that your boots fit, — *fit*, remembering that the feet swell (I speak to tenderfoots). If you prefer shoes to boots, wear gaiters, — to keep out the wet in winter, to keep out the dust in summer. The only occasion upon which I suffered from blisters was on a sixty-mile walk in tennis shoes on a dusty road in August. Take three or four changes of socks. If you walk in a populous region, carry a pair of light shoes. These will come in handy if you run across a friend who asks you to dinner. Carry also a white shirt and a collar or two: not only hosts and hostesses, but landlords and landladies look askance at flannel shirts and muddy

boots: *verb. sap. sat.* Do not refuse an invitation to dinner. Follow Napoleon's advice and let the country you pass through support you, falling back upon your own food-supply when necessary. Help yourself to as much fruit as you can, or as the owners thereof and their dogs permit. A too concentrated diet is unwholesome. Expatiate upon this to the owners of orchards, and back your theories with a dole.

But nothing comes up to the evening meal cooked over your own fire, — if you are not too tired to cook it. Of the cookery I shall speak later; but the fire is as invigorating as the food. Would you taste the consummation of human masculine contentment, stretch your tired legs before your own fire after a long, long walk followed by a full meal: your chamber, the forest primeval, green, indistinct in the twilight; your couch, the scented earth; your canopy, the heavens, curtained with clouds; in your nostrils the incense of burning wood; in your heart the peace which the world giveth not. — The elaborately ornamented modern hearth, with its carved oak or its sculptured marble, is the direct lineal descendant of the nomad fire, — the earliest institution of man, the first promoter of civilization, the binder-together of troglodytic families into tribes. "Hearth and Home" is an ancient, a very ancient, sentiment. It dates back, I take it, to the Glacial Epoch, — far enough, in all conscience. — In my mind's eye I see the shivering Cave-man, appalled at the encroaching ice, the deepening cold. He gathers wood, he huddles him in caves, the drops from his furry, ill-smelling clothing (there was no tanning then) sputtering in the flames. For self-protection and from lack of fuel, family makes alliance with family, and the first-formed human community squats silent about the first-formed human hearth. What friendships must have there been cemented, what tales told; what a strange first unburthening of human heart to hu-

man heart! What ecstatic love-makings, too, must have been enacted in the darksome corners of the sooty cave, the while the grey gorged hunters snored, and toothless beldames gesticulated dumb-crambo scandal by the smouldering brands!—No wonder pre-historic associations cluster even now about what is too often represented by a flamboyant mantelpiece with immaculate tiles and polished brasses. *Pro Aris et Focis!* Is not even the smoking altar but the consecrated symbol of the lowly hearth?

But here just a word in your ear. — If you would guard against a desperate temptation to indulge in reprehensible expletives over the lighting of this your evening fire, — and few things are more provocative of profanity than the attempt to light a fire with wet wood, — if you would guard against this, be careful to collect each evening a nice little bundle of *dry* twigs and to carry them with you in the driest receptacle you possess; for *matches*, be it remembered, in a prolonged walk, become sometimes more precious than rubies, and more to be desired than fine gold. Nothing will bring this home to a man more than to have to walk mile upon mile with a well-filled, sweet, but unlighted pipe in his mouth.

As to food, — bacon, flour, and beans are the stand-by. The curious in the matter of concentrated and portable foods will do well to consult Nansen's elaborate and carefully calculated lists of these.¹ Carry some chocolate: it staves off hunger and is nourishing. Milk, if you can get it, has wonderful staying powers, and by most people — especially under stress of prolonged exertion — is easily digested. Wear wool next the skin, and wear it loose. Let everything be loose. And see that your tailor puts pockets — deep and

wide ones — in every conceivable and inconceivable part of your costume. As to books, sketching or writing materials, or a camera, — every tramp has his hobby: indulge yours to the full; what are you walking for if not to enjoy life? Lastly, do not forget that, if you are not far from the haunts of men, you will over and over again be indebted to your fellow men for little kindnesses and civilities. A pocketful of small change will make many a rough place smooth. — I might mention also *sotto voce* that so will a flask of good whisky. As for the rest, a pipe, a very big pouch of tobacco (many will dip into it), a stout stick, and abundance of matches ought to make you independent of everything and everybody for days together.

But, after all, one's impediments must be chosen according to one's tastes. Mr. Hillaire Belloc equipped himself for his seven-hundred-mile walk from Toul to Rome with "a large piece of bread, half a pound of smoked ham, a sketch-book, two Nationalist papers, and a quart of the wine of Brul " ² (but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!); though farther on he tells us he also carried "a needle, some thread, and a flute." ³ But then Mr. Belloc's path lay through thickly peopled districts; he rarely slept in the open; traveled in summer time; and not once, I think, lighted a fire: and certes he reached Rome in sorry plight.

And now for some hints on the practical details of walking tours of more arduous character and more extended length.⁴ — Suit the weight of your knapsack or pack to your strength, leaving a large margin for comfort. If you travel in regions uninhabited by man, a shelter at night is all important. Therefore carry a light blanket: a warm

¹ See his *Farthest North*, ii. 73 *et seq.*; and 76 *et seq.*; *et passim*.

² *The Path to Rome*, p. 16.

³ *Ibid.* p. 341.

⁴ For these I am indebted to my younger brother, Mr. Herbert E. T. Haultain, A. M. Inst. C. E.

head and face induce sleep, — not everybody knows this; so does a change to dry underclothing at the end of the day. For really hard trips, when you walk all day and walk far, you will need, to replace used-up muscular tissue, each day,

$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of flour;
 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of bacon;
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of beans;

and to these you should add dried fruit or rice. The best dried fruit is a mixture in equal parts of apricots and prunes. Take an abundance of tea: nothing takes the place of tea; and supply yourself with pepper, salt, sugar, candles, and soap. Your cooking pots should fit the one into the other. These things, with a small frying-pan, an axe (to cut poles for your evening shelter and wood for your fire), a file to sharpen this, and some stout wire hooks by which to hang your pots over the fire, complete, I think, the sum total of your absolutely necessary *impedimenta*.

The sedulous, however sage, have little idea how large a part of active life depends on food. To stay-at-homes, who go down to the dining-room when the gong sounds, a meal seems a mere incident of life, an intermission from work, an opportunity for a family chat. The traveler on foot soon learns that a meal is of the most vital importance. Every reader of Nansen's thrilling narrative must have noticed this. Even in Mr. Belloc's literary Path to Rome one is struck with the intrusion of this unliterary topic, and the even more literary Inland Voyage of Robert Louis Stevenson is not free from it. — The importance of a supply of food has so often been borne in upon me that I am inclined to believe that the political community is coeval with the pantry. Even amongst animals, only those form commonwealths which form common stores of food, — as the ant and the bee. The pedestrian gains a practical insight into this wide-reaching influence of a storage of food. Not for half a

dozen hours can he subsist before its importance is impressed upon him by most painful pangs. If, therefore, sedulous sage, you set out on a long hard walk without due provision for the allaying of hunger, you will come to grief. I make no apologies, accordingly, for minute instructions on that topic here.

The bread of the Western prospector — that most redoubtable of walkers — is the bannock. Dost know how to make a bannock? You must have with you a bag containing flour (of the highest grade, made from hard wheat), baking powder, and salt, thoroughly mixed beforehand. (Use twice as much baking powder as the instructions on the tin direct. Half a cup of salt will suffice for ten pounds of flour.) Open this bag, and make a depression in the contents with your fist. Into this pour a cupful of water. Stir the sides of the depression into the water till you get a stiff dough. Spread this dough in a clean greased frying-pan. Hold the pan over the fire till the under side of the dough is slightly browned, then take the pan off the fire and set it up on edge to allow the top of the bannock to toast, and your bannock is made, — and very delicious you will find it if you are hungry, and hungry you certainly will be.

Beans are a more troublesome affair, for, unfortunately, they take from two to four hours to boil. But beans are the mainstay of life on a tour. There are two good varieties: the small white, and the larger brown. Take both, and before starting clean them thoroughly from dust and grit and stones, — thoroughly. As soon as your fire is lighted, put on your beans in cold water with no salt, and keep them boiling. As soon as they show signs of softening, add a piece of bacon or a ham bone and some pepper and salt. When ready — eat. If they are not ready for you when you are ready for them (and this coincidence is, alas, rare with beans), the pot should be filled up with water, the remains of the fire raked into a circle, in the cen-

tre of which the pot should be kept for the night: they will then make a dish for breakfast, when they may be eaten as they are, or can be fried. If drained fairly dry, they may be carried as they are and used for luncheon. — But the best thing is to make a bannock of them. Take a clean frying-pan with plenty of bacon fat in it, and mash the already boiled beans in this with a fork. Heat, with stirring, till the mass is dry enough to set; then fry on both sides. This will keep for days, "and is," says my authority, "the finest food I know of for emergency trips."

Now let us see what your Bill of Fare will be.

MENU.

Soupe aux herbes éditables cueillies
Lard aux rousers, sauce de l'appétit
Fèves au jambon — bouillies ou frites, à goût
Bannocks grillés au grand air
Compôte d'abricots et de pruneaux desséchés
Riz bouilli à l'eau de ruisseau
Fruits volés
Thé noir — demi tin-pot
Cognac (s'il y en a) — au petit flask
Bonbons — chocolat frappé

May I here request the reader to accompany me in a short digression? — Few things are pleasanter than a walk in which one turns down any lane that invites.

One of the first delights of walking is the pleasure derived from the passing scene. — What is the secret of the pleasure derived from a beautiful landscape, — or, as a matter of fact, from almost any landscape? For apparently a landscape need not be actually beautiful in order to give pleasure. "I would n't give a mile of the dear old Sierras," says Bret Harte, "with their honesty, sincerity, and magnificent uncouthness, for 100,000 Kilomètres of the picturesque Vaud."¹ And even Mary MacLane, rail as she did at the barren sands

of Butte, Montana, in her Story, when she left them wrote, "I love those things the best of all."² — Bret Harte and Mary MacLane may give us a clue to the secret. It is not merely the contour or the colors of a landscape that delight; it is the associations that cling to it. — But what of a scene which is quite new to the eyes? Still, I think, association. "Scenery soon palls," says George Borrow, "unless it is associated with remarkable events, and the names of remarkable men."³ And Ruskin, you will remember, when gazing at the broken masses of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain above the village of Champignole, in the Jura, found that the impressiveness of the scene owed its source to the fact that "those ever springing flowers and ever flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colors of human endurance, valor, and virtue."⁴ Packed away in the brain and mind of man must be subtle and secret memories dating back through unknown ages of time. — A gaseous theory, perhaps, but one which Senancour has liquefied into the pellucid sentence: — "*La nature sentie n'est que dans les rapports humains, et l'éloquence des choses n'est rien que l'éloquence de l'homme.*"⁵ The great fight for life, the stern joys of life, — the ferocious combat, the thrilling love-match, the myriad sensations and emotions evoked by man's physical environment, and his struggle for existence therein, — surely these live somehow somewhere packed away in his brain to-day, — just as some migratory and nidificatory memories must be packed away in the brain of a bird. It is these dormant memories that a great landscape revives. On how many a plain to-day does there not flow veritable human blood re-muted into sap. — Terrene Nature was man's ancestral home, and no man can gaze

¹ Quoted in The Academy and Literature of October the 4th, 1902; p. 340.

² In The New York World of September the 14th, 1902; p. 7.

³ Wild Wales, Introduction.

⁴ The Seven Lamps of Architecture: chapter vi., The Lamp of Memory; § i.

⁵ Obermann, Lettre xxxvi.

upon it unmoved. The freedom of a great expanse seems to arouse primitive instincts. Idylls do not happen in drawing-rooms. The odorous glades are Hymen's haunts. In the meads of Enna Proserpine was wooed. Zephyr won Aurora a-Maying. In the bosage Daphnis proposed.¹ On Latmos top Endymion was nightly kissed. — If only Fashion would decree that honeymoons should be spent under Jove! Lovers ken the banks where amaranths blow, and poets build their altars in the fields. How actually physically exhilarating sometimes is

"The champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
.

"Such life there, through such lengths of hours,
Such miracles performed in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
Such letting nature have her way . . ."

Perhaps the poem from which these lines come (Browning's *Two in the Campagna*) is the deepest and most delicate poetical expression of this emotion.

Now, I know precisely what will happen. Some epimethean enthusiast, carried away by the anticipated delights of a walk, will suddenly make up his mind to take one; will hastily stuff some things into a bag, and will start off at four o'clock in the morning with some vague and distant goal in view. He will think to roll John Burroughs and Richard Jefferies into one in his minute observation of Nature, and to outdo Wordsworth and Amiel combined in his philosophico-poetical disquisitions on the same; he will rid his mind of the world and the worldly, and float in themes transcendental and abstruse. But I think I know what will happen. By the afternoon of that selfsame day he will be hungry, thirsty, foot-sore, and tired. His boots will be tight; his

¹ And his bride complained of the damp!
(See Theocritus, *Idyll* xxvii., 52.)

bag as heavy as his spirits; his head as empty as his stomach. Instead of observing Nature he will find Nature — in the shape of the rustics (and the rustics' dogs) — very narrowly observing him, not always with sympathetic or benignant gaze. Instead of deep and transcendental meditations rising spontaneously to his mind, he will find curt and practical questions assailing his ear as to who he is and what he is doing there. — My dear but epimethean enthusiast, you must know that Nature is a jealous mistress. If so be you are sedulously engaged for fifty weeks in the year in the pursuit of pelf, think not to woo her by a half day's worship at her shrine. Even if your courtship be sincere, it must be slow. Not in forty-eight hours will you brush away the cobwebs of the work-a-day world and prepare for the reception of sweet Nature's influence: a mind free from all uncharitableness: their skies, not their characters, they change who sail over-seas. From all blindness of heart, from pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, you must seek to be delivered, else you will walk in vain. For most men walk in a vain show, and the perpetual perambulation of the streets of Vanity Fair is a poor preparation for the Delectable Mountains. — But take heart. If you will keep but a corner of your mind free from the carking cares of barter and commerce — if only by half-holiday jaunts and Sabbath-day journeys, great will be your reward. By the end of the third or fourth day's tramp, what with the exhilarating exercise, the fresh air, the peace and loneliness, the long hours of mental quietude, the freedom from the petty distractions of social and official life, if you are humble and child-like, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, — the scales will fall from your eyes; then indeed you will see — and feel — and think. The trivial little objects at your foot, equally with the immense expanses of earth and sky, will lift you high above themselves: the wet

and drooping high-road weed, the tender green of a curled frond, the soft oozy of a summer marsh, — the sense of beauty, of the fitness of things, of their immense incomprehensibility — the wonder of it all . . . words seem useless to say how such things sink into the soul, plough up its foundations, sow there seeds which, like the Indian juggler's plant, spring up at once and blossom into worship, reverence, awe. — Believe me, I am not extravagant or hyperbolic, nor do I beguile with empty words. If you will not hear me, hear the simple-minded Richard Jefferies: —

"I linger in the midst of the long grass, the luxury of the leaves, and the song in the very air. I seem as if I could feel all the glowing life the sunshine gives and the south wind calls to being. The endless grass, the endless leaves, the immense strength of the oak expanding, the unalloyed joy of finch and blackbird; from all of them I receive a little. . . . In the blackbird's melody one note is mine; in the dance of the leaf shadows the formed maze is for me, though the motion is theirs; the flowers with a thousand faces have collected the kisses of the morning. Feeling with them, I receive some, at least, of their fulness of life. Never could I have enough; never stay long enough. . . . The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time. . . . These are the only hours that are not wasted — these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty. This is real life, and all else is illusion, or mere endurance. To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of Nature. If I cannot achieve it, at least I can think it."¹ —

Which passage has received the *imprimatur*

of quotation by no less an authority than Lord Avebury (better known, perhaps, as Sir John Lubbock), himself not only a man of science, but a statesman and a man of affairs as well. Listen: —

"The exquisite beauty and delight of a fine summer day in the country has never perhaps been more truly, and therefore more beautifully, described."²

But surely, with all deference to the learned quoter, there is something deeper in Richard Jefferies, these his dithyrambs, than a description of a fine summer day. Surely Jefferies finds himself here, in Amiel's fine phrase, *tête-à-tête* with the Infinite, and tries, poor soul, in vain to find vent for his thoughts. It is not a picture, it is a poem. Nor needed it the Pageant of Summer to transport this poet thither. Jefferies was here viewing Nature through a seventh sense, — a sense more delicate than that of sight or sound, the sense that Maurice de Guérin has defined as, —

*"Un sens que nous avons tous, mais voilé, vague, et privé presque de toute activité, le sens qui recueille les beautés physiques et les livre à l'âme, qui les spiritualise, les harmonie, les combine avec les beautés idéales, et agrandit ainsi sa sphère d'amour et d'adoration."*³

It is not Richard Jefferies his catalogue of the things he saw which moves us to admiration and delight, it is his sense sublime which enabled him to rise from the things which are seen to the things which are unseen, to rise above the *hic et nunc* of the parochial and to peer into the *illuc et tunc* of the eternal. He saw "into the life of things," and in him the finite stirred emotions which savored of the infinite.

Of a sober truth, could we only realize it, all things point to the infinite. Not a cobweb, not a wisp of morning mist, not a toadstool, not a gnat, but has a life-history dating back to the dark

¹ The Pageant of Summer.

² The Pleasures of Life, part ii. chapter viii.

³ Journal, Lettres, et Poèmes, p. 17. Paris. 1880.

womb of Time, or ere even meteoritic dust or incandescent nebulae were born; dating forward, too, could we trace it, to the dark doom of Time, if for Time there be a doom. Who can understand it? Who shall explain it? — any part of it? Take Burns his simple line, —

“Green grow the rushes, O.”

To explain “green” is not within the power of profoundest oculist and physicist combined: on the question of the color-sense alone the scientific world is divided and has for years been divided; and of the precise action of chlorophyll — the green coloring-matter of plants — it is almost equally ignorant; while of the train of connected phenomena, from the chemic action in the leaf, through the stimulation of the retina, the transmission along the optic nerve, the sensation in the *corpora quadrigemina* of the brain, to the concept in the mind, we know absolutely nothing. To define and classify the rushes, also; to know exactly their place in the vegetable kingdom and how they came there, — their evolution from lower forms, the modifications wrought in their structure by environment and internecine strife, — that is beyond the wit of botanist and palaeophytologist in one. And as to that simple verb “to grow,” dealing, as it does, with life itself in its inmost penetralia, that has baffled, and probably will forever baffle, the whole host of physical and metaphysical experimenters and speculators world without end. When we can explain Life, we shall be within measurable distance of explaining the Life-Giver. — Tennyson saw this: —

“Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of your crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.”

But my song has grown too adventurous. Let us descend th’ Aonian mount. — This, however, let me say: If to somewhat abstruse ontological specu-

lations such as these you like to add scientific or other knowledge of the region of your walk, — something of the geology, palaeontology, mineralogy, zoology, botany, archaeology, history, well and good. No sort of knowledge but is profitable for doctrine. The interest and pleasure of walking are greatly enhanced by noting and being able to account for the thousand and one natural phenomena which greet the eye even in the shortest stroll; and few things sooner oust petty worries from the mind than such occupation. Happy is the man who can do this. I, alas, cannot help you here. I have but a bowing acquaintance with Science, though it is always with a deep reverence that I doff my hat to her. Nevertheless, with this I console myself: it seems to matter but little with what sort of eyes you look on Nature, provided you really look. Give her but the seeing eye and the understanding heart, and she is lavish of her gifts. — And (let me roun this in thine ear) perhaps she prefers (woman-like) the understanding heart to the seeing eye; though (woman-like again) she likes to be admired as well as understood — though never (and here most woman-like) does she like to be too curiously regarded. — Sometimes, I confess, I have envied him gifted with the scientific eye: him in whom a granite boulder in a grassy mead rouses long geological trains of thought; to whom the dwarfed horse-tails by lacustrine shores paint pictures of dense equisetaceous forests; for whom a fossil trilobite calls up visions of Silurian seas; him even have I envied who can classify common plants and tell us why the lowly daisy is superior to the lordly oak; who can expatiate on crystallographic angles, and learnedly descant on amphibole or pyroxene. For myself, I am not versed in the mechanism of Nature. I have never asked to see the wheels go round. I like to see her smile, and am not careful as to what oral or buccal muscles are brought into play for that smile. That

she has an anatomy I suppose. But I bethink me of Actæon's fate, he who saw Dian's naked loveliness too near. So, thou, beware lest thine eye see so much that thy heart understand too little. Keep thy mind "in a just equipoise of love." Accomplish that, and no knowledge is too high for thee.

Here, however, it is but right to enter a *caveat*. It must be admitted that it is not given to every one to hold high converse with Nature. Nature speaks a cryptic tongue, and unless one has paid some heed to her language her accents are apt to fall upon deaf ears. Nor can any one translate Nature's language to those unversed in her speech. If you think to hear her voice while the din and clatter of business or mercature are ringing in your ears, you will hear nothing. Nor, for that matter, will you see anything. Trees and fields and clouds you may see, or may think you see; but they will say nothing to you, will mean nothing to you. To their mere beauty you will be blind; for beauty is a thing to be felt, not seen. Goethe declared that beauty was a primal phenomenon which had never yet made its appearance.¹ So Euripides: —

κλύων μὲν αὐδὴν, ὅμμα δ' οὐχ ὁρῶν τὸ σόν.²

To be *felt*. That is the clue to the secret. The appeal of natural beauty is to the heart: to the emotions, rather than to the intellect. The eyes of the wisest savant may miss what Nature will reveal to the veriest babe. This is what Mr. Edward Carpenter means when he says, albeit in somewhat extravagant language, —

"As to you O Moon —

"I know very well that when astronomers look at you through their telescopes they see only an aged and wrinkled body;

"But though they measure your wrinkles never so carefully they do not see you personal and close —

"As you disclosed yourself among the chimney-tops last night to the eyes of a child —

"When you thought no one else was looking.

"Anyhow I see plainly that like all created things you do not yield yourself up as to what you are at the first or the thousandth onset,

"And that the scientific people for all their telescopes know as little about you as any one —

"Perhaps less than most.

"How curious the mystery of creation."³

The poet, bereft of words whereby to give vent to his emotion, falls back on "the mystery of creation." — Not dissimilarly says Carlyle, "The rudest mind has still some intimation of the greatness there is in Mystery."⁴ And again, "The *mystical* enjoyment of an object goes infinitely farther than the *intellectual*."⁵ — It is not alone the indescribable color of the delicate corolla, nor is it the minute knowledge of its astonishing structure that causes to blaze up in the beholder a sense of something profound; it is not alone the majestic heap of the cloud, nor the piercing radiance of the quiet stars, known to be incomputably distant, that lifts one to the contemplation of the lofty; it is the immanent, the permanent Mystery that pervades and unifies all that ever was or is or shall be.

"But what possible pleasure, what possible profit," I can hear the practical and common-sensible man asking, "is to be gained from walking — *walking*?

¹ "Das Schöne ist ein Urphänomen, das zwar nie selber zur Erscheinung kommt." — Dichtung und Wahrheit.

² Hippolytus.

³ Towards Democracy. Third edition, pp. 149, 151.

⁴ Essay on Characteristics. Works (shilling edition), ix. 15.

⁵ Essay on Diderot, x. 26. — The italics are Carlyle's.

Surely walking is the paltriest of sports. Why not write of riding, driving, rowing, bicycling, motor-caring, — any mode of locomotion rather than that of mere trudging? — I feel I am up against it now. Well, in a technical and paronomasiacal phrase, the question really *solvitur ambulando*. For one thing, horses have to be baited, boats caulked, bicycles pumped up, balloons inflated, and motor-cars eternally tinkered at. For another thing, not the least of the practical blessings incident to a walk is that you are beyond the reach of letters and telegrams and telephones. You are not likely to be served with a writ when walking; you can laugh at *capiases* and injunctions; drafts at sight and judgment-summonses cannot easily overtake you on a trudge. “I have generally found,” says De Quincey, “that, if you are in quest of some certain escape from Philistines of whatsoever class, — sheriff-officers, bores, no matter what, — the surest refuge is to be found amongst hedge-rows and fields.”¹ (Had De Quincey lived in the twentieth century, truly he might have added that it is amongst the fields and hedge-rows also that one gets away from that pest of civilization, the pene-ubiquitous advertisement. — And not always even amongst fields and hedge-rows, as the landscape-spoiling hoardings along the routes of our railways prove. Like Nero, I sometimes wish that the erectors of sky-signs and the daubers of barns and fences had but one neck that I might . . . that I might — lay upon it a heavy yoke of taxation. — I throw out that hint to any Finance Minister that may care to act upon it.)

But far rather would I reply to my querist in other words than mine. — “I went to the woods,” says Thoreau, “because I wished to live deliberately, to

front only the essential facts of life. . . . I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life. . . . Our life is frittered away by detail. . . . In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds.”²

Hear, too, Henri-Frédéric Amiel: —

“1st February, 1854. — A walk. The atmosphere incredibly pure — a warm, caressing gentleness in the sunshine — joy in one’s whole being. . . . I became young again, wondering, and simple, as candour and ignorance are simple. I abandoned myself to life and to nature, and they cradled me with an infinite gentleness. To open one’s heart in purity to this ever pure nature, to allow this immortal life of things to penetrate into one’s soul, is at the same time to listen to the voice of God. Sensation may be a prayer, and self-abandonment an act of devotion.”³

Or hear a greater man than these, — hear the great Jean-Jacques Rousseau, he who divided with Voltaire the intellectual realm of the eighteenth century: —

“What I regret most in the details of my life which I have forgotten is that I did not keep a diary of my travels. Never have I thought so much, never have I realized my own existence so much, been so much alive, been so much myself if — may so say, as in those journeys which I have made alone and afoot. Walking has something in it which animates and heightens my ideas: I can scarcely think when I stay in one place; my body must be set a-going if my mind is to work. The sight of

¹ Additions to the Confessions of an Opium-Eater, p. 381. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1876.

² Walden, pp. 98, 99, in David Douglas’s Edinburgh edition, 1884.

³ Journal, p. 45. London: The Macmillan Co. 1890. — I avail myself of Mrs. Humphry Ward’s admirable translation.

the country, the succession of beautiful scenes, the great breeze, the good appetite, the health which I gain by walking, the getting away from inns, the escape from everything which reminds me of my lack of independence, from everything which reminds me of my unlucky fate — all this releases my soul, gives me greater courage of thought, throws me as it were into the midst of the immensity of the objects of Nature, which I may combine, from which I may choose at will, which I may make my own carelessly and without fear. I make use of all Nature as her master; my heart, surveying one object after another, unites itself, identifies itself with those in sympathy with it, surrounds itself with delightful images, intoxicates itself with emotions the most exquisite. If, in order to seize these, I amuse myself by describing them to myself, what a vigorous pencil, what bright colours, what energy of expression they need! Some have, so they say, discerned something of these influences in my writings, though composed in my declining years. Ah! if only those of my early youth had been seen! those which I have composed but never written down! ”¹

Thus wrote the great Jean-Jacques in the calm of his declining years. Those walking inspirations must have been potent indeed to have left so lasting an impression.²

But Thoreau and Amiel and Jean-Jacques Rousseau are perhaps counsels of perfection; exemplars too remote for our purpose. Permit me then to resort to an *argumentum ad hominem*. — I knew a man who one summer tried to do two-and-half men's work in one. For five days in the week it took him from early in the morning of one day till early in the morning of the next. On Saturday

afternoon he was free, and on Saturday he took the boat to a village twenty-one miles distant. Sunday afternoon was devoted (alas, necessarily) again to work, — but in the open air. At two-thirty on Monday morning he started on his return journey — afoot; breakfasted halfway in; and was at his desk in as good time as spirits. — Profit? That early morning walk picked him up for the week. Pleasure? My dear practical sir, would you had been with him! Would you had felt the quiet, the serenity, the calming influence of unsullied Nature; the supreme repose in those early morning hours, the solitude, the vastness, the expansion of soul and spirit beneath the silent stars, the quiet dawn. He saw the full moon pale and set; he saw great Nature slowly wake; the sleepy cows knee-deep in clover; the fields begemmed with dew; the little pools — pools which at noon would be muddy puddles — glistening like emeralds and garnets in the morn. By degrees, growing things were individualized. Each shrub, each creeping thing, had a life of its own. The veriest weed was exalted into a vegetable personality which had dealings with the Infinite and the Divine; and all flowers in field or forest which unclosed their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day spake to him. — He was alone, — alone with unhurrying, uncared-for Nature. The peace of untold æons entered his soul and couraged him to battle with the petty and the trivial for five more wearing days without a qualm. — Profit? Pleasure? — What nag, what buggy, what skiff, what bike, what motor, what dirigible balloon, would have got him that? In simple truth, of all that he learned and did during those arduous weeks, only those lovely lonely walks live in that man's memory to-day. — Would that oftener

¹ Confessions, *partie i. livre iv.* Paris: Le-fèvre's edition; 1819, vol. i. pp. 259, 260. — It is with pain that I attempt a translation of this; but it would give me greater pain that

those not conversant with French should pass it by.

² Thirty-four years separated the tour of which he speaks from the date when he penned these words.

we bathed our thirsty souls in the dews of the dawn! Would that oftener men gat them away from offices and counters and desks, — nay, from balls and bats and clecks, — away into the quiet country, where nor strife nor struggle, noble or ignoble, has place or worth! The world is too much with us. Call-loans — narrow margins, with a slump in the market — killing races with a dark horse — quickly changing quotations — prolonged ill luck at pontifical or pokerian games — anthracite coal out of sight — unstable tariffs — strikes and rumors of strikes — such things perturb the human mind. Well, I know few more efficacious antidotes to mental perturbation than an early morning walk. It is a psychic as well as a pecuniary investment.

It is also a mental tonic, — even in homœopathic doses. — I took last Sunday in a northern clime a little four-mile stroll before breakfast, and its calming and beneficent influence is with me still. No one was about; I had the whole country to myself, and I bathed a tired head in the spacious quietude of earth and sky. From a height I looked over a great and restful country, across the sleeping town, and far away over the peaceful lake. Above it all stretched the benevolent heavens, brooding over this pendent world. — I thought I saw fixity in the midst of motion; substance beneath evanescence; unity in multiplicity; a sort of goal where everything was cyclical; an end where all things seemed only means; infinity lurking in finitude; a divine inhering in the natural. After the treadmill of the week it was uplifting, exalting. I inhaled great drafts of air from ultra-planetary spaces; I fed on manna fallen from the highest heavens. This tiny planet, with its trivial cares and duties, vanished from my eyes, and I cooled my brow in the clouds of the Holy of Holies. — But none the less did I recognize the all-importance, to it and to me, of earth's small cares and duties. Were they not

part of that infinite multiplicity in which lurked that infinite unity? Did they not go to make up the "spiritual economy" of the cosmos? But I saw them in a newer light, — a larger light than merely solar, and they took on a new aspect, and declared themselves integral portions of that divine All without which that divine All would cease to be.

There is something strangely pure and purifying about early morning air. It is Nature's great sterilizer. It is aseptic; and none breathes it but is more or less cleansed of the taint of noontide life. The noxious germs of care and anxiety cannot live in it. It is a magnificent bactericide. Nature is herself then. Even the denizens of Nature seem to know this, for never is bird or beast more blithesome than at dawn.

For lonely souls, for luckless souls, there is, perhaps, after all is said and done, but one source of solace. "Nothing human," said Eugénie de Guérin, "nothing human comforts the soul, nothing human supports it: —

'A l'enfant il faut sa mère,
A mon âme il faut mon Dieu.'

Well, those who think their God has revealed Himself in the Canonical Books will go to their Bible; those who think He has chosen the channel of a Church will derive ghostly strength from their spiritual counselors; but those who think the Nameless has nowhere so plainly shown himself as in his works will seek in the face and lineaments of Nature that consoling smile which every lonely soul so miserably craves; and fortunate it is that not over his works, but only over his words, theologians so wrathfully wrangle. — Art thou cast down, and is thy soul disquieted within thee? Dost distrust thyself? Has love grown cold? And hast thou caught on thy leman's lips a sigh not meant for thee? Is there none to whom thou canst go, on whose bosom to rain out the heavy mist of tears? — Go thou to Pan; betake thee to the fields; betake

thee to the woods; pour out thy contrite heart at the altar of the Universe, and thou shalt be comforted. What matters it the petty perturbations of the mind? What signify the paltry upheavings of the heart? Lay thy tired head on Nature's breast. Friendship may fade, ideals vanish, passion wane, the darling desire upon which thou hast staked thine all may prove to have been snatched from thee before thy very eyes. — Take heart. Always there is at hand the Infinite and the Eternal: about thee, above thee, in presence of which the petty and the paltry flee away.

I know no more comfortable medication than the quiet companionship of Nature. The trees breathe a salutary air. The fields invite to repose. A calming influence pervades unvalled, unceilinged earth, and there the crumpled soul has room in which to smooth itself out: the noxious bacilli which infest its folds are swept away; ill-natured thoughts take flight. How paltry seems a passing quarrel beneath the boughs of a hoary oak that has witnessed a hundred fights! How puny a callous rage while the somnolent clouds roll by!

For, believe me, Great Pan is *not* dead. Nor, believe me, are any that go to him in any wise cast out. He cares not of what Church thou art a child, nor does he fence his tables. Worship at whatsoever shrine thou choosest, always he will welcome thee to his, for Pan is beloved of all the gods.

Ach! There comes a time when nothing seems worth while; when gayety palls, and even sorrow dulls instead of stirs; when nothing seems of any use, and one feels inclined to give up, to give up. — To such I would say, pull on thick boots, clutch a stout stick, and go for a country walk — rain or shine. — It sounds a preposterous remedy, but try it. Nature never gives up. Not a pigmy weed, trodden under foot of man and covered up and overwhelmed with rival growths, but battles for its life with

vim. Nor does it ask for what it battles. Neither does it question why more favored plants are so carefully nurtured, and it, poor thing, is dragged up by the roots. — Take a country walk, and look at the weeds if at nothing else.

And remember, this is a legitimate remedy, preposterous though it may sound. So many prescriptions for the heartache are illegitimate — stimulants, or narcotics, or stimulant-narcotics: sport, work, play, hazardous adventure, the gaming-table or the betting-ring, to say nothing of the cup that inebriates but does not cheer. A country walk is but "letting Nature have her way," is but a giving an opportunity for the *vis medicatrix nature*. Try it; do not, like Naaman, prate of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, but go wash in Jordan seven times.

But is it not a selfish pleasure, this that is to be gained by rural peregrination? I shall be asked. Bluntly I answer, No. A country walk makes one blithesome; and than blithesomeness there is no greater foe to selfishness. Had Bacon not declared that gardening was the purest of human pleasures, I should be inclined to give the palm to walking. — Yet no; Bacon was right.

We are too gregarious. We live too much in herds, and we consider too much what the herd will think of our petty individual ways. Civilization is not an unmixed boon, and artificial combinations of men taint the natural simplicity of the race. In combining together for mutual protection against a common foe we forget that sometimes a man's foes are those of his own household. Each feels that the eyes of the world are upon him, and always he is subconsciously occupied in conforming himself to the world. A political community not only curtails the individual's freedom of action for the good of the whole, it curtails also his freedom of thought and manner. What is the result? The result is that "self-consciousness" has taken on a new and sinister meaning.

Instead of denoting the especial and distinguishing characteristic of emancipated reason, self-consciousness has come to denote a painful cognizance of the fetters that our fellow reasoners have put upon reason. We are the slaves of ourselves. Only the child and the savage are free to "live deliberately," to "live deep and suck out all the marrow of life." Long before the child has developed into the grown, and the savage into the civilized, man, that silent and unseen but tireless architect Convention builds about him an invisible but infrangible wall of reserve; his spontaneous emotions, his natural affections, his aspirations and ambitions, must filter through crevices and peepholes instead of exhaling from him as a rich and original aura.

Already the taint is perceptible in our literature. The centripetal tendency is not a purely economic one. Commerce and industry draw the crowds to the cities, and immediately there arises a set of writers who write only of the city. How large a proportion of our fiction portrays only the wretched drawing-room intrigue, the wretched rivalries of wretched citizens. The Epic was buried two hundred years ago. The Ode is dead. The Lyric is dying. Now we have the Novel and the Problem Play, the sensational Newspaper and the Picture Magazine. In time, I suppose, we shall come to the Snap-shot and the Paperette. Already we are almost there. — Was it for this that the mighty Areopagitical pleader for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing strove?

I wish the whole population of crowded cities could be turned out hebdomadally to take long week-end walks in the country, there to mew its mighty youth and kindle its undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; there to slough off the skin of daily toil, cleanse itself from the dross of money-getting, and learn

that there is something in life more worth living for than the weekly wage, and other joys than those of *panem et circenses*. — But this is a wild dream. As well try to rehabilitate the Bacchic dance and Chian in place of Baseball and Peanuts. Yet methinks I have heard of wilder. What did Jean - Jacques and his school really mean by "back to nature"?

To me, I confess, this polipetal or city-seeking tendency in modern life (if I may so call it) wears a most serious, a most sinister aspect. So, I am inclined to think, it did to Ruskin. "I had once purposed," wrote Ruskin a quarter of a century ago, "to show what kind of evidence existed respecting the possible influence of country life on men; it seeming to me, then, likely that here and there a reader would perceive this to be a grave question, more than most which we contend about, political or social, and might care to follow it out with me earnestly. The day will assuredly come when men will see that it is a grave question."¹

If we read history aright, always the bloated city succumbs to the pagan horde. It is in the crowded city that all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,² have most free play. And it is in the city, where division of labor is daily carried to greater extremes, that men's activities as a whole have least free play. The result is twofold: the nobler emotions are stunted; the baser passions are stimulated. Socialism (whatever the precise prescription so labeled may be) is no remedy for this. Perhaps Rousseau reasoned better than he knew.

In a sense, however, — thanks to whatever gods may be! — as a matter of fact there is quietly going on a constant recurrence to Nature. The United States of America, Canada, Australia,

¹ Modern Painters, part vi. chapter i. paragraph 7. — Vol. v. pp. 5 and 6 of George Allen's edition.

² 1 John, ii. 16.

South Africa, — what but wholesale emigration from over-populous or over-pragmatical centres is the source and origin of these? Colonization is the protest against the social, political, economical, or religious constrictions of the crowd. — It is precisely these constrictions, my practical querist, that I am tempting thee now and again to flee. *De te fabula.*

Have I too much belauded the country walk? I do not thereby decry the outdoor sport. The thorough sportsman is the noblest work of God (apologies to the shade of Alexander Pope!). Athletics, says that acute philosophical historian, Mr. Goldwin Smith, “wash the brain.” Well, sometimes I think a really good country walk cleans the soul. You get away from rivalries and trivialities; from scandal, gossip, and paltriness; you get away from your compeers and your neighbors, — perhaps you learn for the first time who your neighbor is, namely, your fellow farer in distress, as the Good Samaritan long ago taught; you get away from barter and commerce, from manners and customs, from forms and ceremonies; from the thousand and one complications that arise when a multitude of hearts that do not beat as one try to live in a too close contiguity. It was only when the inevitable third party appeared upon the scene (as I think some one must have said) that Adam and Eve ceased to be good, put on clothes, and hid themselves from the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden. It is easy

to be generous amongst trees and grass and running water; one feels good 'neath the blue firmament on the open earth; ghosts vanish that scent the morning air, and glow-worms pale their uneffectual fire. For to every one, I care not whether theist, deist, or atheist, — to every one Nature instinctively, spontaneously, proclaims herself an infinitely adorable Mystery. If there is anything above and beyond the ephemeral and the fleeting; if there is somewhere some immensity of Being, some source of All, would it not be well sometimes to make haste and bow the head toward the earth and worship?¹

Some immensity of Being. It is to this that in reality all Nature points. The clouds, the skies, the greenery of earth, the myriad forms of vegetation at our feet, stir as these may the soul to its depths, they are but single chords in the orchestra of Life. It is the great pæan of Being that Nature chants. By them it is that we perceive “the immense circulation of life which throbs in the ample bosom of Nature, a life which surges from an invisible source and swells the veins of this universe.”² Through them it is that we detect the enormous but incomprehensible unity which underlies this incommensurable multiplicity. The wavelet's plash; the purl of the rill; the sough of the wind in the pines, — these are but notes in the divine diapason of Life, of Life singing its cosmic song, unmindful who may hear. — Alas, that so few hear aught but a thin and scranneled sound!

Arnold Haultain.

¹ Exodus, xxxiv. 8.

² “Cette immense circulation de vie qui s'opère dans l'ample sein de la nature; . . . cette vie

qui sourd d'une fontaine invisible et gonfle les veines de cet univers.” — Maurice de Guérin, *Journal*, p. 22. Paris. 1880.

THE OLD DECOY-DUCK.

WITHIN the cobwebbed loft he sits
 'Mid spars and caufs and wreck of things,
 Who, couched in sedgy marshes, heard
 Wheel to his lure swift vibrant wings.

Below him creep the lapping tides,
 Before, down bleak receding lines,
 The shuttles of the waning year
 Crimson Acoaxet's woof of pines ;

He marks the lowering cloud-wrack's flight,
 When spurned before the rising gale,
 The homing fisher-fleet, close-reefed,
 Drives up the channel, sail by sail ;

He sees great sunsets burn and fade,
 And, through his close-set window bars,
 Tremble along the dusky wave
 The twilight splendor of lone stars ;

To him all sights and sounds are one ;
 Not the slow drip of summer rain,
 Nor, when fierce rocking gusts go by,
 The clash of sleet against the pane,

No faint alarm of distant guns
 That wake the halcyon's clamorous brood,
 Or thunder on the bridge of hooves,
 Shall rouse him from his timeless mood.

Mercy E. Baker.

WILD JUSTICE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

IV.

THE SINGING IN THE HOUSE.

AFTER this, a year went by without further incident, — a summer of hard work, a winter of desperate sitting about and staring out of the window at snow-

fields and white-caps, of reading again the few books that had been his mother's, of pacing up and down like a wolf before the closed door of the other room. After the adventure on the shore, Marden knew himself for a man apart from other men. Yet it had renewed his purposes within him. He must be steadfast to a mem-

ory, and the Sebright blood must die out of his veins. All winter he hammered at these thoughts. The spring drew on, when the cakes of ice came floating down in the black water, and a brown haze covered the horizon, and the patches of snow melted from under the firs and cedars, and the thin, black crescent lines of geese quivered northward in the sky, and the air was filled with the pungent, resinous smoke of brushwood fires, and the fields turned slowly from buff to green, and May-flowers grew again, and dandelions, and later the twin-flowers that Marden's mother had taught him to love. There were long comforting walks in the warm air; now that he felt the settled calm of knowing himself irretrievably alone, the return of spring seemed no longer a cruel mechanism of Nature. Summer found him at work again on the beach, pausing now and then to look shoreward, with a kind of sad beatitude, at the house that he guarded.

Once when he was at the wharf to help in shipping some of the Yankee's barrels, he saw among the bystanders, city and country loungers, the woman of that memorable noon. He recognized her with an odd emotion that he could not name. She had seen him, he was sure; but she looked scornfully past him, and began talking gayly to a great sullen man with a red beard and a Viking face, who stood beside her and scowled. Later he saw the two driving in a furious cloud of dust past the Griswold house into the up-country road.

"There goes old man Barelay and his housekeeper," called Heber from his doorway. "She must keep house prettily, to git so much time outdoor and off the farm." And he winked solemnly. Marden went on, laughing inwardly for the first time in months, but not at Heber's joke.

The summer passed quietly enough. Once he went to church, to please the rector, a comfortable blond Englishman who often asked him why he did not go.

"Your mother was so very devout, you know," the rector had said, beaming at him mildly.

"Yes, but you see, sir," Marden had answered, "she hardly ever went, because she could n't walk so far. And so I've got in the way of spending my Sundays at home always."

It was by this argument, nevertheless, that Mr. Bradwell prevailed. Unluckily, however, Marden happened to come on a morning when the good man had elected to inform the younglings of his flock that they should honor their parents. The exhortation remained long as a distressing memory. Marden had given the matter years of thought as against the rector's week. He had never liked the latter part of the text, — "that thy days may be long," — which this man, moreover, did not explain to his satisfaction. "It's like a bargain," he thought, and his mind wandered curiously away to call up a picture of some black-bearded Jews he had seen trading in Palermo. Out of the whole hour in the dark little church he remembered chiefly this impression, and the sense of waiting for help that was not offered, and the look of the fog that had been drifting like smoke past the windows. Always afterward the church-bell recalled that morning to him, till finally it seemed to ring an ironical refrain, — "that thy days may be long, long, — that thy days may be long." As if a man needed that, and as if they were not long enough already!

Though the rector saw that the odd young Sebright came no more to hear him, he took interest in the young man, and later had some comfortable ecclesiastical talks with him. He even was at pains to point him out, one day on the wharf, to a brother clergyman from the great world of cities.

"That young man there," he said, "the bright-eyed one who stands so straight, is quite an extraordinary character. He has been a sailor, and is a clam-digger. But do you know, he really

has a mind of his own, and ideas. I was urging him the other day to go to the cities and make a career for himself, and he replied with a quotation from *The Pilgrim's Progress*, — well, I can't quite recall it now, but I assure you it was astonishingly apt. His personality has puzzled me extremely, I confess. He keeps entirely alone, and has something almost fanatical about him that is beyond my comprehension."

"Very interesting," said the greater prelate, nodding his gray head benignly. "One sees hermits nowadays, to be sure, and I presume that they all have their stories. Edwin and Angelina, perhaps?" He smiled gently as at a drollery, and added, "It is doubtless he whom I have observed on the beach digging — quite like a picture of Millet's. . . . He has a good face."

"He seems to feel it his duty to stay here, I think," said the other, and they passed on to talk of golf.

That very afternoon duty was to put on toward Marden a newer and a sterner face. He had no presentiment while he walked through the street toward the setting sun, and through the fields already yellow with the autumn. He even felt a deep content when he mounted the knoll and stopped, as he often did, to look at the house standing there gray and silent, with the woodbine leaves glossy in the late afternoon sunshine. It was very still and peaceful, — the sleepy village with long stilted wharves behind him, the long beach and low water at his left hand, and in front, beyond the house, the yellow fields sloping up to the dark belt of fir woods toward which the sun was drawing down. The tide was far out; from the island and the point on the main shore the two long bars ran in thin and black penciling, almost joined at the channel. The horses that were pastured on the island were coming home, — tiny black figures that galloped along the bar, became mere specks as they swam the channel, and then galloped again to the

land. Their whinnying, faint and thin across the mirror of the harbor, was the only sound. And as Marden stood there in the path, breathing the cool air that rose from the wet beach, drinking it in with the autumn sunshine, he was content in the happy weariness of a good day's work.

Suddenly he noticed that the door of the house was open, and that a thin smoke was curling from the chimney. And he had not recovered from this surprise, when out of the dim interior there came an incredible sound. A voice was singing in the house, — a coarse, throaty bass that growled the semblance of a tune: —

"Oh, the National Line it ruined me,
It caused me grief an' pain,
So we 'll h'ist up on the Turkey,
An' we 'll whelt the road again."

The singer cleared his throat with a deeper growl, then spat, and went on: —

"We 'll whelt the road again, my boys,
We 'll whelt the road again,
We 'll h'ist up on the Turkey,
An' we 'll whelt the road again."

Marden stood transfixed. He knew in an instant what it meant. But it was impossible, he would not believe it, that this creature could be alive after sixteen years, and could return thus. His mind reeled in a vertigo, a nausea of dismay. Yet he pulled himself together, waited an instant to feel himself strong for the encounter, and advanced to the door.

He had thought himself ready, but he had not counted on such a sight. Just inside the door a canvas bag lay dumped with the letters "J. S. — Bark Gild—" showing through the dirt. Beyond it he saw his father's big armchair drawn out of its corner and before the stove, where it had not been for years; and slumped in the chair was a great hulk of a man, with a fierce white mustache and a gray-brown face. The room smelled of a rank pipe and of whiskey.

For the first instant Marden thought his father had come back to life; for the

next, it was surely a dream; then he was himself again, grasping wildly at the situation, and thanking God that his mother had died before this thing could happen.

"Oh, I've got no good o' me daughters
Since Barney came ashore," —

growled the apparition, and spat again, so that the warped stove sizzled. Then, as if conscious of the eyes fixed upon him, he looked up and saw Marden gripping the door frame. For all the world, the big face and staring, puffy eyes were those of the old Captain, John Sebright.

"Hello, podner," he grunted, half surly, half cheerful, "who might you be? An' where's the inmates o' this here shanty, I want to know?" Then suddenly, his eyes staring wider and a grin of foolish astonishment spreading over his brown face, — "Well, if it ain't the kid, by James Rice!" And with surprising quickness for a man of his bulk, he was out of the chair and wringing Marden by the hand, with roars of laughter that made the windows rattle. "Ho ho ho! I would n't 'a' knowed ye, Mard, God damn ye, I would n't 'a' knowed ye, honest! Ooh, ho ho!"

Marden let him go on shaking the hand, but could not trust himself to speak. The other suddenly stopped and stared.

"He don't know me! By the Lord Harry, he don't know me!" he cried, and burst into enormous guffaws.

"Yes, I do," said Marden quietly, pulling his hand away, for he too had a strong arm. "You're Lee." He added with an effort, "You're my brother."

"Right you are, boy," cried Lee, laughing still, "Lee Sebright, otherwise Bat. — But you don't seem so damn glad to see your brother, either," he grumbled; and then cheering up again, "That's all right, boy. You'll like me better more ye see o' me. Everybody does. Say, I was afraid the' was n't nobody at home, anyway. Where's the old woman?"

Marden shot him a black look.

"If you mean our mother," said he, "she died while you were away."

Looking his elder brother square in the face, he read there a genuine surprise, which gave way to genuine dejection. At least the gross joviality of the man oozed out of his hulking body, and he stood crestfallen, thumbing his pipe-bowl, and looking down at his feet, which were braced widely apart as if on ship-board.

"Well, now, that's noos for ye," said he, shaking his great head gloomily. "That's what I call downright noos for ye. Is that straight, Mard, boy? — Well, I'll be damned. It don't seem possible. She was — It don't seem possible. Why look a-here," he cried petulantly, "here was me a-thinkin' how glad she'd be to see me, and a-lookin' for'ard to comin' home, and — and — a-lookin' for'ard to it, ye know" — He stepped back, and leaning against the edge of the table, pulled his fierce white mustache, and stared weakly at the floor.

"You seem to have looked for'ard to it long enough," said Marden dryly. "Meantime, she died — six years ago last April. I was n't so clever as this damned Yankee, and must go away to sea to keep her alive through the winter. But she died," — his voice was like flint, — "and she died alone, because she never told them how sick she was. And I was enjoying myself at sea, and so were you, — oh, I'm with you there, — and we were both looking for'ard to coming home! Ah, I tell you we're a fine pair of sons!"

The rebuke reached the elder brother, who stood like a whipped schoolboy. But it contained subtleties beyond him, for he replied at last, in a tone of piety, —

"Well, boy, we must make the best of it, I s'pose. We both had our faults, says you. An' 't was a sad home-comin' for you, an' a sadder one for me, ye see, bein' gone longer. If 't was to do over again, we'd do better. Well, here's our comfort," — and before Marden could stop him, he had pulled a black bottle from his pocket, and taken a long swig,

leaning back over the table till the sunlight shone through his white mustache. "Here," said he, "have some. It'll cheer us up."

Marden snatched the bottle from his hand, and whirled it out of the door far down the bank.

"There'll be none o' that in this house," he cried, his gray eyes blazing, "nor out of it while we're talking o' such matters!"

Lee sprang from the table, bulky but active, with knotted fists and an ugly face flushed purple.

"Wha' d'ye mean?" he bellowed. "Who are you to take a man's drink away from him? Do you own this house? It's much mine as yours, an' if I want to take a drink in it, or anything else, what'll you do about it? Hey?"

Marden stepped closer. He stood very straight, and looked very proud and handsome and dangerous in his anger.

"Hey? What'll you do about it?" roared his brother.

"I'll smash your face," he answered, slowly and incisively, as if giving a piece of advice.

Through the open door came the faint whinnying of the horses on the point; the clock on the shelf ticked heavily; and Lee breathed as if he had been running. The two brothers stood ominously close, looking each other in the eye. Though one was a stripling beside the other's gigantic width, they were both strong men, both physically brave, both at white heat. Yet the power of victory shone like a light through Marden's eyes, and the older brother saw it. He stood undecided for an instant, then struck his colors and unclenched his fists.

"Why, look a-here," said he, turning it off with an uneasy laugh. "Look here at us, would ye? Sixteen years, an' here we are like a couple o' gamecocks! Mard, boy, I like yer spunk, damn me if I don't. 'D lick yer big brother, would ye?" His good nature broke out again. "By the Lord, a chip o' the old linkumvity block!

Ho ho ho! I'll give ye credit fer that, buster!"

And he would have clapped Marden on the shoulder — but did not.

"What's the use of manhandlin' each other over half a long-neck?" he sneered genially. "'T wa'n't no better 'n rot-gut, anyhow, an' the's lots more where that come from. Ye see," he added with a face and a voice of great candor, "I don't bear no malice. A word and a blow, as the old sayin' is, an' all right again. That's my style. I like yer spirit, lad, I tell *you*. — Oh, well, if ye want to be sulky, sail ahead, and be good an' God damned to ye!"

He went over to the big chair, slumped into it once more, lighted his pipe, and spat on the stove. But he was too well pleased with his magnanimity to stay silent long, for presently he began to hum, or rather grumble: —

"Wey, hey, blow a man down,
An' they all shipped fer sailors aboard the
Black Ball.

Oh give the wind time fer to blow a man down."

"That's all right," he added consolingly. "That's all right, Mard. You'll like me. Every one does as knows me."

Marden looked at him, where the heavy shoulders bulged beyond the chair-back, and was torn between laughter, scornful silence, and tears. At least he was the master, and he felt thankful, though he had had no doubt at any moment. For a long time he stood watching, while his brother smoked, and spat, and growled snatches of song.

"That's the shotgun I shot the loon with," Lee broke in pensively. "An' that's the Gilderoy a-hangin' there, same as when we was boys, ain't it? A fine ship she must 'a' been, an' a fine man as run her. The' ain't no more ships like her these days. Sawin' 'em off fer coal-barges, they are now. All the ships now's coffins with three sticks in 'em, or little better. Well, say, Mard," emptying his pipe on the stove-lid, "ain't it gettin' round time to eat, huh?"

That was a strange supper the two brothers ate together at the table by the window where Marden and his mother had used to face each other. Lee did most of the eating, and all the talking, which ran chiefly on his voyages and what a figure he had cut in the world, — strange disconnected yarns, jumping from port to port, from London to Valparaiso, Melbourne, and Hong Kong. Some were funny, some rudely picturesque, some obscene. Through them all Marden found himself wondering to think how easily he might once have gone on doing just as this other of the Sebright blood.

Finally when the fish and bread and butter and coffee had all disappeared, and Marden was busy clearing away the things, the sailor took to the armchair again by the stove.

"It's a cold climate you've got here," he grumbled, huddling in the chair. "Ongodly cold." But he was evidently in gross comfort, for he sat there gorged, staring in front of him, and from time to time made a sucking noise through his teeth that sounded in the room as loud as a man chirruping to a horse.

By lamplight he seemed once more like the ghost of the old captain, so that Marden, sitting at the window and watching him in silence, felt an obsession of unreality.

Toward nine o'clock Lee roused himself, and looked about.

"Say, mate, I'm a-goin' to turn in. I'll take this here room on the lower deck, I guess. Hullo, it's locked. Where's the key?" And he shook the door.

"Never you mind," said his brother, with a calmness he did not feel. "That's closed for good, and you'll sleep in the loft, — whichever room you want."

"Humph!" grunted the sailor. "You're free with yer orders, ain't ye?"

Marden looked so dangerous, however, that he said no more, but took the lamp in one hand and grappled the canvas bag in the other.

"It's a pretty poor sort o' home-comin'," he growled, kicking the little deal door open, and standing at the foot of the stair with his pirate face shining brown and evil in the lamplight. "It's a pretty poor sort o' home-comin', to find yer old woman gone an' yer brother turned into a tee-total parson. That's what I say."

The door clinked behind him. Marden, left in darkness but for the firelight through the chinks in the stove, heard the heavy feet go clumping upstairs. Then there came a stirring about and creaking boards overhead, and growls, and boots dropped heavily, then silence, and at last tremendous snores. Fumbling in the dark, he took the key from behind the spyglass, to hang it by a string about his neck. Then he sat there by the table, and thought, and thought. The creature overhead seemed actually to weigh down upon him and the whole house. But he felt equal to the burden, and even resigned, now that it had so happily come six years too late. He sat thinking and thinking, long after the gleam of the fire had died. At last, from bodily weariness, he fell into a doze and then into a sleep, with his head on his arms.

When he woke the dawn was glimmering in the window beside him. Heavy with sleep, he stared about and thought drunkenly that it must have been a dream; but next instant the loud snoring in the loft set him right.

V.

THE SEBRIGHT BLOOD.

For the first day or two of their life together, it seemed again to Marden as if it were all a dream, as if his brother had long ago been drowned at sea, and this were a phantom come to torment him in the lonely house. The reality of the thing soon came back to him, however.

Lee was too much in the flesh, too loud and jovial and earthy. With that terrible ease with which a man adapts himself to anything, the younger brother became used to having the older about. Marden saw his past life, alone or with his mother in the house, as some distant memory almost in a golden age, a quiet interregnum between the tyrants of circumstance. By brute weight this new duty crushed together the epochs of his life, joining the present to that past when old John Sebright had been a growling nightmare in the house. The northern autumn, a season of paradox when Nature grows more sad and cold while the young blood flows brisker in the veins, drew slowly with ironical sunlight across the dying fields and through the shivering trees. And by November, when the first flurry of snow whirled in the air, it seemed to Marden as if he had always lived so, guarding the closed door against this creature of his own blood.

Their life was together, yet vastly separate. When Lee found his brother unmoved by stories that had set all the forecastle in an uproar, he grew more surly and silent indoors. By tacit agreement the two saw less of each other. Whoever came first to table left the bread and the knife lying ready for the other; and if it were Lee, there were always very dirty dishes left to be washed, while he was out lounging about the village from morning till night. In fine weather he never came home at noon, which made it easier for Marden, who must keep a constant but secret watch upon him and the house. This was not hard to do, so far as that the season of clam-digging was virtually over. Yet it became very dull work, — always to be on hand as if by chance, always to outwatch him at night, — and always the same old songs in the throaty bass, the stories out of the gutter, or out of the scuppers and the bilge, the same boasting, the same sneers, the tobacco smoke, the spitting, the odor of bad liquor.

In the matter of this same liquor there appeared a droll sign of the younger brother's mastery, which after the open quarrel had come to be silently recognized. Lee never again attempted to bring a bottle indoors. But whether in fair weather or rain, whether on a hot summer noon or a bitter morning when the snow clogged the door knee-high, he would tramp to the shelf, take down the old brass spyglass, and with a growl — "Here's for a look at yer damn fresh water shippin'" — would be gone outdoors to some hiding-place or other. At night, it was, "Well, let's see if all's snug alow and aloft." He always came back more bitter or more gay, according to the mood in which he had set out. And Marden, who could rule him drunk or sober, was content to let it go at this.

Drunk, he was for the most part, between visits to his private cache, somewhere under a rail fence behind the house, and visits to Jim Driscoll's secret bar-room. This last, a secret which all the town knew, was in a tumble-down shanty, with windows shuttered and barred, on the most rickety wharf of all the crazy old piles. Here, where one dim kerosene lamp burned night and day from among the bottles behind the greasy bar, Lee spent much of his time, making friends over a glass of beer or rum and water. What little money he had brought home, he spent quickly and generously on these friends, as he afterward spent what he could borrow from Marden on various pretenses, and what little he got by spasmodic efforts at clam-digging. His favorite trick was to borrow somebody's sailboat, take a party of summer people out, run them cleverly aground on the bar or elsewhere, and after entertaining them with sea stories, overcharge them for the loss of his time in getting home so much later than they had agreed. The profits of these social afternoons he would spend freely at Driscoll's in still more social evenings. And the boozy loungers admired his

cleverness and his knowledge of men and cities.

"Why, look a-here," he would cry sometimes, leaning against the bar, with his piratical mustache bristling and his slouch hat raked over one ear. "Look now, what do you swabs know about life, huh? Ever been in Archangel, or London, or Fernando Po, or South Georgia, or Candlemas, or the Tonga Islands, or Noo Caledonia, or Lisbon, or Sitka, or Bombay?" He pounded the bar till the dregs leapt upward in his glass. "No, says you, never a one of 'em! But I have, mind ye, an' more to boot; an' I've seen men, an' women, too. Aaw, hell" — and in a tone of great disgust he would launch into one of his thousand yarns. At the end there would be loud laughter, and more drinks, till his audience forgot this great man's contempt in the flattery of his friendship.

Strangely enough, he was not so unpopular among the orderly people in the village as one might have thought. His loud good nature and bluff willingness to be friends made him tolerated where he was not liked. Then, too, he had brought a fiddle home in the old captain's bag, and was eager to play it at dances, which he did with tipsy vigor and flourish. Being too large and strong for a butt, he became a "character." And so if people laughed at Bat Sebright behind his back, they usually wore a friendly smile when they met him face to face.

"He ain't so queer and offish, like his brother," they said. Even the rector took something like this view.

"Those two Sebrights," he said, smiling, "are like the man and woman in the barometer. You never see them together, and it's always cloudy weather with one, and sunshine with the other."

Heber Griswold was almost alone in opposing this simile.

"Humph!" said he, on hearing it reported. "What? Him? Bat Sebright? Humph! — A street angel and a house devil."

As two years drifted along, and Bat's figure lost its novelty in the village street, more people inclined to Heber's opinion. The flavor of the sea still clung about him, but the romance had faded away. Perhaps he borrowed too many little sums; perhaps he made too free among the sailboats; perhaps he waked too many people when, almost every midnight or early morning, he scuffed and stumbled home, roaring to some companion, "You're the damndest finest man on the green globe!" or bellowing sadly, to the echoes of the empty street and darkened houses, —

"Oh, they sank her in the Low Lands,

Loow Lands, Loow Lands,

Oh, they sank her in the Low Lands low!"

Whatever it was, he fell off in the general estimation. His glory paled, like the moon seen by day; or like himself when, after an evening of hearty rule, big and flushed and effulgent on the platform of the dance-hall, he came slouching home by daylight, bleary-eyed and gray, and years older in a white stubble of unshaven beard. When the gossips learned that Marden always sat up till the drunkard was in bed, they began to guess, though vaguely, why the younger brother, too, looked so much older and more haggard.

Some of the women in the village stood out longest in liking Bat Sebright without reserve. Perhaps there were those who hoped to gain through him a better acquaintance with his indifferent and inscrutable brother. But others liked him for his own sake and his own taking way, which he had none the less because he bragged of it. Certainly there had been rumors and veiled jokes within his first fortnight ashore, and little by little he walked in an inglorious halo of scandal, which grew more luminous with the affair of old Barclay's housekeeper. He met her, it seems, at a dance where he was in one of his most dashing and picturesque moods. The affair soon became notorious.

Yet Marden did not hear of it, and found it out for himself only by accident. Once, when the high tide had stopped his work for the afternoon, he was walking where the up-country road dipped into a valley of sombre firs. From time to time, out of the dark woods on either hand and into the sunshine on the dusty road, rabbits came hopping, lean and brown in their summer coats. To watch them the closer, Marden walked very quietly over the short parched grass of the roadside. And so, turning the flank of a granite boulder noiselessly, he came upon his brother, who stood with his broad back toward him, and who held in a bearlike hug the woman of that noon on the beach. In the same moment she struggled free, with a little shriek; but she was quite shameless, for with what sight there was in her wild, glazed eyes she looked only scorn at the intruder. Marden passed without change of stride or turn of head, though his heart beat curiously faster; and when their loud derision followed him, it was he who was both angry and ashamed.

That night Lee came home late, but sober enough. He sat down by the open window, and smoked; and while Marden glowered from the furthest corner, he looked out with great satisfaction across the harbor. Presently, spitting out of the window upon a tall stalk of London Pride so that it swayed with its flowers red in the lamplight, he said. —

"Lord, don't she think small o' you! — Bess, I mean. — Say, she would n't give you hell-room, honest. — Dunno why, but," he added with malice, "she's a fine judge o' men. Knows me like a book."

"That's enough," said Marden savagely. "You'll mention her no more in this house, do you hear?"

"Jealous, huh?" chuckled the sailor.

"Shut your head," said his brother.

He was obeyed. Not only for that evening, but from then on, they exchanged no further word of Barclay's Bess. But Lee, imagining himself the

cause of a bitter jealousy, so gloried in himself as a dramatic figure that he became generous, after his fashion. True, there came a period of great sullenness that October, when he had been away for three days, and came back old and transformed with the white stubble covering his face, and his nose broken, and a bloody cheek bone. He had the doctor in to set his nose. Marden paid for it. Meantime the village rang with the saga of a fight in the hawthorn lane on the Barclay farm between Bat Sebright and the old red-bearded Viking. And for a fortnight the sailor nursed himself and cursed himself by the stove.

This must have been only an episode, however, for his good humor returned and in a month soared at higher pitch than ever. But now that winter was on, Marden found him more of a "house devil" again. He went out oftener with the spyglass to watch the shipping from behind the rail fence, and as the weather grew worse he sat in the great chair, and smoked, spat, and fiddled, or grumbled out his songs. On evenings when the snow or the cold kept him from going to Driscoll's or elsewhere, he often did his best to be entertaining, with no encouragement beyond silence.

One winter night, after scraping lugubriously on the fiddle, Lee broke out into a song of incredible filth.

"That'll do," said Marden from his corner.

The sailor leered at him, but stopped, and contented himself with sucking noisily through his teeth. Then he began another: —

"... But now we're off to Adelaide
For to give those girls a chance.

"Walk her round, boys-oh-boys,
We're all bound to go.
Walk her round, my" —

"Please don't sing that, either," Marden broke in with unusual gentleness.

His brother looked up in wrathful surprise.

"Why, look a-*here*," he bellowed. "What's the matter with you? The ain't a word o' dirt in that song, so help me."

Marden could not have explained to him what echoes it had raised, and was silent.

"You're a beauty, you are," growled Lee. "You ain't got common sense. A man's got to come to psalm-singin', like a reg'lar damn Rescue Mission. — Well, here's one for ye, parson, that I learned from Scotty McKenzie." And, with a fair imitation of the Scots, he croaked away: —

"John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair adow.

"The Lord thy God I am,
That, John, doth thee call.
John, signifies man,
By grace ce-les-ti-all.

"So it's John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair adow."

"There's a godly one for ye," he sneered. Hereafter this became his favorite song indoors, and he sang it in the black joy of his heart.

But this was not so bad as his long evenings of drunken gloom, when he sat there with a hopeless face, silent, or growling from under his white mustache, "Here we are on a lee shore an' the riggin' rotten!" Then it seemed as if Marden were sitting by lamplight in a house of ghosts. The loss of sleep and the constant watching had worn him thin, febrile, and morbid. Often, now, the old captain was there bodily before his eyes; behind him, in the room with the closed door, his mother sat trembling with fear, as he remembered her in his boyhood. It was no fancy, but reality. Through all that hideous time he felt his mother's actual presence in the house, a comfort and a strength. Yet the long winter of spectral evenings told on him.

By spring, the world seemed feverish and phantasmagoric. By summer, though he could work again, he dug the clams in a frenzy of hatred toward them and all creatures of the sea, of which he now felt a physical loathing. Given a Hamlet who lives with his ghosts, who has no power of foolery to relieve his overwrought mind, and whose mission is one of endurance harder than action, you will find him grow dangerous. Marden himself began to feel that something must happen.

At length something did. In August, the Yankee, hearing of some new clam-beds at the head of the bay, came to get Marden to drive there with him and inspect them. Since the road ran thirty miles about, it meant staying there overnight, and Marden at first refused. But while the Yankee lingered on the knoll, arguing nasally, Lee came out of the house and hailed them.

"Ahoy, parson, I'm a-goin' off fer three days. D'ye hear?" And he slouched off across the fields into the up-country road.

As the sailor always told the truth about his excursions, and — if anything — forecast them too short, Marden gave in to his employer, locked up carefully, and went along. But he was uneasy all the time they were gone, and in the strange bed he lay awake all night, listening to the rain. When finally in mid-afternoon of the next day the Yankee pulled up the rattling wagon and let him out where the road turned into the village street, Marden took to his heels and ran through the tall grass to the knoll. Somehow it was like his first coming home from sea, to find himself alone.

He was climbing the path, when suddenly he looked at the house. His heart stopped beating, then began to pound against his ribs. Among the woodbine that covered the end nearest him the window of his mother's room stood open. It had not been so since the days when she had sat there knitting, to smile at

him as he came up the bank. For one instant of madness he expected to see her face appear in the frame of woodbine leaves. Then he sprang forward to the door, sick with a new fear.

VI.

"THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG."

The door was still locked. Puzzled not a little, he turned the key, and stopped to listen. All was quiet within. Wondering, he pushed the door open, looked in, and was astounded.

The kitchen, always so orderly, was in the dirtiest confusion. Over the floor lay the tracks of muddy boots, with here and there a cake of dried mud. A broken chair and the fragments of a plate cluttered round the legs of the table, on which there stood, in a litter of dishes, two great empty bottles. The stuffed loon in the corner leaned its black head tipsily against the wall, as if it were the culprit. Through the back door, which stood open, Marden caught sight of another bottle smashed at the foot of the chopping-block. All this he saw in a flash, thinking, "He came home late, for his boots were muddy, and I did n't hear it rain till nearly midnight." Taking a lid from the stove, he found coals still smouldering. Lee had been there till noon or thereabout.

But next instant he lost all use of reason. The door into his mother's room stood open, splintered about the lock. With the cry of an animal, he darted in, and saw everything in a state of indescribable breakage, as if men had been wrestling about there. Some one had climbed in through the window, shoving the table aside. The knitting lay flung in a corner, and beside it the envelope to his letter, ripped open. The floor-boards and the rugs were smeared with muddy tracks.

Marden shook his fist at the cracked ceiling and at the heavens beyond it.

"He'll pay for this!" he cried, choking. "By God, he'll pay for this!"

Then as he stood in dumb rage, the tears running down his cheeks, he mechanically straightened with his foot the deerskin rug that lay by the bureau. The movement uncovered something small that shone on the floor. He picked it up, but dropped it as if burned. He had seen it shine before. It was three links of silver chain, on a silver bangle perforated with star-shaped holes. Both of them had been there.

Something gave inside Marden's head; he shuddered as with ice and fire; the room swam black round him. He heard a strange voice cry in the distance, and knew that it was himself. When the darkness cleared, he found himself standing on the stove in the kitchen, tearing down the gun and the powder-horn from over the Gilderoy. He jumped to the floor again, and sobbing and whispering strange words, tugged with his teeth at the wooden plug in the horn. With the facility of acts in a dream, the black grains poured softly in; the wadding was rammed home; the cap from the little box on the shelf slipped over the nipple precisely; the leaden ball dropped plump into the barrel. He deliberated a moment.

"No, one bullet's enough," he whispered. "It could n't miss him."

Then he searched wildly for a second wad, but could not find it, till at last, ransacking the table drawer, he fished out a scrap of soiled blue paper, written on in a large hand. He stopped and read it carefully:—

"Drake caulking ballast ports . . . do.	15. do.
Bissant brasswork	2.17.11
Ross ballast	53.13. 4
Edy butcher	18.15. 8
Moon optician	18. 6
Doyle sailmaker	11. 1. 1
Pilotage to the Downs	10.10.
forwd.	£298.18. 1"

He thought painfully. "I don't believe this is important," he concluded, then crumpled the paper up and rammed it

home fiercely, enraged at the loss of time, and with the words, "Hurry, hurry!" coming in a savage whisper from somewhere.

He ran blindly out into the hot sun, bareheaded, gun in hand. For an instant, habit told him to lock the door. But the abomination was done, the sanctuary violated. With a frantic, hopeless gesture he turned again and ran down through the fields into the up-country road. The heat had burned away all traces of the rain, so that the silent yellow dust rose softly in his trail. Over the hill he ran, down through the valley of firs, past the granite boulder, from behind which a solitary lean rabbit hopped across his way and into the dark woods. Sweating, breathless, Marden ran on and on, without sight, without hearing, and without plan save for an instinct, a certainty that he was in the right path; till suddenly, as he plunged down into a gully that cleft an open space through the woods on either side, a plan flashed into his head, and he stopped, panting, blind with sweat and tears.

Beyond, just above the little hill that wound sharply upward before him, he knew that the highway forked into two roads, both of which ran past the great triangle of the Barclay farm. Lee might come by either. The thought of deliberate waiting, of ambush, filled him with nausea. But there must be no mistake, — that creature must not have the devil's luck to get by. He grounded his gun in the dust, and looked about the little clearing.

"It must be here," he thought, and for all his hurry in the sun, was struck cold and shuddered.

The clearing, an old dry watercourse, slanted down from the left in a tangle of low bushes and weeds. Marden chose the upper side of the road, and flung himself in, to swelter in the fierce heat.

He listened and listened for footsteps on the hill, and stared through the bushes till his neck and elbows ached. Then

while time dragged by, long as years, the details of the place grew focused out of a blur into painful and weary distinctness. Trees stood out from the vague green wall — cedars, spruces, firs, alders, and a willow with its leaves blown silver side out in the hot, faint breeze. The wild growth about him resolved itself into bushes of dusty, crumbling raspberries, into yellow St. John's-wort and the sickly pink of fire-weed and sheep's-laurel, into withered caraways, into scorched strawberry leaves with wiry runners, old nameless twigs bleached silver gray, the rusty white cockades of queen-of-the-meadow. The road wound up over the little hill to the sky-line, a bleak avenue of pebbles and dust between tall weedy mullein stalks and fat little childish fir trees with their pale green tips sticking up knee-high. The very blades of grass became amazingly diverse under his eyes, and aching full of the minutest life. The very silence grew into a thin, metallic hum of flies that he had heard in some other stillness before. And over and through it all blazed and quivered the truculent heat.

All at once his heart gave a jump, and began to flutter in his ribs, little as a kitten's. There were footsteps scrambling among the pebbles at the top of the hill. He grasped the gun, and craned his neck to see above a clump of snapdragon. He could have cried out aloud in the long suspense. But no, it was not his brother: the man was little and thin. As he came down into the gully, Marden knew him for Heber Griswold. He came very close, stopping once nearly opposite Marden to pluck a joint of timothy, which he did with difficulty, it was so dry and tough with over-ripeness. The straw swayed in his teeth as he passed on, smiling in quizzical meditation. And Marden, lying smothered in the hot underbrush, found kindly feelings mingled in the confusion of his heart.

The heat and the hum of flies settled down again more intensely. A long time

passed. Finally a new sound broke in, — the bell in the distant village, ringing to Wednesday vespers. The old refrain started up once more, — “that thy days may be long, long, that thy days may be long,” — ringing slowly over and over again. Marden nodded over his shoulder toward the sound, his teeth bare in a grin of satirical friendliness. “Right you are, old fellow, for once,” he thought, while the warning rang on in his head, half solemnly, half in a kind of black merriment.

Turning to watch again, he noticed a mosquito on the gun-barrel, and crushed it with his finger mechanically. The thing must have been biting him and sucking its fill, for it left a sticky smear of blood on the warm brown metal. The sight of blood disgusted him. He wiped his hand vigorously in the shriveled grass.

Suddenly, from the trees above the hill, a squirrel chattered like a fisherman’s reel. As if it had been a signal, there followed a scuffling among the pebbles, and in the gap of the bare road the broad figure of Lee heaved against the sky. He came slouching down close by the line of dusty mullein stalks, and almost reached the foot of the gully.

Marden leapt out into the road, cocking the gun as he stood up straight. At the sight of this squat creature, all the years of smothered hatred blazed ungovernably.

“Stop!” he cried, dry and harsh.

The sailor jumped back with a motion of his arm like a boxer guarding.

“Hold on! Hold on, Mard!” he cried in a strangely little voice. “I did n’t — it was n’t us, honest!”

Each man, looking at the other, knew that the lie would not serve. And Lee saw death in the round black muzzle and the blazing eyes behind it. Let it go to his credit that he bellowed like a bull and hurled himself forward with great gnarled hands grappling in the air.

The gun roared in the stifled gully.

In the cloud of smoke the sailor reeled,

with a gray face and his open mouth a black circle; then his bulk collapsed like a telescope, or rather like an empty meal-sack that has been held open and suddenly dropped. Marden, deafened by the explosion, and with his shoulder smarting from the recoil, gave a loud cry as he saw the man fall so through the smoke, and then jerk forward convulsively, burying his face in the sharp bristles of a little fir tree, as a heavy sleeper might bury it in a pillow. This lasted only a moment, for the body rolled over with a terrible limpness and lay on its back, the twisted legs pointing uphill, and the head jammed over against one shoulder by the weight. Almost in the same instant there shuddered over the gray features a swift and mortal change.

The smoke drew slowly up the hill, trailing in low-spread layers and wisps, among the lean mullein stalks. With the smell of powder mingled that of burning paper from the wads, which lay smoking among the pebbles and dust. There also rose the pungent odor of rum: in the pocket of the blue flannel shirt that was drawn so tight over the huge chest a flat bottle had broken. The cloth was dark and sopping with this and another stain, that spread. No trace of red appeared: life-blood and rum soaked the flannel together, indistinguishable.

Marden, with gun grounded, looked down at this, his thin face stern as bronze in the hot sun, — the face of a soldier and a priest.

Slowly the ringing in his ears turned into the hum of flies that made the silence. Then of a sudden the place was struck into dusk. The sun had gone behind the trees above the road, leaving the gully in shadow, as if clouded over before a storm. The hollow seemed also to become cooler. And just then Marden, with his eyes still fixed on the dead man’s face, lying half sidewise, in the stubble of beard, saw it as if it had been his father’s. At the thought, his heart shrank small and cold: it was as though

he had killed them both. His whole body unstrung, like a fiddle-string when the peg slips. Without another look at the dead man, he turned and ran in panic and horror, shivering with cold, stumbling to his knees with weakness, back into the sunlight and along the deserted road.

VII.

THE CLUE.

Why he went back to the house he never could have told, any more than how he got there, or whether he had passed any one — though he had not — on the way. He only knew that he found himself sitting on the millstone at the door, and that in the east, over the sea, an ancient star shone bright in mocking calmness. He held his head in his hands, shuddering uncontrollably in a tumult of dismay. He could not rightly think what he had done. Which of them had he killed, or was it indeed both? Why, why in all the welter of chances, had this thing happened? He racked his brain for some word of help, but no word came except a fragment he had been reading the day before, — by what right had he read it? — the prayer of Elijah: "It is enough. Now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers." Better? How many times worse! They, rough, simple men, had done what they knew, no more. And he, what sacred things had he not known, what high purposes had he not guarded, only to dash them underfoot.

He shook his fist at the calm, inveterate star.

"Who'll be the judge, then?" he asked fiercely, in a whisper more heart-breaking than a cry. "What's right, and what's wrong? And what is there left?"

He found no answer, and dropped his head again, shivering as in a fever-fit.

A horse, left alone in the island pas-

ture where the tide had cut him off, whinnied out of the distant dark. Even in Marden's torment, the sound brought back that evening when his brother had returned. Memories and questions swarmed in his brain again, rioting. Why could not he that now lay there dead in the gully, why could not he have stayed away? The world was so big, and full of a million other mishaps. If he were to die, a drunken lurch on the string-piece of a pier, a slip on an icy foot-rope, and Fate would have been satisfied without this dreadful means. Or again, was it all a fault of his, Marden's? Could he not have treated Lee differently? Had he not been too stern and sour with the poor devil? "For God knows," he cried within himself, "we are all poor devils together." Had it been a test, long, secret, subtle, and had he failed once more through dullness? Perhaps all the years of night-long watching, without complaint, showed him only a hard-hearted prig, a weakling Pharisee. Or if not, were they all to go for nothing because the watchman had been false a single night? These and a hundred worse questions hounded him over a black, shifting wilderness of despair. He was alone. There was no creature believed in him or loved him, not even his mother, of whom he dared not think. The remembrance of the starry night aboard the *Merry Andrew*, of the spring walks alone that had strengthened his devotion, rose in his mind like pale glimpses in the life of some other man, long ago. Surely that boy — and yet here he sat, a murderer, with the eldest primal curse upon him. He groaned aloud, and flinging back his head, looked up into the infinite brightness and distance of the stars, from whence came no help. His sight and his thought could no longer penetrate among them, to thread a measureless way from depth to outermost depth, and be cleansed in the wonder of space. His head only grew the dizzy, with thoughts confined and whirling.

A light, flurried footstep sounded in the path close by. He sprang up. People in the world—he had forgotten them, and here was one coming, perhaps to speak empty words, perhaps to ask why he had done what was done.

He hoped the last, and was prepared to answer humbly.

Before he knew what was happening, a woman had run and flung her arms about him where he stood by the larch tree. Surely it was a dream, this swift embrace in the dark. But she was alive, warm, breathless, and was shaken violently as she clung to him.

"Oh," she panted, in tempestuous relief and hurry, "oh, why did n't you—why did n't you—oh, you fool!" She laughed in breathless and wild happiness, her voice smothered by his clothing.

"Why did n't you let me know?" she cried. "You're so deep—I never guessed—not till I found him there—Aah!" she shuddered, and clung to him as if she would have fallen.

"There was blood on him," she whispered brokenly. "And it's on me now—my sleeves. He was all wet when I—I dragged him into the bushes. It was in the dark—and oh God, so heavy!—Let's go, let's go, let's go, quick!"

"Where? Go where?" Marden asked in amazement. He tried to raise her face, but could not, from where she held it buried against his side and in the crook of his arm.

"Across—over to the other side," she said. "Him an' I was goin' anyway to-night. That's why we—But that's before I knew what you—Come on, the boat's ready hid. Come along!"

Marden slowly drew near the brink of comprehension. The woman suddenly raised her head, seizing him anew and fiercely by the arm.

"You mustn't be afraid of me any more," she coaxed, still in a whisper. "Don't be so cold to me. I understand you now, don't I? Don't I?" she repeated vehemently, shaking him. And

she gave a little happy laugh that rang dreadful in Marden's ears. "Oh, you quiet men!"

Marden looked at her, silent. His eyes, accustomed to the starlight, saw with an unaccountable clearness. The woman's face—the odd, alluring face, triangular like a kitten's—was upturned to his once more, and once more was mysteriously pale. This time, at night, there was something magic and phantasmal in the yearning darkness of the great eyes. He knew her thoroughly vile, a by-word of the country-side; yet for one moment she stood before him mystical, a sorceress, and he wondered if there were not help in her.

"Come on!" She tugged at him with triumphant energy. "It's all plain as day—an' easy. See. I've got the money that we—I've got money enough.—We'll go to the American side, an' then to the cities, an' it'll be a week before they find it—him, there, in the bushes—so they'll never get us in God's world.—We'd planned it already—but that was when I thought you did n't care.—An' the cities!" she cried. "That's the place to live. I'll show you, for I know 'em all. That's where Jim found me first—Jim Barclay. The old fool!—old red-headed beast! Pah!"

She paused for breath, and while the crickets were trilling in the damp grass, stroked his arm as if in consolation.

"Golly, how strong you are!" she purred. "But you're not like them. I'm through with their kind now, honest, for good. They're big babies along of you.—Don't you see? Don't you see?—Oh, you quiet devil! The time we'll have!—I never knew a man like you before."

Still Marden could not pull himself away from what at once quieted and angered him.

"A man like me?" he stupidly faltered. "Why—what?"—

"That's you all over!" cried the woman proudly. "Why, how many of 'em do you s'pose there is nowadays would

do what you done for the sake of a woman?"

Once more, as in that meeting on the beach, a light began to grow slowly in his mind. Just so a man underground might see, far ahead, the day glimmering in the mouth of some burrow.

He drew himself free, without violence or scorn. The blood running in his veins was his own again, under control.

"You're right," he replied slowly, "right in a way. — I begin to see — By the Lord, it *was* that! That's a straw to catch at, anyway. There's a chance, after all."

His tone showed that he had forgotten her.

"What are you after now?" she whipped out. "Don't go moonin' again, now we understand each other."

She made as if to put her hands on his shoulders, but he drew back, regarding her gravely.

"It's queer," — his voice, too, was very grave, and trembled, — "it's queer to hear a murderer talk of conscience, and all that — but let Him judge, wherever He is. I've meant to do right, and — you see, the fist I've made. But now you've made me see somehow, a little. — It's like, well — it's as if a soldier (a stupid one, that's me) lost a great battle — for the cause — the cause his whole heart's in. — That's how it is. — And the man's heart breaks, — but he loves the cause just the same, and loves the Commander, too, that puts him to death — you see he deserves it. Hopeless wrong, that's what I've done; but something on the right side put me up to it."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about, you queer thing," she said curtly. "But you're wastin' time, anyway. Hurry up, for God's sake! I don't understand none o' that stuff, but this is right under our noses."

He shook his head sadly.

"A little while ago I might have killed you too. And now — why, it's

almost a debt you've put me under. At least, — go on — go away — We're all poor devils together — and how do I know how the two Commanders choose up beforehand? — Go away, and let me think this out — It ain't much I have left me — and I want to think it all out."

"What's the matter?" complained the woman. "After you done all this for me — What d'ye mean?"

"For you?" he replied quietly. "It was n't for you."

"Not for me?" She gave an impatient and incredulous laugh. "Then who in the devil was it for?"

"A woman," he slowly answered, — "you never knew her, and I hope you never saw her. I can't name her name before — either of us. And yet I see now she's way above any harm you or him or I might say or do against her."

With a sharp intake of breath that was almost a snarl, the woman advanced on him, quick and hostile.

"Do you mean that?" she cried, shrill with anger. "Do you understand what I know — what I can do, you fool? — an' I *will* do it, too. — I'm in a pretty fix now — when it was all for some other woman, — Oh, you two liars, you an' him both — an' let me go an' make a fool o' myself here — Oh, you great — you, you — oh, oh, oh!" She could find no words, but ran in close, pelted him viciously with her fists, then turned and bolted toward the town.

Marden neither felt her blows nor heard the sound of her running. He only knew that she had vanished. The darkness swallowed her up, and all memory of her. He was trying to feel his way out of this labyrinth before the tenuous clue should be withdrawn, or spin itself down to nothing in the dark.

"It wasn't for such reasons as — as it might have been," he pondered. "If they'll only give me time, I'll follow this through yet, and get unsnarled, perhaps."

A soft breeze was drawing cool out of

the west. The leaves of the poplar behind the house began to whisper shiveringly. High in the air, a firefly was blown down the wind, so that at the first glance he mistook it for a falling star. And in the sudden coolness, Marden found himself thinking clearly and sweetly of his mother, whom he saw again as in the blue December dawn, with the firelight shining upward on the gentle face and the sad gray eyes. It was all very distant, and belonged not to him; but at all events the vision was there.

"She'd understand even this," he thought. "Whether she ever forgave it or not, she knows what's been fighting in my veins. That's as much as a man deserves."

Through the trilling of the crickets and the soft patter of the leaves came the sound of a frog chunking away among the rushes of the little marsh behind the knoll, croaking his song, older than Aris-

tophanes. Marden did not hear it, but he saw the ancient star hung in the east, and under the Great Bear the ghostly play of the Northern Lights, shifting in long faint streamers across the sky, showing a handiwork beyond all understanding.

He stood lost in wonder, filled with a grief as old as sea and land. Then he slowly faced about.

A light was coming from the village.

"The house," he said aloud, "it does n't matter now what happens to that, either."

The light came bobbing across the field. It was a lantern, carried in the midst of a little group of people, who approached silently. He could see their legs moving dim in the path, and the long, black, magnified shadows crossing and recrossing, shearing the broad hillside.

Marden walked slowly down to meet them.

Henry Milner Rideout.

(The end.)

COLLEGE RANK AND DISTINCTION IN LIFE.

THERE is a tradition in England — very wholesome for undergraduates — that university honors are a premonition of an eminent career. They are even associated in the popular mind with cabinet office, and men point to Peel, Palmerston, Gladstone, Lowe, Northcote, Harcourt, and many more, to prove that the general impression is well founded. The list includes, indeed, most of the great figures in English public life during the Victorian era who were graduates of Oxford or of Cambridge. Nor are we entirely without similar examples in this country. If we take the alumni of Harvard, and classify as honor men those who

stood in first seventh of their class, who received honors at graduation in any special subject, or who won a Bowdoin Prize; then in the honor list of Harvard there figure the President of the United States, the only Harvard men in his Cabinet and in the Supreme Court, the Ambassador to England, and the last Governor of the Commonwealth who graduated from the college. Nor would it be difficult to cite many examples among the successful professional and business men. Yet, the impression is certainly common here that high scholars rarely amount to much afterwards, and that the competitive trial of life does not begin until college days are past.

It seems worth while, therefore, to determine by statistics the relation between rank in college and success in after life. Attempts to do this have been made of late, and one of them has recently been published under the title *High-Grade Men; In College and Out*, by Professor Edwin G. Dexter, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for March, 1903. In it the author compares the subsequent careers of the members of the $\Phi. B. K.$ — the society of high scholars — with the careers of other graduates, and he gives figures, taken from twenty-two colleges, to the effect that the proportion of the former who have proved to be high-grade men in the world is nearly three times as large as that of the graduates taken as a whole.¹ He examines, also, two large New England colleges, the percentage of whose living graduates that have achieved success is 2.2, and shows that the percentage among the men who ranked in the first tenth of their class is 5.4; while in the second tenth it is 2.9; in the third tenth, 2.5; in the fourth and fifth, 1.8; and in the rest of the class, 1.9. In one of these colleges he considers the first four scholars in each class, and finds that their percentage of success is very much larger still.

As his test of success in life Professor Dexter has relied upon the names that appear in *Who's Who in America*. No doubt, like every other compilation of the kind, this book leaves out many people who ought to be included, and inserts many names that ought to be left out; but in dealing with a large number of cases such personal errors affect the validity of the result very little, unless they are caused by some systematic error, some false standard or criterion in estimating men. Now the editors of this work intended it to

be a catalogue of all men of mark in the country, and yet, if used for the purpose of measuring success in life, it is certainly subject to a systematic error. While it attempts to include every man who has achieved a position of great eminence of any kind, it pays far more attention to success in some fields than in others. Its list covers all authors, an undue proportion of college professors, and perhaps for our purpose too many men, also, who hold high public office in the nation or in the state. Hence, as a measure of success in life, it tends to favor those who devote themselves to scholarship or public affairs as compared with men who expend their energies on professional, and especially on mercantile pursuits. It gives particular prominence to scholarship, and as this is an occupation for which high scholars in college are peculiarly fitted, the book cannot be considered a fair test of the relation between college rank and general success in after life. So far as mere fame is concerned, however, the position is somewhat different. The reputation won in the practice of a profession or in business fades more rapidly than that achieved by the pen or by public service. The writers and statesmen of half a century ago have been forgotten far less than the successful lawyers, doctors, and merchants. *Who's Who* is, therefore, a much better test of distinction than of success in life; although in any case the results it yields must be looked upon as approximate, not absolute. At present, however, it is the only statistical measure that can be applied, and hence the figures taken from it have no little value, even if we cannot regard them as numerically exact.

Bearing these facts in mind, an effort has been made to discover the relative distinction in after life, as shown

¹ In the case of Harvard, at least, Professor Dexter has by mistake included among the $\Phi. B. K.$ men the members of the society who have been elected some years after graduation on the ground of reputation achieved out of

college. This vitiates his ratio of success as between $\Phi. B. K.$ and other graduates, — which in Harvard he puts at nearly five to one, — but the error is, no doubt, too small to affect his general conclusion.

by *Who's Who*,¹ of those men who were scholars or athletes at Harvard as compared with other graduates of the college. With that object the records of the classes have been studied from 1861 to 1887 inclusive. The first of these classes was taken as the point of departure, because from that date the rank lists were easily found, and because if we go further back the proportion of members who have died becomes large. On the other hand, the reasons for ending with the class of 1887 were the fact that after that year the practice of ranking the high scholars in numerical order was given up, and the consideration that a very small part of the graduates would have an opportunity to attain distinction within less than fifteen years after leaving college.

The total number of men who graduated from Harvard College during the twenty-seven years, 1861-87, was four thousand and eleven, of whom three hundred and one, or one in thirteen and three tenths, are named in *Who's Who*. The chance, therefore, that the average graduate will attain the distinction that this implies is one in thirteen and three tenths. Or — since a number of the graduates have died — it would be more accurate to say that this fraction represents the average chance that he will be living and possessed of such dignity some thirty years after graduation. Inasmuch, however, as there is no reason to suppose that the mortality of high and low scholars, athletes and others, is markedly different, the deaths may be neglected for purposes of comparison, and it will be convenient to speak of the chance of distinction in terms of the ratio of the total number of graduates to those in *Who's Who* at the present day.

If now we turn to the high scholars, and take the men who graduated in the first seventh of their classes during the same period, we find that they number five hundred and seventy-three, of whom

eighty-two are in *Who's Who*; so that their chance of distinction is a trifle better than one in seven, or nearly twice as great as that of the average graduate. Moreover, if, instead of comparing them with the whole body of graduates, we compare them only with the men in the remaining six sevenths of the class, we find that the chance of the latter is one in fifteen and seven tenths, or decidedly less than half as great as that of the men in the first seventh of the class.

One would naturally suppose that the chance of the very highest scholars would be better still, and so in fact it is. Out of the twenty-seven first scholars there are seven, or more than one in four, in *Who's Who*; out of the second scholars, three; of the third scholars, five; and of the fourth scholars, six. These numbers are, of course, so small that accident plays a large part in the result; but, speaking roughly, it may be said that the chance of distinction for any one of the first four scholars is about one in five, as against one in seven for the men in the first seventh of the class, and about one in sixteen for the rest of the class.

In considering the causes of the greater chance of distinction among the high scholars, many elements must be taken into account. The large proportion of men with university honors among the prominent English statesmen is due, in no small degree, to the fact that their honors opened to them while young the doors of the House of Commons, and an early start has always been an enormous advantage in a parliamentary career. Lord Palmerston quotes his tutor as saying to him, at about the time he came of age, that having done exceedingly well in his examinations he ought to expect shortly a seat in Parliament; and, in fact, he obtained one before long. It is impossible to compute how many Lord Palmerstons the State Department has lost by our failure to imitate this salutary tradi-

¹ Edition of 1902.

tion. In America, and certainly at Harvard, college rank is no help to a man in starting either in public life, in a profession, or in business. Rank is, no doubt, a help toward an academic post, and thus assists indirectly to the literary eminence which is most noticed in *Who's Who*; but this alone is clearly not enough to account for the difference in subsequent distinction between the high scholars and their classmates. To some extent, at least, the college career of the high scholars works as a principle of selection, or as a preparation, of the fittest. The high scholar wins distinction in after life mainly because he is naturally better fitted, or because his training makes him more fit, to win it. Both of these things are probably true. The taking of rank is a test of natural qualities, and tends also to develop those qualities. It is, in fact, impossible to distinguish between the two; nor is it necessary for our purpose to do so, seeing that their results are the same.

Let us suppose — to make the matter plain — that to bring distinction four things must be combined. Let us say industry, intelligence, adaptability, and opportunity, and that the average chance that any one of them falls to a man's lot is one half. Then the chance that all four will be combined is one in sixteen. This would be the chance of distinction for the average man. But if we know that a man possesses one of them, the chance of his having the other three is one in eight, and this would be that man's chance of distinction. If he possess two the chance of his having the other two, and therefore his chance of distinction, is one in four. Now, let us suppose that the fact of ranking in the first seventh of the class shows that a man possesses, or has acquired, industry. In that case his chance of distinction would be one in eight, or twice as great as that of the average member of the class. If in the same way we suppose that the first scholar in the class must possess both

industry and intelligence, his chance would be one in four, or four times as large as the average chance of his classmates. Of course the problem is by no means so simple as our suppositions would make it appear. The possible combinations of qualities and accidents that will bring distinction are indefinitely variable and complex. Nor are these qualities independent of one another, for the presence of one quality affects the probability of the existence of another; so that even if we knew the average chance of the presence of each separate element, it would be well-nigh impossible to calculate the chance of a successful combination. Still, the principle is true, although we cannot apply it by means of vulgar fractions, and the known presence of one or more important qualities increases a man's chance above the average — and the more he possesses the better his chance.

But it may be suggested that while all this is true, while it is admitted that the high scholars possess industry, and that it is an element of chance in their favor, they have no monopoly of it. There are many men in the class who possess it, and other valuable qualities besides, but who do not feel impelled to display them in the form of a struggle for marks. Their gifts may be exercised on other objects in which they are interested, or may not be called forth at all until college days are over and men are aroused by contact with the problems of the outer world. The conclusion deduced is that rank as an indication of future achievement amounts to little or nothing. Herein lies a fallacy. It is the fallacy which gives rise to the common belief that because a first scholar is rarely the most distinguished man in his class, and is commonly not distinguished at all, therefore he has no better chance of distinction than any one else. It is the old fallacy of the favorite and the field. The favorite may have a better chance

than any one of the other horses, and yet the odds may be that some horse will beat him. If, as most people unconsciously do, we compare the chances of the first scholar on one side, and all the rest of the class on the other, the odds are overwhelmingly in favor of the latter. But if we were to compare the chances of the first scholar and those of any other one man, let us say the fiftieth scholar, it would be easy to show that the chances of the first scholar were very much the better; and, in fact, the impression left on the mind after such a comparison would probably be that the particular man selected — the fiftieth — attained distinction with singular rarity. To revert to the numerical example. If the chance of distinction of the first scholar is one in four, and that of the average student is one in sixteen, then, if the class contains one hundred and sixty men, their collective chances are forty times as great as that of the first scholar; and yet his chance is four times as great as that of the average student, or of any single student drawn by lot.

Another common fallacy arises from comparing the test of rank with other tests, such as the opinion of a man's comrades. It is often said that this last is the better test, and the inference is often unconsciously drawn that the former is of no value. The error here is obvious. Rank may prove the presence in one man of certain requisite qualities, and hence an unusual chance of distinction, and yet the presence of the same or other qualities may be known by different means to exist in an even higher degree in some other man, whose chance is therefore better still; but this in no way affects the fact that both are in better case than the average man.

So far our statistics have been drawn only from the general rank list, but very valuable results may be obtained from the honors won in special fields of college work. The Bowdoin Prize for an

English essay is an old institution at Harvard, and while far less work is needed to win it than to attain a high general average of marks for the whole college course, it requires a serious effort for a time and abilities of a high order. During the years under consideration, — that is, from 1861 to 1887, — one hundred and thirty-three men won this prize, of whom twenty-nine, or one in four and six tenths, are to be found in *Who's Who*. Their chance is, therefore, nearly as good as that of the first scholar in the class.

Still more interesting are the results to be derived from a study of the honors given at graduation for excellence in special subjects, such as classics, philosophy, history, etc. These were established first in 1869, and during the nineteen years from that time through 1887 they were obtained by three hundred and seventy-five men, of whom seventy-one, or one in five and three tenths, are in *Who's Who*. Some of these men, for supposed peculiar merit, were given highest honors; and of the eighty-one students who attained to that grade, no less than twenty-nine, or more than one in three, are in *Who's Who*. In order to compare these results with those already found by a study of the general rank list it is necessary to revise our figures by taking them for the same nineteen years; because the graduates of those years, being more recent, have naturally reached a somewhat smaller share of distinction than the classes that have been longer out of college, although the difference is not, in fact, great. The proportion of men in *Who's Who* from the different categories of graduates in the classes from 1869 to 1887, inclusive, is as follows: —

Total graduates	. . .	224	out of 3239	or one in 14.46
First seventh of class	. . .	67	" " "	473 " " " 7.05
First scholar ¹	. . .	7	" " "	19 " " " 2.71
First four scholars	. . .	16	" " "	76 " " " 4.75
Bowdoin Prize men	. . .	18	" " "	89 " " " 4.94
Honors in special subjects	71	"	" " "	375 " " " 5.28
Highest special honors	. . .	29	" " "	81 " " " 2.79

¹ None of the first scholars in the eight classes from 1861 to 1868 happen to be in

From this table it will be seen that scholarly attainment of every kind in college tends to be followed by distinction in after life, though not to an equal degree. The proportion of names in *Who's Who* is decidedly larger among the men who took honors in special subjects than among men, to about the same number, taken in the order of rank on the general scale. It is one in five for the former, but it is only one in seven for the first seventh of the class. In fact, the proportion among the men with special honors is nearly equal to that of the first four scholars, although the former are five times as numerous. For the students who graduate with highest honors the chance of distinction is extraordinary. It is better than one in three, being about the same as that of the first scholars for these nineteen years, and much above that of any other men. We are irresistibly led to the conclusion that the work done for honors in a special subject is a better preparation, or a better test of ability, than that which confers rank on the general scale. It is probably safer to regard it as a better test of ability, and the reasons why it should be so are evident to any one familiar with the methods of instruction and examination. Mere talent for acquisition, quickness, and memory count somewhat less, while thoroughness, power of reasoning, and originality count for more.

The same remark applies to the Bowdoin Prize, for, taking the whole period from 1861 to 1887, this gives a chance of subsequent distinction almost equal to that of the first scholar, and better than that of any other class of men save the winners of highest honors.

One would naturally suppose that the question of pecuniary aid might have an important bearing upon the relation of rank in college to distinction in life. At Harvard, where undergraduate schol-

Who's Who, so that the proportion for the nineteen years from 1869 to 1887 is considerably larger than for the whole period from 1861.

arship has met, unfortunately, with scant recognition among one's fellows or in the outer world, the ordinary man has little inducement to study for marks; but the scholarships are allotted mainly by rank, and hence the student in need of aid must work hard in his courses in order to obtain it. Under such conditions one might expect to find that the men of means who took high rank were gifted with a peculiar energy and love of work that would give them an advantage over other high scholars who studied because they were obliged to do so. But this does not appear to be the case. Of the men in the first seventh of the class, about three fifths held money scholarships during the years from 1861 to 1887, and the proportion of them in *Who's Who* is almost the same as that of the other two fifths who had no such inducement to work. Either the struggle on the part of the scholarship men to get to college and remain there works as a selection of the really vigorous, or the discipline involved develops a strength of character that stands them in good stead throughout their life.

But, after all, the scholar is not the only type of man of mark in college whose subsequent career is worth following. The athlete is a far more prominent figure. What is the relation between his fame in college and his distinction in after life? In undertaking to examine the question the writer believed, and expected to find, that any success in college, intellectual or physical, would be an indication of natural vigor, and therefore increase to some extent the chance of distinction in any subsequent career; but this proves to be true only in part. In the case of the three great athletic bodies, the crew, the baseball nine, and the football eleven, we have no data to work with so accurate as those which the college rank lists furnish in regard to scholars, because until very recent times their records of membership were not carefully made

and preserved. Still, it is believed that the lists compiled by Mr. Thompson, of the Harvard Union, are so nearly correct that any errors are not likely to affect the general result.

Take first the crews. We find that during the twenty-seven years from 1861 to 1887 they comprised eighty-two different men, of whom six, or one in thirteen and two thirds, are in *Who's Who*. This, it will be observed, is very nearly the same as the proportion for the total graduates of the college during the same period, and it has remained fairly constant throughout. The members of the crew would appear, therefore, to have about the same chance of the kind of distinction implied in *Who's Who* as the average members of the class. That is, intellectually speaking, they are neither better nor worse than their classmates. When we come to the captains of the crew, we should expect to find men chosen on account of superior force or intelligence. We should, therefore, expect them to win a greater share of distinction in the world than the average of their classmates; and this proves to be the fact. Of the seventeen captains of the crew during the twenty-seven years in question, three, or one in five and two thirds, are to be found in *Who's Who*. The numbers dealt with are, of course, so small that accident plays a very large part, — a part large enough to make the results untrustworthy as a basis for any theory. Still, so far as they go, they would indicate that the chance of the kind of distinction implied by *Who's Who* is as great for the captains of the crew as for the high scholars in the class, and the men who take special honors, and greater than for the average of the men who rank in the first seventh of the class. So far, our results are not very different from those we might have been led to expect; but when we turn to the other teams we reach quite different conclusions.

Baseball began with the class of

1866, and from the twenty-two classes down to and including 1887 there were drawn one hundred and two members of the nine, of whom seven, or one in fourteen and a half, are included in *Who's Who*. At first sight this seems to show that, intellectually speaking, the members of the nine have been fair average specimens of the class; but when we examine the matter a little more closely we find that a great change has taken place. Six out of the seven baseball men whose names appear in *Who's Who* belong to the three classes of 1867, 1868, and 1869. During the eighteen years that followed there were seventy-two players on the nine, of whom only one is in *Who's Who*. The contrast is very surprising until we examine more carefully the names of the men who played upon the nine in the early days. In the four classes from 1866 to 1869, there were thirty members of the nine, of whom six, as we have said, or one in five, are in *Who's Who*; but these were days in which scholars played upon the nine. In fact, one member of the nine in each of five consecutive classes in those days was in the first seventh of his class; and of the thirty men already mentioned, three were in the first seventh of their class, while two more took special honors; and thus it happens that of the six men in *Who's Who* in the first four years, four are men who distinguished themselves by scholarship in college. Since that time the scholars have ceased to play ball, or the nine have ceased to study; for, of the one hundred and eleven men recorded as members of the nine from 1872 through 1898, there was only one man who took honors in any subject, no man who won a Bowdoin Prize, and through 1887 (when the rank list was given up) only one man in the first seventh of his class.

Perhaps the reason for such a change may be found in the very improvement of the game. A higher amount of skill is required than of old, and this means

more training and more time expended. So that while it was possible in the early years for men like James Barr Ames, Francis Rawle, and Francis Greenwood Peabody to be proficient both with bats and books, this has become well-nigh an impossibility to-day.

The case of the baseball captains is even more surprising. Their names are not given for the first few years; but from 1874, when the list begins, down to the present day, there does not appear in *Who's Who* the name of a single captain of the nine.

The record of the football team tells much the same story, except that it opens after the days were passed when men combined scholarship with athletics. Mr. Thompson's football records start with the class of 1874; and from that time through 1887 there were ninety-three members of the eleven, of whom three, or one out of thirty-one, are found in *Who's Who*; while of the seven captains, not one appears in that work. Of late years the result has been more promising, for of the fifty-five men who have been upon the team from 1888 to 1898, two are in *Who's Who*, and one of these was a captain. As in baseball after the early years, so among the football men the record of scholarship at college has not been brilliant. In all the years from 1874 to 1898 there were, out of the one hundred and forty-eight men upon the team, only two men who took special honors, two who took a Bowdoin Prize, and two who were in the first seventh of the class. In one case, however, all three kinds of honors were attained by the same man. So that out of the one hundred and forty-eight men, four attained some distinction in scholarship. Curiously enough, no one of the four appears in *Who's Who*.

These statistics would tend to show that while the chance of the kind of distinction recorded in *Who's Who* is about the same for the crew as for the average of the class, and is much greater

for the captains of the crew, it is for the football and baseball men far less than for the average graduate. Such a result cannot be attributed entirely to the fact that high scholars no longer play upon the nine or upon the eleven, for this is equally true of the crew. In fact, from 1861 to 1898 no member of the crew won a Bowdoin Prize, or stood in the first seventh of his class, and only one took final honors in any subject; but the oarsmen proved in other ways that they possessed in as great a degree as the average of the class the qualities that make for distinction. Why should not this be true of the baseball and football men also?

To contrast the proportion of college athletes and high scholars found in *Who's Who* might well be thought unfair on the ground that the criterion of eminence used in that book tends to favor scholarship as compared with success in the professions or in business, and tends, therefore, to give a distinct advantage to men who were scholars in college. This might explain, in part at least, why the high scholars should appear in *Who's Who* in greater numbers than the athletes; but it does not explain why the athletes should appear in it less than the average graduate. There is no obvious reason why the athletes should not distinguish themselves in later life, whether through scholarship or otherwise, as frequently as the other members of the class who are not scholars. If they do not do so it would seem that a principle of selection must be at work in the case of the nine and the eleven which eliminates men of intellectual abilities and tastes. The time that one must devote to such sports is greater than in the case of the crew, and this apparently discourages men who have other interests.

That the members of the teams should attain in after life a smaller share of distinction than the average of their classmates, by whatever criterion

it is measured, was a surprise to the writer, and is certainly a matter for regret. It is one of many indications that athletics have become too much an end in themselves, distinct from the current of college life; that the pursuit has become so absorbing, the amount of practice required so great, as to entail a sacrifice of other things in order to play on the team. This is due partly to the professional character of all

American sports, which tend peculiarly to the development of a very high degree of technical skill, and partly to a distribution of the college year which throws work and play into the same periods. Division of labor, and specialization of occupation, is an important element in the progress of the world, but men can carry it too far in the training of their brains and bodies in college.

A. Lawrence Lowell.

THE WAY OF THE STRONG.

FOR the five days of big wind at the end of the March blowing of 1901 the boom across the ploughed land on the bluff farms of Morning County beat time to the shrill whistling in the timber like the drone bass in *pifferari* music. It was a grand world out of doors, the sort of world that is always unrolling with the whirl of the wind in Missouri, wild and gray and free. In the swales the tough grass dipped and rose in shaking circles; on the hills the gaunt trees went like flails; overhead resounded that whistling, roaring diapason. The sting of the air, mica-laden, was like a whip. On the bluffs few people braved it. In the hillside pastures the horses battled against it with wide-nostriled whinny; the cattle ran from it to the shelter of the hayricks, heads down, lowing uneasily.

At Hogback Hill, — the foreland tract in the chain of great tracts in the holding of Lowry Penryn of Penangton, — Penryn's tenant, a tireless farmer, looked out on the resistless weather in the mid-afternoon of the final day, took the horn from the kitchen porch, and sent a reluctant winding call to his hands in the furrows. The hands turned back to shelter gladly, and for the rest of that day the fields were left in the clutch of the storm, while the men sat in the

barn, tinkering, mending harness, recalling other storms.

"They 'll be lightning to come," said one, who stood by the barn door watching. "Huccome me to know is f'm that yellowness yonder. Scampish-look-in' clouds over tha'."

"'T is n't to say cyclone time though, is it?" inquired another, who had come from the Northeast, and feared the ways of Missouri.

"Naw, but they 'll be devil's own lightning," replied the old-timer comfortably, and added that it was well to be indoors on such a day. "Takes town-fool boarders to resk it outside!" He breathed the words in a whistling cadence, his lips tightening condemningly, his eyes fixed upon the two who were running down the steps of the weather-beaten front porch of the tenant's house.

The high-trunked walnut trees, the black-jack oaks, and the silver sycamores tossed and strained sonorously as the two who had come down from the porch went across the damp mast-weighted grass of the yard at Hogback Hill, scurrying like children, — the skirts of the woman blown out in front of her, her slender body careening with the grace of a ship at sea, her eyes bright, her cheeks red with the whip of the air, — the man's hand on the wo-

man's arm, the wind raising his thick black hair, his chest lifting and expanding. A strain, as of watching and waiting, that sharpened the faces of both, slackened. Whatever cares oppressed them blew away, for the moment, on the wings of the wind. The youth and vigor in both were keenly triumphant. As they pitted themselves against the stress of the elements, there was in their consciousness only a glee in their own valiance, their own well-matched vigor. A recognition that they were splendidly complementary flashed from one to the other as he seized her hand and they were swept on to the yard fence, where they leaned, laughing a little and panting hard.

"Oh yes," he said in a tone whose self-indorsement seemed to have a direct reference to some antecedent advice. "You do look better already. You needed fresh air. You can't stay in the house all day much better than I can." He had not released her hand, and she drew it from him.

"I can stand alone," she said. "Yes, it's true that I need lots of outdoors. Is n't it satisfying?" She threw her head back and watched the storm, the high up-rolling of the clouds, the blown grass, the hills where the great trees lashed in travail. "That's what it does for me, — satisfies — by expressing." There was a leaping joy in her voice, as though some deep antiphonal note responded, true and strong, to the storm.

When she had taken her hand from his he had folded his arms, and he stood now, unshaken in the teeth of the wind, looking down at her, his great love of her hardly restrained. "Does it do that for you, too?" he asked, understanding in his voice. His eyes sought hers and held them. Then, as though to make daringly sure that he understood, he added, — "By expressing what? Satisfies by expressing what?"

"One hardly knows what," she mur-

mured, — "the things that fight toward expression in one's soul, the blown weakness of tears, — the keen strength of joy." Though some shadow of waiting self-reproach lay like a veil across the light in her eyes, the light was there, and the words swelled and quivered up the gamut of memory from grief to gladness.

Watching her, he drew his breath in with a trembling inspiration, made a little start toward her, and turned away. The moments of torturing intimacy that came into their days were too life-laden. "Don't!" he said pitifully. "Don't!"

"Don't? Don't what?"

"Don't let me know your soul!" he cried in a strange agony of entreaty. "Keep me out! Keep me out!" The cry was the cry of one on the threshold of his own, fighting himself back.

Her eyes, frightened and storm-driven, sought the flying clouds again, and a little silence fell between them, impenetrable for a time.

"Talk to me of Hardin," she said at last, in a low reticent voice. "How are we to reconcile him to the loss of that arm?" Her eyes met his steadily now, all that young leaping strength of hers, body and soul, securely in leash.

"Yes, talk to *me* of Hardin," — he caught at the name as at a thing to pull up by and stand by. "Though I've met with a lot of discouragement with him, I'm bound to admit that the worst thing in the whole history of his case is this final apathy of resentment at having to get at the future disabled. All his hold on life seems to have lain in the grip of the hand that had to go."

"Ah, Hard was so big and whole! He has reveled so in his strength and wholeness, been so ingenuously vain in the thought of it, — his poor old pride is so hurt, don't you see?" she explained, her face showing her own sympathetic hurt.

"Yes, I see. He is getting restless again; have you noticed? We have had him down here nearly a week.

That 's doing pretty well. What next? Shall you take him back to Kansas City?"

"No, to Penangton, I expect. He likes to be near you. You can stand it, can't you? Now, as always, his chance seems to lie with you."

"His chance is good. Don't forget that. He is still strong. We shall save him yet."

She looked off toward the house, where she could see a man who waited for them at a window. He had one arm through the sleeve of a velvet jacket, and the other sleeve of the jacket hung empty from the shoulder, but he sat up stockily and looked out upon the storm. When he saw that the woman's eyes sought his, he raised his arm in salutation and smiled a halting absent smile. She lifted her hand and waved to him, then clasped both arms about her own body, "Oh, if I were not so much alive! It's a crime with Hardin like that. — let's go back to him, let's go back!" she cried, with a rush of tumultuous sorrow, a fine young maternalism possessing her face entirely; and the two started again across the yard together.

The man at the window lay back on his chair and watched them come up the trough of the wind, his thoughts surging toward the woman stormily, in wild leaps: "Ah, yes, you! You're something to keep a man, — but you are whole, — and I — lying here in these bandages — dying limb by limb, like a sickly tree, — God! It's hardly the way of the strong." He looked down upon the bandaged rigidity of his trunk and groaned. The strong! That was what he had been all his vigorous, successful life, powerful, intact. He had come up out of the strength of a sturdy, barefooted childhood, on into the strength of a muscle-hardened, poverty-urged boyhood, on into the strength of a seasoned manhood, that had overcome the circumstances of birth, wrested wealth, wife, and happiness from Fate,

— conquered, after the fashion of the strong. And here, at the end of it all, he was back in the home of his childhood, whither he had crept to hide from his conquered world, while he sought the strength to accustom himself to himself as a partly stripped trunk, as maimed, as incomplete. He was seeking that new strength still, braced against his wife and his physician; seeking, but not finding it. The marks of his awful inability to find it had seared his face deep these past few weeks. As he waited for the woman to come on to him, his defeat, his admission that his was battle strength, the strength to act, not to stand and endure, lay blighting upon him.

On the weather-beaten porch again, the man and the woman stopped for a moment. The glow was dying from her face. She looked anxious, burdened, as she turned toward him. "It's very good," — she hesitated as though the wailing wind swept the words from her lips, and she swayed a little toward him. If he had willed it, he could have touched her hair with his lips.

"Yes?" he asked.

— "good to have you stand by us, — it's a hard place to stand in, I know that." Her tone was full of a divine sympathy.

"A hard place, but a high place. Am I failing you?"

A flash of glad light came over her face. "Oh no, you are not failing me, — being you, you could not fail me!" she cried softly, her very confidence in him beating like mighty, unsettling waves about him.

He opened the outer door for her quickly, and she went by him to the door of her own room.

"Stay with Hardin a minute, will you?" she asked, as she disappeared, and he, passing on into the sick man's room, was greeted listlessly: —

"Well, Henderson, could n't stand the storm?"

"Yes, — oh yes, we stood it."

"We can blow in Missouri, when the notion takes us, huh?" went on the sick man, his voice blank, his little effort at friendly conversation like a futile chipping at the shell of despondency about him.

"It's a monster wind." Henderson manifested a compelling, magnetic interest in the barren topic, so different from the other's lifelessness as to suggest that the one was determinedly opposed to the other. "The farm here gets the full force of it, Hard. Wonder how your pioneer ancestors ever happened to select this bleak foreland to pitch crops on?"

"Lord!" — intermingled with an invalid's querulousness was a little of that interest for which the physician was playing, — "pitched here because they could reap here, — black land this."

"You spent nearly all your boyhood here, did n't you, Hard?"

"Mighty near it, — good times those, Henderson," — he sat up and looked out over the distant hills where the wind tore like a harried wraith. "Very good times. And it's queer, is n't it, how old times, old places call and call to a fellow. From the very minute that I heard that Lynn's father had added this farm to his holdings, though I'd forgotten the place for years, why, nothing for it, but what I must get back here and remember my beginning. I was born in that room there," — he twisted his head over his shoulder, with a jerk toward the tenant's dining-room. "And look here," he waved his hand toward the window, "see the road over the hill from the river? Many's the time I've tramped it to school with my dinner-pail on my arm and mighty precious little in the pail." He kept his eyes on the yellow road winding up hill in the distance till the fugitive interest passed from his face and was replaced by the old settled melancholy. "But somehow, Henderson, when I indulge in sympathy for myself, 't is n't that hungry youngster I'm sorry for, — it's

this one-armed lumpkin" — his voice choked with the thought of the significance of his disaster, and he stopped. Henderson moved up a little nearer silently, and the bitter, tense words began again. "That hungry boy had everything ahead of him, Henderson, and the gnawing sting in his stomach was to him, with his kind of strength, nothing worse than another urge onward. He had everything to do and every reason to do, and he was fully equipped for the doing. I suppose, Henderson, I'd get along better now if there was n't so much behind me, if there was anything left ahead of me that needed doing." That battle strength within him, that impulse toward activity, roused and growled and beat against the bars of his invalidism, but Henderson, welcoming any change from inappetency, let him continue. "I could fight with one hand, Henderson, if there was anything to fight for — anything left" —

"Hard! Hardin Shore! There's a big thing left!"

"Oh, I know what you mean, Henderson, but I don't have to fight for that, do I? She's mine already, is n't she? I want something to fight for. I don't have to fight for her, I have her, if ever a man had anything on this earth. What do you expect then? Can a fellow like I am rock back on his wife's love and his love of her, and end his days watching himself go to pieces? You expect that of *me*? You need n't. I have to do things. I don't know how to stand things any better than a baby. You don't know what you are talking about when you ask it, Henderson. When did you ever endure? You could n't any better than I can, — and I can't at all!" He got up from his chair and flung about the room. "God! I'm a crying failure at it. If I had n't been a strong man, Henderson, — but I've lived the life of the strong. Why, with that old arm that's gone I've lifted and carried what two men could n't budge," — his

face lit with a little momentary gleam of satisfaction. "Why, Henderson, in the old days, in log-rolling time, I used to make big Jim Bard's eyes stick out an inch by what I could do, and before me Jim was the strong man in these parts. Why, I could roll all day. And I was the stoutest man at a handspike you ever saw. Why, just feel that muscle even yet, huh? — is n't that a lump!" There was something infinitely pathetic in this tremulous braggadocio about his past that was stopping for a moment the thought of his future. "Muscle-wrapped giant that I was, — and now maimed, not all here. No, I shan't stop, Henderson. Question with me has come to be whether you have had the right ever to stop me; a doctor may take too much upon himself, — patching a patient together when he would better be allowed to go to pieces, — a strong man does n't want to live beyond the day of his strength. What's life to mean to me now, — going leg by leg, arm by arm, — aw, don't talk, — you've missed your prognosis before. I know that's the way I'll go. What have you done this thing for anyway? I'm not so essential to you, am I, that you should have held on to me and fought death away from me all these years? I'd have been finished and good riddance, long ago, if it had n't been for you!"

Face to face with the physician's tragedy of a patient's reproach, Henderson was conscious only of a grand sense of vindication. It was that which made his voice rock and sing as he answered: "It was for her, Hardin, for her. She wanted you saved — maimed or halt, or blind — she wanted you saved."

The words came on to the sick man like an arrow to the mark. He bowed his head against the window, and his fearful rage lulled. "Whatever I've done for you, I've done for her," insisted Henderson, and then, seeing that Shore's wife stood questioningly at the door, her face, with its sharp lines of

suffering and strain, turned toward him, he beckoned her to his place, and stole from the room.

She came up to Shore and laid her hand upon his arm. "Ah, yes, you!" he murmured, putting his arm about her. "You promised to stay away and exercise and rest for a full half hour." He tried hard to maintain his control of the harsh discord within him, holding her a little way from him and looking down upon her yearningly and lovingly, for all the strife on his face.

"Yes, but you see, I get restless away from you."

"Awful baby about me, are n't you, are n't you now, for a woman who has been married to me for years?" The old egoistic raillery slipped from his lips, as she drew him to a chair, where she knelt beside him, her young arms about him. He laughed, a little pleased growl, as she held him to her.

"Well, I like it better with you than out in the storm," she said. "It was wild out there. This is safer."

"You had Henderson with you. Did n't Henderson take good care of you?"

"Yes, I had him. Yes, he took good care." He could feel the soft acquiescent motion of her cheek against his face.

"Guess you are safe enough with Henderson."

"Yes." She rocked back on the firm support his big, muscle-corded arm gave her. "I'm glad we have this arm," she said, nesting her head against it comfortably. "Yes, I'm safe enough with Henderson." She smiled into his eyes as she added, "Henderson can hold the storm in hand, of course," and he missed her deeper meaning, but met her banter with a chuckle that had in it something of his natural spontaneity.

"We think Henderson can do a plenty, don't we?" he assented.

"He has done so much." She pressed more closely to him, and the answering clasp of the arm about her made the bandages across his chest strain for a

moment. "He has saved you for me over and over. He has done so much, — say it."

"Yes, yes, — if just being alive is much." His tone was flat and dull again, and his eyes slanted remorselessly from the head on his breast to his armless shoulder. "But, Lynn, what I am having to meet and down now is whether or no being alive is anything at all. You know I've been a man for effort on the outside. What am I to do for the rest of my days besides fight disease? Develop my character? I'm a sweet creature to start in to calcimine my inside life with ethical enamel, ain't I? I can't live inside. You know that. What am I to *do*, honey?" All his nerve-racked, black defeat, his pride in his old life, his blank inability to get hold of another life, beat into the question and tolled up to her like a knell.

"But I have to have you, Hardin! That's something. It might easily be a purpose" —

"Ah, but do you?" he cried, on a sudden vehement impulse to get at the bare truth of everything. "You are young, sound, whole. Do you really want me? — There! there! I know, I know!" — He veered swiftly because of the fright, the appeal on her face. "You couldn't go on without me. I guess there would n't be anything ahead for you. There would n't be anything ahead for me without you, no matter how many arms were left me. I could n't live without you. And you can't live without me. That's it, is it?"

"Yes, that's it," she cried chokingly. "I couldn't face the future. I should feel that somehow it was all my fault, that if I had been everything I might have been, you would not have gone. Anybody who is left must feel like that, I think. Ah, Hardin, stay with me, — want to stay!" She threw her arms about him and clung to him. Her abandon, her forgetfulness of his crippled shoulder made him wince with

a pain that was, all the while, a stinging joy. She had triumphed over him again; she had brought life on to him again; her presence had softened and enlivened his thought again, and, conquered, he let his head rest upon hers, while he peered out timidly upon the new life.

Henderson came back presently and found them like that, and Shore greeted him with a note of the old boyish pleasantness of temper; a forced note, but welcome, for all that, to the two who had been for so long trying to make him put out that kind of effort.

"Well, Henderson, here goes for a fresh start." Shore let his arm slip from his wife, and got to his feet as though he would grasp his standard anew with that unaccompanied hand. "You two keep at a fellow so eternally, there's nothing to do but do as you say. Live, you say. All right, I'll live. I'll fight to live. I don't want to, but I'll do it, I'll work for it, just for you two." He began a nervous pacing to and fro, the strength that was in him urging him into some kind of activity, however unsatisfying.

"Sit down, old man, sit down!"

"Oh, my God, Henderson, I can't sit down. I'm reconstructing myself. I need some room. Look at the power of that wind in the trees, — it's the kind of thing that's shaking me. Here, I'm going out on the porch a minute to watch that wind, to feel it. It helps. Yes, I am. You've both been. Did n't hurt you. Now, I'm going."

In rousing him at all they had taken the risk of over-keying him, and, at high tension, a paroxysm of unbearable nervousness upon him, he passed out on the porch, the other two behind him, powerless to oppose the half-frenzied strength of his mood. "Ah, this is better, better!" he cried, sending his senses out into the sweep and roar of the storm. The wind had increased in violence, and tore over the hills now with the howl of wolves. The air was

shot with electricity, and streaks of gold and blue played out of the slate-black sky.

At the barn door the farm hands clustered anxiously. "Look at that! Look at that!" shouted one suddenly, and stretched out a long hairy forearm, whose crooked forefinger pointed down the yard.

"The sick man! Gord, he's gone crazy!"

Hardin Shore, that unbearable nervousness still upon him, had gone down into the yard, overcoming warning and remonstrance, after the ruthless manner of convalescence. Uncloaked, bare-headed, he forged into the storm, his eyes eager with the stimulus of the air, a fine free mood triumphing over his despondency. "Oh, I'm all right now," he insisted to the two who followed him, and he threw off Henderson's hold impatiently. "I'm no sick man. Henderson. Don't hold me back. I'm well again. No. I won't go in. No, I won't take care! I won't do one damn weak thing for at least five minutes. Whew, that wind! No Missourian ever forgets the thrash of it!" The up-welling, exultant strength within him communicated its inspiration to the two beside him, and they stopped trying to restrain him, smiling at him, letting him have his way. "This is the right sort of thing," he cried: "this is living. You want to put life into me? This does it. Give me something on the outside to stand up against."

He pushed up a high knoll, crowned by one giant-trunked, lean walnut, storm-tossed but invincible, and they came on after him. At the feet of the beetling bluff the Missouri, swollen and blackly tumultuous, tore through her bar-locked channels. The distant up-turned fields, the timber patches, the feeble young corn were being raked and flattened by the teeth of the wind, that now swooped low and bit and crunched at the ground, now rose, screaming, and sent the very clouds driving before

it. On the top of the knoll, Shore stopped triumphantly, and the other two stopped with him.

As they stood watching the gray wild weather, — Shore jubilant, his temporary exhilaration over-riding the memory of his affliction, the whole man again by the might of his renewed physical joy in living, — a blue-gold gleam shot out of the sky, spiking the air with blinding needles. Henderson, benumbed, helpless, tingling, heard somewhere above them the popping and straining of tough fibres, and knew that the big walnut was falling toward them, but could move neither hand nor foot in the voltaic shock upon him. With his wide-open, staring eyes he could see, however. See the woman standing as he stood, dazed, helpless; see Hardin Shore's one mighty arm upheld, the corded muscles standing out like cables under the velvet sleeve, his face lit with a proud, gleaming confidence; see the tree deflected and go crashing to the ground beyond them; see Shore's foot slip, and Shore go down under the trunk, while they two stood on in that magic, electric sphere of helplessness, and the farm hands came running from the barn.

The wind went higher yet by night, but the sun set red and glorious. In a bedroom in the foreland farmhouse a strong man lay dying, and his passing was no small thing, but translucent and glorious like the setting of the sun.

"How much better, how much better," he murmured to two who knelt beside him, "to lay down this maimed body for you both, — to pay you back supremely for your fight for my life." A shining consciousness of their salvation through him lay on his face; he looked as though he were breathing light. "It was a grand chance," — he turned to the woman beside him pleadingly, as though he must reconcile her to his choice, "I would have tried to live just because you wanted it so; I had made up my mind to it," he said; "but

it would have been hard to live as I must have lived, — and I can't help being glad that the matter got beyond us, — and you must try to see that this sort of dying is grandly better — than any sort of living." He held to her hand, the warm strength of his love surging toward her mightily, as the strength of his body ebbed; then his eyes closed softly for a moment. When they opened again they fell upon the man beside him.

"Henderson?"

"I am here, Hard. But, oh, God! if I were not here! If I could have died for you!"

"Ah, you show that this is a great fate, — by envying me, old man, — but

don't begrudge me my destiny," — his voice weakened and stopped, his eyes roaming beyond the window, where the yellow road rose out of his childhood to the top of the hill and lost itself on the other side.

In the swales the tough grass dipped and rose; on the hills the trees went like flails; overhead was the roar of an unseen surf. The sun went down trailing glory as Hardin Shore turned his illumined face toward it.

"How much better" — they heard him say again, a final Praise-God in his tone — "that a man lay down his life for his friends, — it's the way of the strong."

R. E. Young.

SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

II.

I HAVE said that we were not without intellectual interests at Cambridge. In truth, when one looks back from a distance of forty years, it seems that all but the very dullest of men must have been profoundly interested in the questions then coming to the front. We were in one of the periods at which a crust of conventional dogma has formed, like the palæocrystic ice of the polar sea, upon the surface of opinion. The accepted formulas are being complacently repeated in all good faith by the respectable authorities. And yet new currents are everywhere moving beneath, and the superincumbent layer of official dogma is no longer conformable to the substratum of genuine belief. Then a sudden cataclysm begins to break up the crust and to sweep away the temporary bridging of the abyss which superficial observers had mistaken for solid earth. The alarm caused by the collapse of the ancient dogmas may perhaps be exaggerated. In time we come to see that the

change is mainly in the open manifestations of the old, rather than in the intrusion of the really new modes of thought; and somehow or other as the new doctrines lose their strangeness we are sagacious enough to discover that we always believed them in substance. However that may be, old-fashioned people had to bear some severe shocks. In 1857 Buckle appeared as a devil's advocate of extraordinary abilities and knowledge. A certain percentage of us, he was supposed to argue, had got to be murderers whether we liked it or not. Two years later Darwin's *Origin of Species* showed that we were a kind of monkey, though innocent lookers-on flattered themselves that he could be triumphantly confuted by the versatile Bishop Wilberforce. Mr. Herbert Spencer had already propounded his essential theories; and in 1860 announced that he was elaborating the system of philosophy upon which he was to labor so heroically for a generation to come. "Evolution," in short, was revealing itself as a demon horned and hoofed.

Religious dogmas were melting in new currents of thought. In 1860 the clerical world of England was alarmed by *Essays and Reviews*. Anglican divines, it appeared, had admitted that the Bible should be criticised "like any other book;" and had serious qualms about Noah's ark. Two years later the good Bishop Colenso explained with a touching simplicity how an intelligent Zulu had refused to believe that Noah ever built an ark, and how he had come to agree with the Zulu. The story is familiar, and requires no comment: only when I remember the thrill of indignation which then ran through the respectable world, the clerical manifestoes which I was adjured to sign, the masses of polemical literature, the prosecutions for heresy, and the vehement assertions that the very foundations of religion and morality were being assailed, and then remind myself that we are all now evolutionists, and that orthodox divines accept the most startling doctrines of *Essays and Reviews*, I feel as though I must have lived through more than one generation. I recall the facts because it has become difficult to realize the greatness of the shock to the equanimity of the orthodox and respectable; but, for the present, my only purpose is to note the effect upon our little world at Cambridge.

Not long after leaving the university I wrote certain articles descriptive of Cambridge life, and if any one should say that they were a bit of flippant journalism, I shall not dispute his opinion. I fancied, however, that they had long been forgotten when I heard that they had been denounced by a distinguished professor in a university sermon. What excited his wrath was my statement (substantially) that at Cambridge we were careless Gallios. I had said that though we could lose our temper over political discussions, we became calm when conversation was turned to the controversies which divided the religious world. My critic took me to insinuate

that we were covert unbelievers, and confuted me by mentioning the eminent orthodox authorities who were then lights of the university. I shall not argue the point. Of one thing I am certain: the Cambridge of those days was not an arena for struggles between church-parties. Individuals might belong to what were then called the "high," "low," or "broad" parties; but their differences did not form the ground for any division in university politics. We left such matters to Oxford. There, too, a comparative calm had followed the catastrophe of Newman's conversion. But at Oxford Jowett and Stanley were becoming known as leaders of the broad church. The orthodox were showing their bitterness by refusing to grant Jowett the emoluments of his Greek professorship, and a band of disciples was taking him and his friends as spiritual guides. Six of the "seven against Christ," as the authors of *Essays and Reviews* were pleasantly called, were distinguished Oxford men. Jowett and Pattison were, I suppose, the most distinguished teachers in the place. Younger Oxford men, especially T. H. Green, were beginning to read Hegel, and preparing to introduce the next philosophical fashion. Others were revolting from all theology. Dr. Congreve was planting the positivist church in England, and finding his chief proselytes at Oxford. Cambridge looked on with a comparative indifference and congratulated itself upon the intellectual calm. Our interest in such matters took a characteristic form. Colenso was a man of noble character as well as a good Cambridge mathematician. The mathematician appeared in his argument that the authors of the Pentateuch were disgracefully ignorant of his text-book on arithmetic. Otherwise they would not have made statements from which it followed that every priest had to eat over eighty-eight pigeons daily. That no doubt brought the question to a good tangible definite issue; but it was a

trifle narrow, and could be plausibly described as a cavil. A similar proclivity to stick to matter of fact was characteristic, I fancy, of our orthodox divines. The ablest, I suppose, was Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham, who in my time became a professor of divinity and at a later period, with his friends Westcott and Hort, did admirable work in criticism of the early Christian writings. The method, however, suggests wider questions. Lightfoot, as his friend Hort tells us, was personally shy, and, though enthusiastically appreciated by a few congenial pupils, "shrank from what seemed to him abstract speculation." Hort's remark is suggested by his reply to the author of *Supernatural Religion*. I turned, I remember, with great interest to his articles to see what reply so learned and able an apologist would make to a criticism of the evidences. I learnt from them that he had a very poor opinion of his antagonist's scholarship, and could apparently point out many errors of detail. But I was disappointed to find that he expressly declined to argue the general question. What are the essential canons of historical criticism? Can you be at once historical and accept the supernatural? What proofs, if any, will establish the truth of a miraculous narrative? Lightfoot might be fully justified in not discussing that question; but till it was decided in his favor he could not convert one of the opposite way of thinking. One man accepts as sufficient evidence a statement which to his opponent is intrinsically incredible. There is no common ground for argument. You may fix the dates or authorship of documents, but you cannot say what weight is to be attached to them. Our Cambridge authorities, in short, put aside the discussion of general principles, or assumed the truth of principles which to me seemed erroneous. They liked to keep their feet on solid ground of fact, and had no love of "abstract speculation." That meant

that they had still a strong admixture of the old Paley leaven, which implied the reduction of the problem to a mere question of historical evidence. Their hatred for the abstract in the "Serbian bog" of metaphysics inclined them to shrink from discussing questions which are, after all, strictly relevant and essential. Our teachers had of course a philosophy of religion, but they did not often expound or defend their views on the vital question. They were generally content to assume them. This shrinking from the "abstract" implies no indifference to the great issues; but it certainly was congenial to those who were indifferent. We know pretty well what is the "religion of all sensible men," careful as sensible men may be not to reveal it. Any man whose religion was of that type was safe at Cambridge from impertinent curiosity — nobody would ask what he thought. His creed was certainly not without adherents. According to a very comfortable "Erastian" doctrine, the Church of England is simply a department of the state. The articles lay down the formulas which its members are forbidden to contradict. If in performing the services they have to affirm, as well as to refrain from denying certain doctrines, their personal convictions do not matter: they are merely acting in their official capacity, performing a ceremony considered by the authorities to be edifying, not stating what they believe to be true. That is not a theory which I hold myself; and I agree that it is open to some objections from the ethical point of view. Still I have known respectable persons who have accepted and acted upon it with apparently comfortable consciences. I do not believe nor mean to insinuate that such men were otherwise than exceptional. If I were to describe what was the average state of belief among my acquaintances, — and any such description must, of course, be highly conjectural, — I should be inclined to guess, in the first place, that

the great majority might fairly call themselves sincere believers. They held that some religious belief was not only supremely useful, but must somehow or other be true. They held also that the beliefs demanded from members of the Church of England were the least dogmatic, the easiest of acceptance, and capable of the widest interpretation. They might be aware that critics and scientific people had raised difficulties; and did not know very clearly what was the proper answer. They assumed that there was an answer somewhere or other, and meanwhile left the question to experts, avoided raising awkward questions, and went on the old lines comfortably and quietly. That was not a solution to satisfy everybody, and it did not satisfy me.

We had, I have said, no spiritual guides among the Cambridge residents. We had, of course, our favorite teachers in the world of speculative thought. The greatest of English writers who could assume such a position was Carlyle. Carlylism had its zealots, and Froude has told us how he and others oscillated between the opposite poles of Carlyle and Newman. To most of us, however, Carlyle passed for an eccentric Diogenes or, as he called himself, a St. John the Baptist, denouncing not only the wearers of purple and fine linen, but everybody who had a decent coat to his back. Sartor Resartus called upon us to throw aside the old clothes of orthodoxy — “to come out of Houndsditch,” as he put it. The prophet was fulminating outrageous denunciations against things in general, and yet offering no tangible alternative. His Latter-Day Pamphlets had shocked not only the good British Tory, but the sound Liberal, who was scandalized by any apology for slavery. His theology, whatever that might precisely be, was too vague for practical purposes. Young men who were not prepared to “swallow all formulas” and, like Herr Teufelsdröckh, strip themselves stark naked,

read Coleridge, and found the most attractive contemporary leader in the admirable F. D. Maurice. He, they thought, might be taken as a guide to the promised land where orthodox dogma in alliance with philosophy could also be reconciled with science and criticism. Maurice undeniably was one of the most attractive and saint-like of men. He was clearly sincere even to an excess of scrupulosity. His very weaknesses and excess of sensibility gave to his friends the sense that they were the bodyguard of an unworldly teacher, whom they could relieve from practical difficulties, and screen from the harsh censures of the ordinary controversialist and the religious newspaper. I always remember a photograph in which he appeared taking the arm of Tom Hughes. Hughes was turning a reverential glance to his master and at the same time looking from the corner of his eye with an obvious wish that some cavalier would try to punch the prophet's head and require a lesson from a practical expert in the art of fisticuffs. The loyalty of the disciples was most natural and intelligible. Maurice in the pulpit was the very incarnation of earnestness, reverence, and deep human feeling. But he did not strike me as an incarnation of clear-headedness. No one could denounce more impressively the coarse theology which dealt in threats of hell-fire and hopes that a wrathful deity might be appeased by transferring the penalty to perfect innocence. The true gospel revealed a loving father, not an arbitrary tyrant. But then came a difficulty. The coarse version, he held, had been somehow read into the dogmatic system; it was not properly there. The plain meaning of the gospels more or less embodied in the Thirty-Nine Articles was the very reverse, and, moreover, was as clear as daylight to the unsophisticated reader. Formulas repulsive to the human heart and conscience, if interpreted in the vulgar plan, became infinitely beautiful and edifying in the natural

meaning. So far, therefore, from rejecting, you were to accept them as unconditionally true. To the ordinary mind this feat seemed to require considerable ingenuity and a kind of spiritualization uncongenial to common sense. It was easier to say that hell was a figment than to make hell a manifestation of mercy; and the statement that all who denied certain metaphysical dogmas should without doubt perish everlastingly was somehow an awkward way of asserting the universality of divine love. "Eternal," said Maurice, "has nothing to do with time;" which was a more satisfactory than intelligible conclusion. I once ventured in an article some years later to express my difficulty in understanding how the Thirty-Nine Articles came to express a man's "deepest convictions in the most unequivocal language." Maurice accepted the phrase, though adding an explanation. A "more spiritual theology" was required than would have satisfied our ancestors; but "the groundwork" of such a theology was "laid bare" in the Thirty-Nine Articles. We should retain the groundwork instead of frittering it away with the broad church rationalists. Somehow or other the groundwork appeared to me to be made of crumbling materials.

I never doubted his sincerity or felt "contempt" for him personally; but I could not believe in his perspicacity. Perhaps that was because I was not a born Platonist, and could not breathe in the semi-mythical region where Maurice was at home, and where this transfiguration of dogmas may be perfectly natural. I found it easier simply to admit that the dogmas simply meant what the dogmatist supposed them to mean and to reject them "in a lump." I could admire the loyal enthusiasm of Kingsley and Hughes, but found the teaching of their prophet to be no help for my difficulties. It only seemed to lead into beautiful rose-colored mists of illusions, where anything might turn out

to bear the reverse of its plain, everyday sense. I had taken orders, rashly, though not, I trust, with conscious insincerity, on a sort of tacit understanding that Maurice or his like would act as an interpreter of the true facts. The difficulty which finally upset me was commonplace and prosaic enough. I had to take part in services where the story of the flood or of Joshua's staying the sun to massacre the Amorites were solemnly read as if they were authentic and edifying narratives — as true as the stories of the Lisbon earthquake or of the battle of Waterloo, besides being creditable to the morality of Jehovah. It may be easy to read any meaning into a dogma, but since allegorizing has gone out of fashion historical narratives are not so malleable. They were, it seemed to me, true or false, and could not be both at once. Divines, since that day, have discovered that it is possible to give up the history without dropping a belief in revelation. I could not then, as I cannot now, take that view. I had to give up my profession. I once heard an anecdote of Maurice which proves, I think, that he was not without humor. He was lecturing a class of young men upon the Old Testament, and came to the story of Jacob's questionable behavior to Esau. After noticing the usual apologies, he added: "After all, my brethren, this story illustrates the tendency of the spiritual man in all ages to be a liar and a sneak." Nobody, it is superfluous to add, was less of a liar or a sneak than Maurice. But the "tendency" may lead the spiritual man to do quite innocently what in other men can only be done by deliberate self-mystification. I, not being a spiritual man, must have deserved one or both of these epithets had I continued to set forth as solemn truths narratives which I could not spiritualize, and which seemed to me to be exploded legends implying a crude and revolting morality — I gave up the attempt to reconcile the task to my conscience.

By degrees I gave up a good deal more; and here I must make a further confession. Many admirable people have spoken of the agony caused by the abandonment of their old creed. Truth has forced them to admit that the very pillars upon which their whole superstructures of faith rested were unsound. The shock has caused them exquisite pain, and even if they have gained a fresh basis for a theory of life, they still look back fondly at their previous state of untroubled belief. I have no such story to tell. In truth, I did not feel that the solid ground was giving way beneath my feet, but rather that I was being relieved of a cumbrous burden. I was not discovering that my creed was false, but that I had never really believed it. I had unconsciously imbibed the current phraseology; but the formulas belonged to the superficial stratum of my thought instead of to the fundamental convictions. I will not inquire what is the inference as to my intellectual development. I fear that it would be rather humiliating, or at least imply that the working of "what I pleased to call my mind" had been of a very easy-going and perfunctory character. But the ease of the change was probably due to another part of my intellectual "environment." In fact, the ordinary state of opinion among my Cambridge friends, as elsewhere, was permeated by an influence of which I have not yet spoken. We cared little for Carlyle and less for Newman; but we were thoroughly attracted by one man whom they both denounced. John Stuart Mill was then at the height of his influence. His books on Logic and on Political Economy had given him an established position. His *Liberty*, published in 1859, was accepted as a noble utterance of the truth, even by many men (Kingsley, for example) who belonged to a hostile school of thought. Mill was living in seclusion at that period; he had few personal relations with members of the political or social world; and we used to listen with

reverential curiosity to the few anecdotes which might percolate through the two or three intimates admitted to the presence. No personal attraction, therefore, stimulated our loyalty; we read the books as we might treatises of physical or of mathematical science, and judged them as we might judge Newton's *Principia* without reference to the personality of the author. In later days I had a few glimpses of Mill himself, and was startled by the contrast between the reality and my preconceived image. I heard him speak in the House of Commons. Instead of an impassive philosopher, I saw a slight, frail figure, trembling with nervous irritability. He poured out a series of perfectly formed sentences with an extraordinary rapidity suggestive of learning by heart; and, when he lost the thread of his discourse, closed his eyes for two or three minutes, till, after regaining his composure, he could again take up his parable. Although his oratory was defective, he was clearly speaking with intense feeling, and was exceedingly sensitive to the reception by his audience. Some of his doctrines were specially irritating to the rows of stolid country gentlemen who began by listening curiously to so strange an animal as a philosopher, and discovered before long that the animal's hide could be pierced by scornful laughter. To Mill they represented crass stupidity, and he became unable either to conceal his contempt or keep his temper. Neither his philosophy nor his official experience had taught him to wear a mask of insensibility, especially when his friendships were touched. I once met him at a small gathering where some doubts were hinted as to the merits of a youthful disciple. Mill took the reflections as though they had been a personal attack upon himself. We were taken aback by the indignant zeal with which he proclaimed that the youth — a singularly fine specimen of the offensive prig in general estimation — possessed one of the clearest and most cul-

tivated intellects of the day. On such occasions he showed glimpses of the excessive sensibility which was so marked in his devotion to his wife. The Mill of the treatises, as we read them, was the very reverse — the embodiment of pure passionless reason. They possessed the merits which we most admired, — good, downright, hard logic, with a minimum of sentimentalism. Mill was, in short, utilitarianism, and classical Political Economy incarnate.

It is common to speak now as if the supremacy of the school of which he was the mouthpiece was then universally admitted. Ruskin, according to the legend which has grown up, was the first man to challenge this wicked monster generally called *laissez faire*. In one sense, this is absurd. Ruskin, as he always himself declared, was only applying the teaching of his master Carlyle, and aiming new darts at the “pig-philosophy.” The orthodox utilitarians had always been a small and an essentially unpopular sect. The “Christian Socialist” movement of Maurice and his friends was only one symptom of a discontent with the adequacy of their teaching which had been uttered by many others. Kingsley had run his head against Political Economy most emphatically in *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*. But it is no doubt quite true that Mill’s disciples claimed with complete confidence to be in possession of a definite and scientific system of economical, political, and ethical truth. They were calmly convinced that all objectors, from Carlyle downwards, were opposed to him as dreamers to logicians: and the recent triumph of free trade had given special plausibility to their claims. The claims exactly suited our Cambridge notions. The study of mathematical sciences predisposes, no doubt, to a sympathy with good hard reasoning, and our favorite antipathy was the “impostor,” that is, the man given, in another favorite phrase of ours, to “gushing,” and to allowing his feelings to override his common sense.

My most intimate friend of those days was Henry Fawcett, afterwards the blind Postmaster General, and then a fellow of my college. No more generous or warm-hearted man has ever been known to me; not the less conspicuously because intellectually he belonged to that shrewd, hard-headed, north country type, which was so conspicuous at Cambridge; and which, it must be confessed, was apt to be as narrow as it was vigorous intellectually. Fawcett knew Mill’s Political Economy as a Puritan knew the Bible. His own brief treatise was virtually a short summary of Mill with shrewd practical applications. In our little circle the summary answer to all hesitating proselytes was “read Mill.” In those argumentations of which I have spoken, hour after hour was given to discussing points raised by Mill as keenly as mediæval commentators used to discuss the doctrines of Aristotle. The application of Mill’s logic to religious orthodoxy is of course obvious. A thorough-going disciple must be an Agnostic. Indeed, he would probably come to regard the master himself as showing a questionable tenderness for the old creed. Mill, however, like the rest of his school, had preserved a rather singular reticence upon that side of his teaching. When his political opponents wished to prove his infidelity, the one sentence they could discover in his works was the assertion that he would rather go to hell than worship an immoral deity. His religious (or anti-religious) influence was therefore, one may say, latent. The inference was obvious if you chose to draw inferences. But that was needless for the Gallies who cared nothing for such inquiries; or who imitated Mill’s own reticence. Undoubtedly many of us drifted in this direction, and my own admiration for Mill, though it was never quite unqualified, helped to alienate me from orthodoxy. But this meant an undercurrent of opinion which affected individuals, but did not rouse attention. Political questions were

more generally exciting. Our little world was, as I have said, agitated by the first step of university reform. The Fellows, as governing bodies of the various colleges, had to arrange schemes in combination with the parliamentary commission. The topics over which we argued are too obsolete to be worth exposition. I need only say that the chief aim of reformers showed no very revolutionary principles. The driving wheel of the university machinery was still to be competition for prize fellowships; and though some people were beginning to talk about "endowment of research," and Pattison wrote a very able book upon academical reorganization, such speculations had little affected our projects. One point may be worth a word. One of the chief changes which strikes an old student on returning to the scenes of his youth is the presence of woman. In my day we were a society of bachelors. I do not remember during my career to have spoken to a single woman at Cambridge except my bedmaker and the wives of one or two heads of houses. Those exalted ladies belonged to the upper sphere of severe dignity which formed a separate section of society. We were beginning to propose some modification of the absurd system of celibacy which meant in practice that every official teacher of youth should speedily become discontented with his position. Yet proposals to alter it excited horror. Fathers of families, it was known, were capable of everything; and married fellows, it was thought, would use the college endowments as patronage for their sons. I remember a pathetic sermon preached upon that subject by a gentleman, who, as soon as the law was altered, took advantage of the change by marrying himself and becoming, I may add, a most useful official, and the more useful for his charming wife. But to admit women to lectures was regarded as outside all practical possibilities. An American gentleman, Mr. Moncure Conway, I think,

who came to Cambridge about 1863, told Fawcett in my hearing that we should admit female students within a generation. Fawcett, a most ardent advocate of woman's rights, replied that such a revolution might happen in a century. Within ten years Girton and Newnham were beginning their successful careers. Fawcett would have been startled could he have foreseen that his daughter was to be the first female senior wrangler. In that and in other directions we have moved fast. Meanwhile, university reform was merely a corollary from more general principles. Fawcett was my leader in the little warfare which introduced reform into our college. From very early days he had been stirred by political ambition; and I need not dwell upon the splendid audacity which enabled him not only to persevere when he was struck with blindness, but to make the accident a stepping-stone to success. Fawcett had a double share, I might say, of the true Cambridge spirit; where his hearty, downright ways made him universally popular, and where he found plenty of most congenial comrades. He got into some trouble a little later with his constituents for forming a "republican club," which counted among other members that most charming genius W. K. Clifford. Men should be no more ashamed of having been republicans in their youth, said Southey, than of having had the measles. Rather, one could say, a man should be ashamed of not having felt in his youth the generous impulses which make him sympathize with whatever appears to be the cause of progress. Enthusiasm, it is true, is apt to generate arrogance. The epithet "cocksure" has been applied to the Liberals of those days, and we probably deserved it. We held ourselves to be in the very van of the army of the faithful: and were comfortably convinced of the extreme stupidity of all our opponents. Looking back with the experience of later years, I feel some

bewilderment. It is often said that the radicalism of those days, with its faith in *laissez faire* and "Individualism," is hopelessly effete. Yet the modern Liberal still claims to represent the old reformers, and to inherit their happy peculiarity of being on the right side of every question. The old simple issues, in truth, have been perplexed by later development. The Radical takes credit for having transferred political power to the democracy, though the democracy sets at defiance the old Radical's hatred of government interference and of all socialistic legislation. The Tory boasts that the prejudice against state interference has vanished, though the rulers of the state have now to interfere as the servants and not as the masters of the democracy. Both sides have modified their creeds in course of their flirtation with Socialism, till it is difficult to assign the true principle of either, or trace the affiliation of ideas. In those days tendencies which have produced divergence of different wings of the Liberal party were still so far latent as to be comfortable with apparent unity. The immediate issue was that which led to what Carlyle called the "shooting of Niagara." The question was whether the democracy was to be content with the position assigned to it by the reform bill of 1832. The Tory and the good old Whig of the Macaulay type were contented with the existing order. The extraordinary popularity of Palmerston during his last six years (1859-65) meant the good old British patriotism stimulated by the Crimean war or the Indian Mutiny and indifference or decided dislike to further political changes. On his death, the discontent which had been accumulating became manifest and patent. Cobden and Bright had won the battle of free trade against the squires, and had been the objects of the bitterest aversion among the ruling classes for their supposed want of patriotic feeling. People were now beginning to suspect that the Crimean war had been a stu-

pendous blunder; and the success of the free trade gave credit to the champions who had forced it upon the old aristocratic class. Mill was the interpreter of the economic and political doctrine of which free trade had been a practical application. That doctrine is now condemned as "individualistic" and as sanctioning the selfishness of wicked capitalists. But to Mill and his disciples it showed a different face. In the first place, it meant for them justice to the poor, abolition of the tax on food, and full liberty to combine and coöperate. There could be no more energetic advocate than Mill of every measure which could strengthen the independence and improve the outlook of the laboring classes. The political economists indeed held, and, as I believe, held most truly, that no reform could be permanent which did not stimulate the sense of individual responsibility. The laborer must recognize his duties as well as his rights. If in asserting that side of the question too unconditionally they approved of "Individualism" in a bad sense, they were also assuring a fundamental truth which is now too often ignored or treated with contempt. I say so much to exclude the assumption that even implicit belief in the old economic doctrine meant cynicism or hard-hearted indifference to the interests of the poor. We held, it is true, that Ruskin when he attacked Mill was a sentimentalist, who could neither look facts in the face nor reason coherently. We could not believe in extemporizing Utopia or in hysterical denunciations of the whole industrial structure. Real improvement must condescend to be guided by scientific method. Mill and his closest followers were as keenly desirous as men could be of promoting the welfare of all classes, and as sensitive to the existing evils, however rashly they might have accepted certain nostrums as all-sufficient. Mill's generous aims appealed to Fawcett, and must be realized by accepting his principles. Though the

prophet was still in seclusion, one or two of his lieutenants reached us at Cambridge: especially W. T. Thornton, who was to convert Mill himself on an important point, and Hare, whose scheme of voting was to solve the great difficulty and make democracy supreme without being tyrannical. Fawcett himself was becoming known at that (I must confess) dreariest of all bodies, the Social Science Association, and as a candidate for a seat in Parliament. I was a humble satellite to my friend in that capacity, and for a period held myself to be a keen politician. I wrote a campaign newspaper started to support Fawcett's candidature on one occasion: I remember with a shudder addressing a mob from the windows of an inn at election time, and being cruelly chaffed for my well-meant eloquence; and I sat through a social science meeting, where I remember chiefly the painfully pathetic spectacle of Brougham, in his stage of senile decay, delivering a perfectly inaudible address to a pitying audience which tried to maintain a dumb show of respectful attention.

Fawcett's Radical friends at Cambridge were a small minority, but were numerous enough to give abundant animation to our discussions. One of the topics which then evoked the keenest interest was the civil war in the United States. It had incidentally a special interest for me. Mr. C. F. Adams has lately discussed in a very interesting paper the change which has come over English opinion upon American affairs. One remark which must, I think, be suggested to every reader of such discussions is the utter worthlessness from any logical point of view of any judgment passed by one nation upon another. I have lived many years in England, and still feel myself totally incompetent to form any trustworthy estimate of the moral value even of my own countrymen. I know intimately only a small section, and in regard to it I am prejudiced and in many ways ignorant. I am justified

at most in rough conjectures about the great majority, whom I know only from second-hand sources. What right have I to speak with any confidence about the millions of another nation of which I am far more ignorant? The conventional picture made by one nation of another is a mere random putting together of hasty guesses and rash assumptions. International prejudices must be explained as irrational instincts, not as results of any intelligent observation. Fifty years ago the view taken of Americans by the English upper classes was the product of blind antipathies. Our national pride had suffered from the separation, and we naturally liked to believe that the separation had led to political deterioration on the other side. Meanwhile the unpatriotic Radical had never been tired of holding up the United States as the ideal of true democracy. There, said those wicked people, you have a standing proof that a great people can dispense with a monarchy, a House of Lords, and an established church. They represented the good old frugal republican simplicity and freedom from corruption. Such panegyrics only strengthened the Tory prejudice against republicans by the prejudices which made Cobden and Bright hateful to the right-minded believer in British institutions. For that, and many other reasons, the supposed collapse of the Union was, I fear, a sweet morsel to the average well-to-do Englishman. Spite of his pride in our own abolition of slavery, he was glad to see the democratic bubble burst, and persuaded himself by a smart article or two that slavery had nothing to do with the question. The ignorance displayed was gigantic, but not more gigantic than is usual. Meanwhile, to us young Radicals the sentiment seemed to be altogether mean and bigoted. We sympathized cordially with the Union, and the sense that we were in a minority in our own class gave special zest to our advocacy. Many a college feast was resolved

into a vehement debating society, and passions ran high.

At that time I had given up Noah's ark and my old calling. It struck me that I should gain new power to my elbow if I could say, "I have been on the spot." In 1863, accordingly, I crossed the Atlantic, and on reaching Boston heard of the battle of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg. I returned rich with three months' experience, and could lay down the law in Cambridge circles with unanswerable authority. I am afraid, indeed, that certain anecdotes, especially of some of Lincoln's humorous sayings, had more success than my political observations. To that journey I owe an advantage for which I am now most grateful. At the American Cambridge I had the good fortune to make friendships which have been invaluable. I can never forget the hours which I passed in Lowell's study at Elmwood. It was the beginning of cordial relations which lasted till his death, and only grew warmer with years — but of that I have spoken elsewhere. I remember telling him as a joke that I had thought of making a book of my travels when I got home. I was startled when he took me to be in earnest. I was too conscious of my ignorance to contemplate such a performance seriously, and I still looked upon bookmaking with the awful reverence of Gibbon contemplating his great work. My highest ambition was to qualify myself to write a newspaper article or two. I was aspiring, indeed, to a character for which I came to recognize my incompetence. I was, for once, traveling like the British member of Parliament who visits India in his endeavors to become a fountain of political information. Fawcett had obtained for me a letter of introduction to Seward from the great John Bright. Seward received me with the courtesy due to a friend of the chief English sympathizer, told me with a frankness which amazed my notions of official reticence that if England did not stop the "rams" then building

the United States would go to war with us, and gave me the opportunity, for which I have always been grateful, of shaking hands with Abraham Lincoln. I felt myself to be a terrible impostor. I had, I fear, to exaggerate slightly as to the degree of my acquaintance with Bright, — whom I had never seen, — and felt painfully my incapacity to be even a political journalist. I had, indeed, sufficient zeal. Certain letters of the time enable me to recall my state of mind. They show how innocently I had accepted the Liberal platform of the day. I have not abandoned the opinions then expressed; I still think that I was substantially right; though I could not now be so much impressed by the truisms and commonplaces which I then took to be the best results of political wisdom. No doubt one's state is in some respects the more gracious when such moral platitudes as strike a popular audience and appeal to the gallery arouse one's own enthusiasm, and are announced with the fervor of a proselyte as new and startling truths. To be disposed to take them for granted, and to think rather of the limitations than of the positive significance of sounding moral generalities, is, it may be, a proof of sophistication if not of downright cynicism. I was then in my virtuous stage. I could heartily join in the applause which welcomes an oration denouncing slavery or cruelty to woman, as if nobody had ever denounced them before. Now, perhaps, I should be inclined to mutter with Brougham listening to a popular preacher, "the court is with you," and wish that he would expose the fallacies rather than assert the general truths embodied in edifying philanthropy. I had, so to speak, swallowed the orthodox political dogma whole, and had not yet begun to chew and digest. It was a virtuous and certainly an agreeable state of mind. I could follow my Mill or Bright unhesitatingly, and share the zeal with which Fawcett was enlisting in behalf of advanced reformers without a doubt that

we were in the van of progress, and that we were advancing not only the truth, but the whole truth. Before many years were over, I am afraid that my friends regarded me not, indeed, as a backslider, but as one whose zeal had grown rather tepid. A friend of mine used to tell a story of me upon which I vainly sought to cast a doubt. It was that I called upon him during the Franco-Prussian war, when I happened to have heard the news, of which he was still ignorant, of the catastrophe of Sedan. After a couple of hours' talk, about books, I imparted this startling intelligence incidentally as I was taking leave. My friend declares that he told this anecdote as creditable to me. He only meant to show that I was absorbed in literary interests, and so far resembled the immortal Goethe when he held the French Revolution of 1830 to be of insignificance compared with a declaration of Cuvier about the homologies of the skull. I must admit that my political zeal cooled down pretty rapidly. The refrigeration was due partly to a justifiable modesty. I most sincerely admired and envied the vigor with which Fawcett and others could throw themselves heart and soul into the thick of the struggle. Political warfare is a most fascinating and absorbing pursuit which gives full play to the highest intellectual faculties. But success in it, even in the capacity of journalist, — the only one open to me, — requires the shrewd eye for affairs which makes the practical man of business. I have always felt myself to be a child in such matters. I have my political opinions; but when it is a question of interpreting them into the dialect of the day, of appreciating the merits of a particular platform, or choosing the best method of giving effect to a policy, I am as helpless as a country parson on the Stock Exchange. Though I can't write verses,

I am for such purposes as bad as the merest poet, and, therefore, I must confess that the society of active politicians is often uncongenial to me. They strike me as painfully self-righteous. They hold fidelity to a party to be among the highest of human virtues; and to me it generally seems to mean that a man attaches an absurd sanctity to some formula which he only half understands and is just as likely to apply in the wrong place as in the right. Consistency — a doubtful virtue at the best — comes to mean that you follow your leader in a confused struggle till you have lost your general bearings and may be heading in the wrong direction. As friends of mine came to be altogether absorbed in the vortex, I fully agreed that it was because they possessed faculties to which I could make no claim. But I felt also that it was at a certain cost. A friend who had succeeded in a political career was early good enough to administer consolation to me. It was not true, he said, that men who had made a mark as statesmen were necessarily superior to men of letters. That, of course, was the presumption, but cases might be mentioned of ministers of state not intrinsically superior to the best writers of the day. I tried to look as if the remark was as novel as, of course, it was gratifying. Still I had occasionally thought so myself; and I might have referred him to the famous passage in which Plato points out that Thales, though he fell into a well while looking at the stars, had really chosen a lot higher in some respects than that of the men who ridiculed his sheepish awkwardness. I do not profess to be a Thales or a Plato, but I speedily came to admit that I was less incapable of diverting myself in the world to which they belong than of playing a part in the rough and tumble of political warfare.

Leslie Stephen.

(To be continued.)

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

FROM 1855 to the time of Mr. Beecher's death in 1887, except for the five years which included the civil war, I was in constant fellowship with him. In this paper I propose to give some personal estimates, the result of that fellowship, and illustrated by some reminiscent incidents.

During most of his life Mr. Beecher was engaged in warfare of one sort or another. He was constantly attacking what he regarded as abuses, — social, political, religious; and he was constantly under attack for what others regarded as social, political, and religious errors in his teaching. The natural consequence was that in his lifetime many false estimates of his character and few correct ones were made. His enemies exaggerated his faults and depreciated, if they did not absolutely deny, his virtues. As an almost necessary consequence, his friends were inclined to exaggerate his excellences and to ignore, if not to deny, his defects. In battle no loyal soldier criticises his general; loyalty prevented Mr. Beecher's friends and supporters from criticising their leader. In such a case the errors on the one side are not corrected by the errors on the other. On the contrary, the estimates of both friends and foes are apt to agree in statement although antagonistic in their animus and spirit.

Thus it had been said by both critics and admirers, though with a very different meaning, that Mr. Beecher would have made a great actor, a great lawyer, a great politician, a great author. What education might have made of him no man can tell; but take him for what he was, he would not have made a great actor because he could not deliberately assume a part, nor a great lawyer, because he could not advocate any convictions not independently his own, nor a

great politician, because he did not read character correctly, being too much possessed by the spirit which "thinketh no evil," nor a great author, because he was not interested in art for art's sake.

It is true that Mr. Beecher's interests were extraordinarily varied and his knowledge multiform. He was an expert in horticulture, arboriculture, precious stones, Turkish and Persian rugs, — and in how many other things I know not. He was a judge of horses, and was very fond of a good one. When I was starting out in search of a parish he gave me this advice: "Look at the horses in every town you go to. If the men drive good horses, you may expect that there is progress or at least life in the town; if they drive poor ones, the people are probably inert and lazy." The remark indicates the nature of his interest. Whatever the subject, it invariably led him somehow to men, their character, their life, and the best way of reaching them with the offer of the higher life. This fact was not always recognized by indiscriminating admirers, who, from the variety of his interests, drew the conclusion that he would have excelled in all departments. But though interest is necessary to excellence, excellence is not created alone by interest. I found Mr. Beecher once, shortly after the close of the civil war, deep in Sherman's March to the Sea. To my expression of surprise — for he was not merely reading, he was studying it in detail with war maps — he replied, "Do you know, if I were not a preacher I would choose to be a general above anything else." But I did not take the expression seriously, and I do not think he did — except for the moment. I am certain he would have made a poor general. The jeweler who, apropos of Mr. Beecher's love for precious stones, said that he would have made a splendid

salesman was mistaken. True, he loved and understood precious stones, but he would never have cared to sell them. His interest in farming did not make him a successful farmer. When some critic attempted to arouse prejudice against him as a wealthy preacher who owned and carried on a farm of ten acres on the Hudson, he replied that if an enemy should give him ten more acres he would be bankrupted.

Varied as were his talents, kaleidoscopic as was his mind, universal as were his interests, he gave himself to one work with a singleness of aim which I have never seen paralleled in any man of my acquaintance except Phillips Brooks. Their aims were different; Mr. Beecher's broader and more comprehensive, Phillips Brooks's more exclusively individual and spiritual. Phillips Brooks was purely a preacher. His one aim in life was to impart life. He believed correctly that he could do this best by the free use of his own personality in the pulpit. When he spoke on the platform or after a public dinner he made the platform or the table a pulpit; his address was a sermon; his audience a congregation. For a little time in Philadelphia he took an active part in public questions, but after he went to Boston he was not active as a public teacher on social or political problems. This was not because he had lost his interest in them, or his acquaintance with them, but because he believed he could render his best service to the age by preaching; to preaching accordingly he gave himself with entire singleness of purpose. That he could write true poetry was proved by *O Little Town of Bethlehem*. That he had a large knowledge of architecture and a remarkably creative as well as appreciative taste is proved by Trinity Church, into which he put himself as truly as he put himself into his sermons. That he would have made valuable contributions to periodical literature if he could have been persuaded to accept the numerous and urgent invita-

tions which poured in upon him, that as a lecturer he would have been in great demand had he consented to go upon the Lyceum platform, no one who knew him doubts. He refused because he was resolved to devote himself wholly to preaching. Even as bishop his great work was as an itinerant preacher.

Mr. Beecher's estimate of his own function was a broader one, but it was not less clearly conceived, nor followed with less single-heartedness. That function was to impart spiritual life, but it was also to instruct in the application of the principles of spiritual life to all the various problems both of personal experience and of social order. His greatness consisted in his instinctive perception of moral principles, in his practical common sense in the application of those principles to current questions of human experience, and in his varied literary and oratorical ability in so presenting those principles as not only to win for them the assent of all sorts of men, but also to inspire in all sorts of men a genuine loyalty to those principles. He understood himself better than some of his friends and his eulogists understood him. To this one work of so inspiring, guiding, and dominating the lives of men as to direct them in the way of righteousness he gave himself with absolute singleness of aim, and, after he had fairly got an understanding of himself and his work, with undeviating purpose. He preached, he lectured, he spoke on political platforms; he wrote, and on all subjects, social and individual, grave and gay, secular and religious. But always back of his work, inspiring it, controlling it, determining his choice between different phases of it, was the ambition, if anything sounegoistic can be called an ambition, the purpose, if anything so unconscious can be called a purpose, to help men to a happier, a better, a diviner life. And in his estimate divineness of spirit was of transcendently greater importance than conformity to ethical standards, and both were superior

to mere happiness. His intuitive nature would have made it impossible for him to accept the utilitarian philosophy. Preaching, therefore, in the narrower sense of that term, as a heralding of Jesus Christ, Son of God and Saviour of man, always took the first place, though not the sole place, in his relative estimate of opportunities. I can best illustrate his comparative estimate of lecturing and preaching by quoting one of half a dozen similar letters sent by him to Major J. B. Pond:—

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 124 Columbia Heights,
February 22, 1883.

MY DEAR POND,—I am sorry that Suffield should suffer,—but it can't be helped. All the cities on the Continent are not to me of as much value as my church and its work, and when a deepening religious feeling is evident, to go off lecturing and leave it would be too outrageous to be thought of. No—No. Never—now or hereafter—will I let lecturing infringe on home work! The next week is already arranged. Several neighboring clergymen are engaged to aid, and from Sunday to Saturday every night is allotted. I take two—Monday and Tuesday—and cannot be altered. I do not know how it will be in March. If things in the church should prosper, I will not go out, at least till May, but I cannot tell.

Yours,
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is difficult and perhaps hazardous to speculate on the motives which inspire men, and yet such a character-study as this would be inadequate without a consideration of the motives which dominated Mr. Beecher. He was almost absolutely indifferent to money. He did not care for it himself; he did not reverence it in others. When in a widely misquoted address he said, apropos of certain phases of the labor problem, that he could live on bread and water, he spoke the

simple truth. This was not because he was an ascetic. He enjoyed the comforts and even the luxuries of life. We had an editorial dinner at Delmonico's one spring day in 1879; Mr. Lawson Valentine, then one of the largest stockholders in the Christian Union, telegraphed the office: "I like your Delmonico. Keep at work on this line all summer," and got from Mr. Beecher a reply equally laconic: "You are not the only fellow that likes Delmonico. We are willing to patronize him all summer if you will pay the bill." He enjoyed good living, though rather for the social pleasure such occasions afforded than for any mere epicurean enjoyment. Much more than sensuous luxuries he enjoyed beauty in form and color. But he was not dependent upon either. And for money apart from what it could buy he cared not a jot. My first acquaintance with him illustrates his singular carelessness in money matters. I was a boy of nineteen in my brother's law office; I had been an attendant on Plymouth Church for but a few months; he knew me only as a younger brother of one of the members of his church when he asked me one Sunday after service to call at his house the next morning. When I called he opened a drawer in his desk, took out a package of bills, gave them to me, and asked me to go to an address in the upper part of New York city to pay off a mortgage and get a satisfaction piece. My recollection is that the amount was \$10,000. I know that until I got the money out of my pocket and the satisfaction piece in its place, I was in a dread lest my pocket should be picked and his money and my reputation should go together. He rarely came out on the right side of a bargain when the bargaining was left to him. His sermons any one was welcome to publish who wished to do so. In his later life he earned thousands of dollars by his lecturing; but this was because he had the wisdom to put himself in Major J. B. Pond's hands, and to refer all ap-

plications for lectures to him. He was generous to a fault with his money; many were the unworthy beggars, large and small, who made off with contributions from him; not till late in life did he learn any financial wisdom, and then not too much.

He was as indifferent to fame as he was to money. He counseled young ministers to beware of falling into the weakness of considering how they could conserve their reputation, and satirized those who were habitually considering what would be the effect of their words or actions upon their "influence." He resented counsel to himself based on the idea that his influence would be injured by some proposed action. Partly owing to this indifference to his reputation, partly to the orator's instinct to use at the time not only that form of expression, but also that phase of truth which will produce the effect he wishes to produce, Mr. Beecher was careless of consistency, which, with Emerson, he regarded as the vice of small minds. Once called to account for the inconsistency of something he had just said with a previous utterance of his on the same subject, he replied, "Oh yes; well! that was last week." Yet these inconsistencies were more apparent than real. Thus he preached one Sunday a sermon on the text, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," and began by saying, "This is not God's policy of insurance on children, this is the statement of a natural law." About a year later he took the same text and began his sermon by saying, "This is God's policy of insurance on children," and proceeded to treat it as a divine promise. Yet the two utterances are really consistent, since God's promises are fulfilled through natural law.

But if he cared very little what the great public thought about him, he cared a great deal about how those who knew him felt toward him. The expression uttered by him on his seventieth birthday

represents his habitual mood: "I love men so much, that I like above all other things in the world to be loved. And yet I can do without it, when it is necessary. I love love, but I love truth more, and God more yet." For great as was his love for his fellow men and his desire for their love, the dominating motives of his life were his love for God or his love for Christ — and in his experience the two phrases were synonymous — and his desire for God's love. No one who knew him intimately could doubt the simplicity and sincerity of his piety. Christ was a very real and a very present Person to him. His disbelief in theology never involved in doubt his experience of vital fellowship with the living God. I do not mean that this experience was not more real at some times than at others; nor that he did not have at times the experience which in Jesus Christ found utterance in the bitter cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" But if so, these experiences were rare. His prevailing mood was one of the conscious presence of Christ, to whom he would at times refer as simply and as naturally as to any other friend and companion. Yet he never, if I may so speak, traded on this experience. He never assumed it as an authority. He never said that Christ had told him to do this or that. His experience accorded with and interprets practically the philosophy of Professor William James, that mystical states are authority to the persons to whom they come, but are not to be quoted as an authority to those to whom they do not come.

I make no attempt here to analyze Mr. Beecher's power as an orator, to indicate the various elements which entered into it, or to explain its secret, further than to say, that far more important than were his voice, and face, and gesture, his skillful though inartificial rhetoric, his opalescent imagination, his illuminating humor, his unconscious art of dramatization, his fervid and contagious emotion, far more important than all of these were the sane

judgment, the dominating conscience, and the spiritual faith which used these gifts as instruments, never in the service of self, always in the service of a great cause, or, to speak more accurately, in the service of his fellow men and his God. Here I make no attempt to compare Mr. Beecher with the famous orators of history. I attempt merely to record the impression which his oratory produced on me and on others as I had occasion to observe its impression on them. In so doing I instinctively compare him with other contemporary orators whom I have heard, — Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, George William Curtis, John B. Gough, William E. Gladstone, Charles G. Finney, R. S. Storrs, and Phillips Brooks. In particular qualities each of these men may have excelled him, some of them certainly did; in combination of qualities to my thinking no one of them equaled him. As I do not analyze Mr. Beecher, so I do not analyze these his contemporaries. In respect to them all I speak only of impressions produced upon myself.

Daniel Webster impressed me by the weight of his words, Wendell Phillips by the edge of his small sword and the dexterity of his thrust, Charles Sumner by his skillful marshaling of facts, George William Curtis by the perfect finish of his art in language, tone, and gesture, John B. Gough by the combination of abandon and good sense, of dramatic impersonation and real apprehension of the actualities of life, William E. Gladstone by the persuasiveness which captivated first your inclination and afterward your judgment, Charles G. Finney by the flawless logic which compelled your sometimes reluctant assent to his conclusion, R. S. Storrs by the more than Oriental glory of his embroidered fabric, Phillips Brooks by the sense of a divine presence and power possessing him and speaking through him, as through a prophet of the olden time. Mr. Beecher was less weighty than Daniel Webster; one was

a glacier, the other an avalanche; one was a battery of artillery, the other was a regiment of horse charging with the impetuosity of a Ney. Mr. Beecher could be as clear cut and crystalline at times as Wendell Phillips was at all times, but he was never malignant as Wendell Phillips sometimes was, and never took the delight, which Wendell Phillips often took, in the skill with which he could transfix an opponent. Mr. Beecher could, and sometimes did, marshal facts with a military skill scarcely inferior to that of Charles Sumner, as witness some passages in his English speeches, but he was never overloaded and overborne by them. He summoned facts as witnesses to confirm a truth, and when their testimony was given dismissed them, while he, with dramatic imagination and emotional power, pressed home upon his audience the truth to which they bore witness. He had not the grace either of diction or of address which characterized George William Curtis. Mr. Curtis never violated the canons of a perfect taste, Mr. Beecher often did. But Mr. Curtis spoke only to the cultivated, Mr. Beecher to all sorts and conditions of men; Mr. Curtis spoke from manuscript; his oration combined all the perfection of the written with some of the vigor of the spoken address. Mr. Beecher never spoke from manuscript. He sometimes read manuscript; he sometimes spoke without manuscript; he sometimes alternated the two methods in the one address; but he could not, or at least he did not, maintain at one and the same time an unbroken connection with the page upon the desk and with auditors in the seat. But if he lacked the grace and perfect art of George William Curtis, he possessed an flaming, convincing, coercing power which Mr. Curtis did not even remotely approach. It is difficult to compare Mr. Beecher's dramatic power with that of John B. Gough. Considered simply as dramatic artists, Mr. Beecher was far more impassioned and moving, Mr. Gough more versatile.

Mr. Gough was always dramatic. His lectures were continuous impersonations. He was the best story-teller I ever heard. He once told me that he was thinking of preparing a lecture to be entitled *That Reminds Me*, which should consist of a succession of dramatic stories so contrived that each one should suggest its successor. He never did prepare such a lecture, but he could readily have done it. Mr. Beecher could hardly have conceived, and certainly could not have accomplished, such a lecture. Mr. Gough was a skillful ventriloquist. Once, when I was driving with him in a closed carriage in the country, he greatly excited a little girl, who was our companion, by the mewling of a cat, for which she searched everywhere in vain. Mr. Gough would have made a brilliant success as an actor in either farce or light comedy; Mr. Beecher would not. I never heard him tell a story on the platform, unless the narrative of personal incidents in his own experience might be so regarded, and rarely in the social circle. I do not think he used his dramatic art for purposes of amusement. I doubt whether he was ever conscious in his imitations; he certainly was not so ordinarily. A purpose to be achieved in the life of his audience always dominated him, and he was dramatic only incidentally and unconsciously, because in describing any incident, whether real or imaginary, his face, and tone, and gesture came naturally into play. He stopped at the office of the Christian Union once on his way from the dog show, and he described the dogs to me. "There was the bulldog," he said, "with his retreating forehead, and his big neck, and his protruding jaw, like the highwayman who might meet you with his demand for your money or your life;" and his forehead seemed to retreat, and his jaw protruded, and he looked the character he portrayed, so that I should have instinctively crossed the street had I met after dark a man looking as he looked. "And there was the English mastiff," he con-

tinued, "with a face and brow like Daniel Webster's;" and his whole face and even the very form and structure of his head seemed to change in an unconscious impersonation of the noble brute he was describing. For Mr. Beecher was as dramatic off the platform as on it; imitation was not with him a studied art, it was an unconscious identification of himself with the character he was for the moment portraying. I heard Mr. Gladstone but once; it was in the English House of Commons; his object was to commend and carry his motion for the use of the closure, before unknown in Parliament. It would be absurd to attempt an estimate of Mr. Gladstone's oratory from this one address. But comparing that one address with the many I have heard from Mr. Beecher, it was more persuasive, but less eloquent. As he spoke, it seemed as though his conclusions needed no argument to sustain them; I found myself saying in response to all he said, "Of course." But of the dramatic portrayal, the pictorial imagination, the warm feeling, the brilliant color, the iridescent humor, the varied play of life, catching now one hearer by one method, now another hearer by another method, converting hostility into enthusiasm and indifference into interest, which characterized Mr. Beecher's greatest addresses, there was in this one speech of Mr. Gladstone scarcely a trace. Charles G. Finney corralled his audience; he drove them before him, penned them in, coerced them by his logic, — though it was a logic aflame, — convinced their reason, convicted their conscience, compelled them to accept his conclusions despite their resistance. His sermons are essentially syllogistic. Syllogisms are as rare in the sermons of Mr. Beecher as in the sermons of Phillips Brooks. He was not logical, but analogical. He did not coerce men; he either enticed them, or he swept them before him by the impetuosity of his nature. He sought to convince men of sin chiefly by putting before them an ideal,

and leaving them to compare themselves with it. He spoke to conscience through ideality.

There were frequent opportunities for comparing Dr. Storrs and Mr. Beecher since they often spoke on the same platform, and for forty years they ministered side by side in the same city. Dr. Storrs drew his illustrations from books, Mr. Beecher from life; Dr. Storrs was more rhetorical, Mr. Beecher more colloquial; Dr. Storrs more artistic but sometimes artificial, Mr. Beecher more spontaneous but also more uneven; after hearing Dr. Storrs, the people went away admiring the address; after hearing Mr. Beecher, they went away discussing the theme. Comparing Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks, I should describe Phillips Brooks as the greater preacher, but Mr. Beecher as the greater orator. The distinctive function of the preacher is to bring home to the consciousness of men the eternal and the invisible. He may teach ethics, or philosophy; he may move men by argument, by imagination, by emotion, to some form of action, or some phase of thinking, or some emotional life: this he does in common with the orator. But the unveiling of the invisible world, looking himself and enabling others also to look upon the things which are unseen and are eternal — this is the preacher's distinctive and exclusive function. It is this which makes him, what the Old Testament calls him, a prophet; a forth-teller, speaking by a spirit within, of a world seen only from within. This Mr. Beecher did to a remarkable degree; but he did much more and other than this — though nothing higher, for there is nothing higher that any man can do for his fellow men. This is to open the eyes of the blind and enable them to see. This was the exclusive mission of Phillips Brooks. He might have said of himself, without irreverence, "I have come that they might have life and might have it more abundantly." Mr. Beecher was also a life-giver; but he was besides a

guide, a counselor, a teacher. He moved men by his immediate spiritual power, awaking in them a power to perceive and receive spiritual life; but he also moved them indirectly and mediately through argument, humor, imagination, imitation, human sympathy, the contagious power of a passionate enthusiasm. It was his spiritual life which made Phillips Brooks the orator; Mr. Beecher would have been a great orator though he had lacked spiritual life.

To sum up in a sentence the impression on my own mind of Mr. Beecher's oratory as compared with that of other contemporary orators: in particular elements of charm or power he was surpassed by some of them; in combination of charm and power by none; but his power was greater than his charm, and his charm was subsidiary to power and its instrument. If the test of the oration is its perfection, whether of structure or of expression, other orators have surpassed Mr. Beecher; if the test of oratory is the power of the speaker to impart to his audience his life, to impress on them his conviction, animate them with his purpose, and direct their action to the accomplishment of his end, then Mr. Beecher was the greatest orator I have ever heard; and in my judgment, whether measured by the immediate or by the permanent effects of his addresses, takes his place in the rank of the great orators of the world. I doubt whether in history greater immediate or more enduring effects have ever been produced by any orations than were produced on English sentiment and English national life by his speeches in England.

A remarkable illustration of charm and power combined was furnished by his speech delivered at the testimonial dinner given in New York city to Herbert Spencer, on the eve of the latter's return to England. The dinner was a long and elaborate one. The diners were with few exceptions scientific men of eminence. There were very few who

were known as active in the Christian Church or in the religious world. Mr. William M. Evarts presided, and lightened an otherwise heavy series of speeches with occasional sallies of wit. But there had been no humor, and no emotion, and little of literary charm in the speeches. The two last speakers were John Fiske and Mr. Beecher; their theme Science and Religion. Mr. Fiske read an essay, clear, crystalline, coldly intellectual; he dealt with theology, not with religion. It was nearing midnight when Mr. Beecher rose to make the last address. The room was filled with tobacco smoke. The auditors were weary and ready to go home. Not a vibrating note had been struck throughout the evening. It seemed to me as Mr. Beecher rose that all he could do was to apologize for not speaking at that late hour and dismiss his audience. By some jest he won a laugh; caught the momentary attention of his audience; seemed about to lose it; caught it again; again saw it escaping, and again captured it. In five minutes the more distant auditors had moved their chairs forward, the French waiters, who had paid no attention to any one else, straightened themselves up against the walls to listen; Herbert Spencer on one side of him and Mr. Evarts on the other were looking up into his face to catch the utterance of his speaking countenance as of his words. And then he preached as evangelical a sermon as I have ever heard from any minister's lips. He claimed Paul as an evolutionist; he read or quoted from the seventh chapter of Romans in support of the claim; he declared that man is an animal, and has ascended from an animal, but is more than animal, has in him a conscience, a reason, a faith, a hope, a love, which are divine in nature and in origin; he appealed to the experience of his auditors to confirm his analysis; he evoked cries of "That's so, That's so," like Methodist amens from all over the room; and when he ended, in what was in all but its form, a prayer that God

would convey Herbert Spencer across that broader and deeper sea which flows between these shores and the unknown world beyond, and that there the two might meet to understand better the life which is so truly a mystery and the God who is so much to us the Unknown here, the whole audience rose by a common impulse to their feet, as if to make the prayer their own, cheering, clapping their hands, and waving their handkerchiefs. I can see the critic smiling with amused contempt at this paragraph, if he deigns to read it. None the less, he is shallow in his perceptions, as well as wrong in his judgments, if he is not able to recognize both the charm and the power of the orator who can win such a response, at such a time, from such an audience. This was the occasion on which Surgeon-General Hammond went up, and reaching out both hands to congratulate Mr. Beecher said, possibly somewhat patronizingly, "You're the greatest man in the world, Mr. Beecher," and received the quick response, "You forget yourself, Dr. Hammond."

Thus far I have spoken chiefly of the impressions which Mr. Beecher's public character and conduct made upon me. What impression was left by his private life? It is somewhat difficult to answer that question, because he was a man of various moods as well as of versatile talents, and produced different impressions at different times. Every man is a bundle of contradictions; in general the greater the man the greater the contradictions. They were certainly great in Mr. Beecher.

He was most intense in his activity; the story of his life shows that. One who saw him only in his work would imagine that he was never at rest. On the contrary, in his hours of rest he was absolutely relaxed in mind and body. He was fond of horses, as I have said, and both rode and drove well; he talked eloquently of fishing and hunting; he advocated athletic sports — for others; he be-

lied in the healthfulness of billiards and bowling; yet except croquet, he had no favorite recreation. But he loved to lie under the trees and follow his own counsel by "considering" the flowers, the clouds, the trees; in the city he would go to the house of a familiar friend, throw himself upon the sofa, and listen to the conversation of others, perhaps joining in it, perhaps not; or he would rest both mind and body by joining in a frolic with children, of whom he was very fond. His work was strenuous, but his rest was absolute.

Of his combination of courage and caution, courage in determining what to do, caution in determining how to do it, I have already spoken. The fact that the front seats of the gallery in a theatre at Richmond are occupied by men prepared with eggs to throw at him does not daunt him in the least; he faces the hostile audience without a tremor. But he disarms them by a compliment to their state pride before he begins to give them some economic lessons sorely needed at that time, especially in the Southern states.

He was at once outspoken and reserved. Those who knew him only by his public speech thought he wore his heart upon his sleeve, because he used his own most sacred experiences without hesitation, if he thought they would serve his fellow men. What father, and mother, and home, and children, and Bible, and prayer, and Christ, and God were to him he told again and again in public discourses, and he urged others to make equally free use of their experiences. Yet in private he rarely talked of himself except as he thought the self-revelation would help some struggling and perplexed soul into light and freedom. Nothing in his experience was too sacred to be used for that purpose. He was not otherwise given to indulgence in reminiscence, and never to narrating his achievements. It was with difficulty I induced him to tell a group of friends the story of his English experiences, that

I might get the autobiographical narrative for a sketch of his life which I was then preparing with his approval. He could be as reticent and Sphinx-like as General Grant, and could preserve a silence as impenetrable, as he proved by being unmoved by all the misconstruction to which his silence subjected him, when speech would have disclosed the secret of the household whose unity and good name he was determined if possible to preserve, at whatever cost to himself. He had a way at times of abstracting himself from all around him, and becoming in appearance, and I rather think in reality, deaf and blind to everything external. When he was about to deliver his address in Burton's Theatre, by which time he knew me well, and I had done that financial errand for him of which I have already spoken, finding it difficult to get tolerable accommodation at the front, I went to the stage door, and waited, hoping that I might get in when he entered. He brushed against me as he passed, but with that far-away look in his eyes, which seemed to say, "whether in the body or out of the body I know not;" so my device failed. He often walked as abstracted and unobservant on the street, oblivious of all about him. Yet at other times he would pass immediately into the pulpit from what serious-minded folk would regard as unseemly frivolity. The last Sunday morning of his ministry, as he entered the church, he greeted the usher at the door, an old familiar friend, with a request for a seat. The usher caught his mood, and replied, "If you will wait here till the pewholders are seated. I will try to accommodate you." "Could I get a seat in the gallery?" said Mr. Beecher. "You might try in the upper gallery." "But I am a little hard of hearing," said Mr. Beecher, putting his hand to his ear, "and want a seat near the pulpit." All this was done without a suggestion of a smile; the next moment he was in his pulpit chair turning over the leaves of his hymn-book for his

hymns. Men to whom reverence and merriment are incongruous can be pardoned for not comprehending the apparent inconsistency in such a change of moods.

Quite as marked a characteristic, and to many as inexplicable, was his singular combination of self-confidence and self-depreciation. No doubt he was conscious of his power; otherwise he could not have used it. A great meeting, my recollection is on behalf of the Freedmen, was gathered in the Brooklyn Academy of Music one evening during Andrew Johnson's presidency. The feeling in the Republican party against the President was already growing into bitterness. Mr. Beecher still defended him. The Academy was crowded. "They say," he whispered to me as I joined him on the platform, "that — is going to attack the President to-night; if he does there will be music here before we get through." The attack was not made, and I did not hear the music — shall I confess it? — to my regret. Yet despite his self-confidence before speaking, he was never self-satisfied after speaking. On one occasion, when he had preached a sermon which involved a vigorous attack on Calvinism, and we were about to publish it in the *Christian Union*, I went with him to his house after prayer-meeting on Friday evening, determined that he should revise the sermon. "There are expressions here," said I to him, "which were well enough when interpreted by your intonation, but they will have a very different meaning in cold print. You must revise this proof." He began; cut out here; interpolated there; again and again threw down the proof in impatience; again and again I took it up and insisted on his continuing the task. At last, sticking the pencil through the proof with a vicious stab, and throwing both upon the table before him, he said, "Abbott, the thing I wanted to say I did n't say, and the thing I didn't want to say I did say, and I don't know how to preach any-

how." Nor do I doubt he expressed the mood of the moment. He never wanted to read his own writings; he rarely had enough patience with them to revise them. It was not that he shirked the labor; it was because the product so dissatisfied him.

But with all these contradictions he possessed certain qualities which were always present and potent, and which never changed with changing moods. Among these were the spontaneity of his humor, his love of beauty, the strength of his conscience, his chivalry toward women and children, and his transparent sincerity.

He was humorous in the pulpit because he instinctively saw things in their incongruous relations, and described them as he saw them. He did not crack a joke for the sake of making a laugh, either in public or in private. But he could scarcely write a letter, or carry on a conversation, without that play of imagination, often breaking into humor, which characterized his work in the press and on the platform. He was at Peekskill; I was carrying through the press an edition of his sermons; this is the letter he wrote me to tell me that he was going to Brooklyn, and that I should thereafter address him at that city: —

PEEKSKILL, *October 24, 1867.*

MY DEAR MR. ABBOTT, — Norwood is done — summer is done — autumn is most done. The birds are flown, leaves are flying, and I fly too — so hereafter send to Brooklyn.

Truly yours,
H. W. BEECHER.

He sent a check to a jeweler to pay for two rings, and this is the letter which went with the check: —

BROOKLYN, *February 8, 1884.*

JNO. A. REMICK:

DEAR SIR, — Please find check for amount of the opal ring and the moon-

stone ring. They suited the respective parties exactly.

The opal goes to my son's mother-in-law, who puts to shame the world-wide slander on mothers-in-law.

I think old maids and mothers-in-law are, in general, the very saints of the earth.

I looked to see you after the lecture, and to have a shake of the hand with Mrs. Remick. But you neither of you regarded the ceremony as "any great shakes," and decamped hastily.

Yours in the bonds of rainbows, opals, etc.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Brooklyn Postmaster sent him formal notice that a letter had been returned to him from the Dead Letter Office, and got this in reply : —

October 28, 1880.

COLONEL MCLEER :

DEAR SIR, — Your notice that a letter of mine was dead and subject to my order is before me.

We must all die ! And though the premature decease of my poor letter should excite a proper sympathy (and I hope it does), yet I am greatly sustained under the affliction.

What was the date of its death ? Of what did it die ? Had it in its last hours proper attention and such consolation as befits the melancholy occasion ? Did it have any effects ?

Will you kindly see to its funeral ? I am strongly inclined to cremation.

May I ask if any other letters of mine are sick — dangerously sick ? If any depart this life hereafter don't notify me until after the funeral.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

On April 1 he found in his morning mail a letter containing only the words "April Fool." "Well ! well !" he said, "I have received many a letter where a man for-

got to sign his name ; this is the first time I ever knew of a writer signing his name and forgetting to write a letter." After I took the editorship of the *Christian Union* I urged him to give his views on public questions through its columns. "As it is now," I said, "any interviewer who comes to you gets a column from you ; and the public is as apt to get your views in any other paper as in your own." "Yes," he said, "I am like the town pump ; any one who will come and work the handle can carry off a pail full of water." On one occasion I argued for Calvinism that it had produced splendid characters in Scotland and in New England. "Yes," he replied, "Calvinism makes a few good men and destroys many mediocre men. It is like a churn ; it makes good butter, but it throws away a lot of buttermilk." Charles Sumner in the Senate and Thaddeus Stevens in the House were pressing forward the Reconstruction measures based on forcing universal suffrage in the South. In conversation with me Mr. Beecher thus diagnosed the situation. "The radicals are trying to drive the wedge into the log butt-end foremost ; they will only split their beetle." They did ; they solidified the South and divided the Republican party. If he had been preaching on Reconstruction, the figure would have flashed on him then, and he would have given it to his congregation from the pulpit as he did a like humorous figure in the following instance. He was denouncing the inconsistency of church members ; stopped ; imagined an interlocutor calling him to account for exposing the sins of church members before the world, and thus replied to him : "Do you not suppose the world knows them better than I do ? The world sees this church member in Wall Street, as greedy, as rapacious, as eager, as unscrupulous as his companions. He says to himself, 'Is that Christianity ? I will go to church next Sunday and see what the minister says about this.' He goes ; and what is the

minister saying?" Then, instantly, Mr. Beecher folded one arm across his breast, held an imaginary cat purring comfortably there, as he stroked it with the other hand, and continued: "The minister is saying, 'Poor pussy, poor pussy, poor pussy.'" Mr. Beecher made his congregation laugh not of set purpose and never for the sake of the laugh, but because he saw himself, and made them see, those incongruities which are the essence of humor and often the most powerful of arguments. And they flashed in his conversation as frequently and as brilliantly as in his public addresses.

Æsthetically Mr. Beecher was self-made. When he came to Brooklyn from life in the West, in what was essentially a border community, he brought with him both the unconventionality and the lack of cultivation which such life tends to develop. He never possessed that kind of taste which only inheritance and early training can impart. But he trained himself. His love of form and color, in flowers, in precious stones, in rugs, in household decorations, and in painting, was such as to make him no mean critic respecting them all. He built his house in Peekskill, as he once said to me, because he wanted to express himself in a home; he selected all the woods, the papers, the rugs, the various decorations; to that extent he was his own architect. While in church life I rather think that music always seemed to him the best which was the most effective vehicle for the expression of the emotional life of the congregation, he became a lover of the best music, and a habitual and thoroughly appreciative attendant on the Philharmonic Concerts in Brooklyn.

But doubtless righteousness, and not beauty, was his standard; ethics, not æsthetics, afforded the law of his life. He would have taken the Latin *virtus*, not the Greek *τὸ καλόν*, — valor, not beauty, — to express his ideal of character. The Puritan is distinguished by two characteristics: the strength of his conscience, and

the will to impose it as a standard upon others. Mr. Beecher had the Puritan conscience, but he had no inclination to impose it on others. He loved righteousness; but he also loved liberty; and he believed that righteousness could never be imposed from without, but must be wrought from within. Nevertheless, though advocating liberty of choice for others, the Puritan habits remained with him to the end. He was a purist as regards all relations between the sexes. He did not play cards, he did not smoke, and he was an habitual though not strictly a total abstainer. In his later life he occasionally took a glass of beer to induce sleep. He went on rare occasions to the theatre, but, I judge, rather seriously. In one of his letters he speaks of studying Hamlet as a preparation for seeing Irving. The theatre did not appeal to him, for the same reason that it did not appeal to his friend John H. Raymond, — because he had too much imagination. The crude interpretation of character and the cruder scenery offended and obstructed his understanding of the play.

This Puritan conscience was mated to a spirit of chivalry, and both were aroused and inflamed by the treatment to which slavery subjected a poor and ignorant race. He always sympathized with the unfortunate. And this was not the professional sympathy of the reformer. Traveling one day he came to a station where the passengers were to change cars. All his fellow passengers were hastening to get good seats in the adjoining train. A woman with three children, and packages to correspond, was helplessly waiting for her chance. Mr. Beecher, standing on the station platform, took hold of both railings of the car, braced himself against the crowd, and said, "Is no gentleman going to help this poor woman to a seat?" The word was enough; the crowd responded; and the woman found half a dozen willing hands to help her. Mr. Beecher's

old-fashioned courtesy to his wife, and his chivalric attitude toward women in general, was not less noteworthy, though it has been less noted, than his love for little children.

No one, I think, who knew Mr. Beecher at all intimately ever doubted his sincerity. He never pretended; I do not think he had the capacity to carry a pretense out to a successful issue. He practiced what he preached; and he was powerful as a preacher primarily because his preaching was the sincere and simple expression of himself. His literal interpretation of Christ's teaching concerning the forgiveness of enemies has been often ridiculed as impossible. To many men I doubt not that it is impossible; to him it was natural. Some year or two after his public trial, Mr. Moulton, whose treachery had first deceived him as to the facts, and then betrayed him into writing those letters which were the only ground on which any suspicion against him was based, became involved in financial difficulties. With moistened eyes, Mr. Beecher said to me, "I wish I could help him; I would gladly loan him the money to extricate himself, but I suppose I could not. He would not understand it, — no one would understand it." And he was right. No one would have understood it. The humor, the imagination, the righteous indignation, the pleading, forgiving love of Mr. Beecher were none of them assumed or excited for a purpose; none of them belonged to the platform or the pulpit. They were his very self.

I lean back in my chair. I close my

eyes. The years that have elapsed are erased. I am sitting in the gallery pew. It is 1858. A Southern slaveholder is at my side. The preacher has declared, as he often did, that he has no will to interfere with slavery in the states; no wish to stir up insurrection and discontent in the slave. Thereupon he pictures the discontented slave escaping; portrays him stealthily creeping out from his log cabin at night; seeking a shelter in the swamp; feeding on its roots and berries; pursued by baying bloodhounds; making his way toward liberty, the North Star his only guide; reaching the banks of the Ohio River; crossing it to find the Fugitive Slave Law spread like a net to catch him. And I see the fugitive, and hear the hounds, and my own heart beats with his hopes and fears; and then the preacher cries, "Has he a right to flee? If he were my son and did not seek liberty I would write across his name, Dis-owned," and he writes it with his finger as he speaks, and I see the letters of flaming fire; and the slaveholder at my side catches his breath while he nods an involuntary assent; and as we walk out together, he says, "I could not agree with all he said, but it was great, and he is a good man."

Yes. He was a good man and a great one. Not infallible. Not faultless. But in his love for God and his love for his fellow men a good man; in his interpretation of the nature of God and the duty of man to God and to his fellow man great. with a clearness of vision and a courage in application which not many of us attain.

Lyman Abbott.

STRANGE RHYMES.

ON a day of prisoning pain
 Came the Muse to me again.
 What a poet-prince is Time,
 Making Muse and pain to rhyme!

In my hour of loss supreme
 Came — what men would call a dream;
 Yet that dream, by day and night,
 Still has been my pillared light.

In my sharpest agony
 Came a healing balm to me
 So divine that it sufficed:
 Came the vision of the Christ.

Marion Pelton Guild.

PIUS X. AND HIS TASK.

ON the 4th of August the piazza in front of St. Peter's basilica was filled with people, restlessly waiting. A cardinal stepped forth on the balcony over the middle door of the church, and said, "I bring you a great joy; we have a pope."

As the memory, prompted by some handbook on papal history, wanders over a list of two or three hundred popes, some disposition to a cynical elevation of the brows comes over the indifferent hearer of this news, and he accepts the cardinal's words as an old form, borrowed from the speech of the angel at Christ's Nativity, and he calls to mind, as the cynically indifferent do, the doctrines of Christ, and speculates upon their connection with the Holy Catholic Church Apostolic and Roman, which has endured, some say, ever since that preaching. If he continues to ruminate or to read his handbook, he can hardly escape the conclusion, either that the Church was created by a special act of creation, or that she exists because she has adapted herself to the

needs of men. If he balk at this conclusion, then he must re-read his papal biographies, with a profound sense of the tyrannical ability which that long line of men must have possessed, in order to foist on Europe and her dependencies an ecclesiastical system not suited to their needs, and to maintain it in the face of bitter opposition.

Probably there is less prejudice at present against the Roman Catholic Church than at any time since the Reformation, for the general waning of interest in dogmatic Christianity has softened the hearts of Protestants, and Leo XIII., by his blameless life, by his endeavor after the blessedness of the peacemakers, and by the serene dignity of his old age, persuaded the Protestant world that if his life were the fruit of popery, then popery could not be altogether bad. To the Catholic Church, however, Protestant opinion is of no great consequence; to her it is immaterial whether there be Protestant preju-

dice or not, unless that prejudice take an active form inimical to the Church. She has her own commandments to keep. She believes that she was founded by God the Son, and was charged by Him to keep the truth, which He had divinely revealed, and to teach it to all men throughout the world. She believes that He watches over her, as the means that shall bring all men unto Him. Therefore we outsiders, in our own eyes serenely unprejudiced, ought to remember that Catholic action must be judged primarily from its effect on the Catholic Church and not from its effect upon Protestant opinion. More especially ought we to remember this, because to Protestants the Catholic Church is essentially a political body, whereas to Catholics it is essentially a religious body.

The new pontiff is the head of a spiritual body which is charged with an immense spiritual responsibility toward its members, therefore the problems that await him are chiefly spiritual. Nevertheless, outsiders are somewhat justified in giving greater attention to his opinions on politics than to his opinions on religion, because history has made the Church a political body, and, at least from a worldly point of view, the political situation of the papacy requires immediate action, whereas spiritual matters may be by the Church, as by us all, indefinitely postponed. Certainly Pius X. will be obliged to express political opinions very soon; even the strict maintenance of his predecessor's policy will be such an expression. Those opinions may be more or less conservative; they cannot be liberal, as we use the word. A pope is so bound by the nature of his office that he cannot be aught but conservative. His service is to conserve. In theory, he is an autocrat; in fact, he is fenced in and padlocked by a hundred restraints. The nature of the Church prevents any turning to right or left from the great road that has been marked out by long laborious centuries. The Church that suc-

ceeded to the Roman Empire cannot leave its course at the bidding of one man, its intricate machinery can act only in certain definite ways; the confessional, the celibacy of the clergy, the concentration of power in Rome, the Religious Orders, keep the mighty wheels in their grooves. Age has given a propulsion and momentum which are of necessity tyrannical; no one pontiff can devise a brake; for instance, no pope could abolish the confessional or the veneration of images. The Church also is Latin. Her foundations rest on ancient Rome, — the character of Cato, the genius of Cæsar helped set those foundation stones in place, — and she is in the main, humanly speaking, the handiwork of the Italian race. She is Latin in the definiteness of her creed, in her dislike of uncertainty, in her acceptance of the tenet that power should descend from the *imperator*, not rise from the people. The Pope could not change this Latin inheritance, even if he should wish; he could not remove his seat from Rome, he could not establish a representative government. Universal respect and reverence for tradition and habit, for antique custom and hoary ideas, would override the papal mandate, or rather would stifle it before issue.

* The Church also is well-nigh universal. She embraces Italy, France, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, Ireland, nearly half Germany, Austria and Hungary, many millions in the United States and Russia, in South and Central America, Mexico, the Province of Quebec, the West Indies, Australia, and in parts of Africa and Asia. She counts her children to the number of two hundred and fifty millions, and almost all are of European race. In her constituent parts is a motley company: old families of England, Irish cotters, Spanish bigots, American artisans, Sicilian peasants, the Faubourg St. Germain, Poles, Copts, and Filipinos. It needs no more to make us understand not only the impotence of one man to budge such an empire from its predeter-

mined course, but also how impossible it would be for the Church to discard politics entirely, and devote herself solely to the spiritual life. The Church and the state are the soul and the body. For reasons of history, of ethnology, of expediency, papal action must be slow, considerate, circumspect; Roman Catholics make one body ecclesiastical, but politically they are divided into dozens of separate governments, suspicious, jealous, inimical, and therefore the diplomacy of the Church is most difficult, requiring the utmost skill, patience, and tact. No wonder that Cardinal Sarto felt an immense reluctance to accept this imperial burden.

The pole star of papal policy must always be to prevent schism. In a body so large and so constituted there is always a latent tendency to disunion. Ecclesiastical unity is the fundamental article of the Catholic political creed that all who believe in the divine revelation of Christ should belong to one church "holding the unity of the faith in the bond of truth;" but the good of unity like every other great good can be bought only at a great price. The price of ecclesiastical unity is that wariness and circumspection, that slowness and temporizing, which Protestants are wont to cast as a reproach against the Catholic Church. For example, the Church cannot disregard national differences. A French pope could not be chosen without danger of defection if not of schism in Germany; in fact, the election of any one not an Italian would herald storms and revolutionary dangers. Schism is no phantom danger. It was not impossible that Bismarck should have effected a separation of the German church from the Holy See by means of the *Kulturkampf*; it was not impossible for the Irish church to have seceded, had Leo XIII. been brought into more violent collision with the home-rulers. Even now there is the *Los von Rom* movement in Austria. Pius X., like his predecessors, is not free to withdraw

to his closet and to contemplation, nor to confine his attention to ecclesiastical administration and things spiritual; he must be a statesman; he must keep constant watch on the political purposes of every government in Europe, and be on the alert to oppose, to obstruct, to check, to hinder, to delay, all those which are hostile to the Church.

It is obvious, therefore, that the new Pope is confined, by the nature of the Church and of his office, a prisoner in an ideal Vatican; but as we should not exaggerate, also we should not underestimate, his real freedom of action. He is free in certain matters. For instance, he has complete freedom to deal with that most familiar but by no means most important of papal political questions, the temporal power. Here he is free because his temporal power is a matter which does not really affect the Church. It is but an affair of secular dignity, a trapping, which touches neither the life nor the health of a religious body. Whether Pius X. adhere to the claim upon the ancient papal domain, or altogether renounce that claim, there will be no schism, no revolution, no defection, no commotion; the Church will not heed; she moves on majestic, indifferent to the changing titles to principalities or kingdoms, whether they be her own or another's. Catholics who desire the restoration of the temporal power are not three in a hundred; they are certain members of the papal Curia, some enthusiastic Irishmen, a few score youthful priests and students in seminaries, a scattered noblesse, old and new, whose conservative tastes prefer that the tiara be in fact a temporal crown. To be sure, many Catholic prelates have followed the Vatican in expressing their belief in the benefit to the Church to be derived from a restoration; they have full confidence in the wisdom of the Vatican; it would be neither loyal nor deferential in them to dissent; but should the Vatican change its policy under Pius X., there is no reason to suppose that those

prelates would fail to be impressed by the new arguments put forward, or scant their loyalty to the new policy.

Why has the Vatican been so strongly set in favor of this temporal restoration? One reason undoubtedly is the immense conservatism of the Church. She knows that her strength lies in her conservatism, in her fixedness, in her clinging to the past, in her refusal "with the remover to remove." She has her dominion in deep unreasoning feelings of the human heart; she aspires to be the symbol and likeness of that which abideth and doth not change. She cannot lightly forego any great tradition; all her great traditions affect one another, and if one breaks, the others, in appearance at least, are weaker. The temporal power was older than the time of Charlemagne, and Catholics received it as an article of belief that this immunity from the jurisdiction of a secular power was the means which Providence had chosen for the maintenance of its Divine Church. Seven centuries, — the period of triumphant Christianity, of the Church fathers, of the œcumenical councils before the eastern schisms, the period of the exaltation of the Bishop of Rome over other bishops, the golden ages of the faith, — all passed before the establishing of temporal power. Thirty-three years have passed since that temporal power was taken away. Both Church and papacy are stronger now than they were at the fall of Rome, and it is become plain that if that power has been in the past a divine means for the preservation of the Church, it is not now an indispensable means. Nevertheless the argument that Rome, the abode of the pontiff, the meeting-place of the great committees which control ecclesiastical affairs, ought to be upon neutral ground does not lack plausibility. The Church deals with most momentous affairs in every land, and each Catholic nation has a just claim to security that no other nation shall bring improper pressure to bear on the Church government. There

should be no possible color for German, French, or Spanish suspicion that the Italian government exercises any influence whatever over the Church. Ought not the Church, therefore, as Archbishop Ireland has suggested, to have a district, like the District of Columbia, free from any jurisdiction but its own? This moral right to security of papal impartiality is a perfectly satisfactory answer to the Italian claim that the Pope should accept the pecuniary indemnity offered by the Italian government after it had seized Rome; for some men might have believed that a pensioner would not be absolutely indifferent toward the hand that fed and had power to withhold.

The papal argument, however, has a weak point. It assumes that the papacy might suffer itself to become the tool of the Italian government, or at least that men might think so. If such papal weakness is possible, if the character of the Pope does not guarantee to Christendom the integrity of papal action, then there is not merely danger from the Italian government, but from every government within whose jurisdiction the Church exists. What is to prevent France or Germany from exerting political pressure on the Church? Has not Germany done so? Does not France do so now? This danger differs in degree, as in one case the secular wrong is aimed at the head of the Church, in the other at her members, but it does not differ in kind. If the Italian government shall seek simoniacally to influence the Pope, as its subject, either he will submit, just as, humanly speaking, he might accept a bribe from Russia, or he will cry out and resist, just as Leo XIII. resisted the May laws in Germany and the anti-clerical legislation in France. If there be danger of such monstrous simony there will be opportunity in abundance without the need of geographical proximity. Moreover one cannot be insensible to the fact that the fears which may exist in Christendom lest Italy should exert un-

due pressure on the Vatican find far louder expression in the Vatican than elsewhere in the world. And why is there not an outcry against the Right of Exclusion which Austria, France, and Spain may exercise in the conclave of cardinals against the candidate who but for that secular bar would become the Vicar of Christ on earth? Is not this lay interference in the choice of the head of the Church as serious as any that can readily be imagined?

It was natural enough that Pius IX., who was not a statesman, should have been terribly bewildered by the revolutions in Italy, and angry at the robbery, as he deemed, of his God-given domain; it was likewise natural that Leo XIII., in part out of respect for the memory of Pius IX., in part from the still fresh indignation of the Curia, in part because his own life at Perugia had been spent in the strife between secular and ecclesiastical powers, should have continued the policy of protest. But now that a new generation has grown up, it would be perfectly open to Pius X. to adapt himself to the political reconstruction of Italy. Leo XIII. set a most significant precedent in his letter urging the French people to be loyal to the Republic. The civil constitution of states may change from year to year, and an enduring Church must not bind itself to any one form of political institution. But the boldness of a complete renunciation of all claim to temporal power is not to be expected. His Holiness has already given sundry intimations that he will follow his predecessor's policy; he did not bless the Roman people from the balcony of St. Peter's, he did not announce his election to the Italian government, and he is reported to have said that the Vatican and its gardens have become his world. Nevertheless official non-intercourse may be maintained, and yet by little acts of friendliness a kindly relation between the Vatican and the Quirinal may be established; and this there is reason to ex-

pect because Pius X. has been on friendly terms with the House of Savoy, and has lived his life away from the susceptible and irritable Roman Curia, among the quiet canals and ancient traditions of Venice, and not the least important of Venetian traditions is that of stiff-necked independence toward the Vatican. It is said that the Pope is bound by his oath of office not to relinquish any claims of the Church, but the renouncement of the claim to the old Papal States is hardly more than an extension of the principle embodied in the thirteenth article of the Concordat made between Pius VII. and Napoleon, by which the Pope agreed not to disturb the purchasers of ecclesiastical property which had been seized and sold by the French government during the French Revolution.

The papal claim to Rome vexes the Italian government, for it keeps alive the fear that foreign nations may interfere to restore the Pope, but it does not trouble Italian Catholics as much as is supposed; it may be doubted whether the consciences torn by a divided duty between the papacy and patriotism number many hundreds. The great majority of Italian Catholics belong to two classes, those who are really devoted children of the Church, and those who profess themselves to be such; but both are resolute against restoring the temporal power to the Church, and never waver in their opinion that Rome must belong to the kingdom and not to the papacy. Those lovers of Italy, however, who are most in sympathy with the national sentiment which effected the unity of Italy must remember that to the world the Roman Catholic Church is far more important than the Italian kingdom, and that if there were a doubt whether the Church or the kingdom would derive the greater advantage from the possession of Rome, that doubt should be resolved in favor of the Church.

A far more intricate question before the Vatican is the course to pursue in

France. Matters there show how impossible it is for the Church to abstain wholly from politics. The theory of the complete separation of church and state, wholly modern, receives its strongest support from the practical difficulties of administration; in a Catholic country these difficulties are increased because the head of the church is not the head of the state, and members of the church may find their duties, as such members, clash with their duties as citizens. France has no official religion, but the overwhelming majority of her citizens are Roman Catholic, and in the budget of public worship the appropriation of 40,000,000 francs goes almost entirely to the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore the connection between church and state is very close.

The present troubles are somewhat complicated. After the attempt to abolish religious worship in France during the Revolution, Napoleon, then First Consul, made the Concordat of 1801 with Pius VII., under which, with sundry interruptions and modifications, France and the papacy have lived ever since. The first article provided that the Roman Catholic religion should be freely exercised in France, but of the Religious Orders which have been the objects of anti-clerical attack no mention was made. The beginnings of the present clerical oppression began with Gambetta, and his example was followed in 1880 and 1881 by M. de Freycinet and M. Jules Ferry, who took drastic measures against the teaching Orders. The schools and colleges of these Orders were closed, many establishments of the Jesuits, Carmelites, and Barnabites were broken up, and many of the brethren left the country. The motives of the government were various. Its supporters thought that the Church as a body aided and abetted the enemies of the Republic, — Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, — and they believed that a body which received its orders from a foreign head could not be and was not patriotic. They also thought

that it was unjust for the Religious Orders to receive the privileges of citizenship without sharing its burdens; for instance, the brethren were exempt from military service, and in certain districts pious judges had adjudged them exempt from the general income tax on the grounds that where there were no dividends there could be no income, and where there were vows of poverty there could be no taxable estate. The government was sustained in the general elections, but the agitation subsided, and the Religious Orders were suffered in a measure to return to their old ways until M. Waldeck-Rousseau came back to the attack in 1900. The premier and his cabinet depended on the support of Radicals and Socialists, who entertained very hostile feelings against the Church and especially against the Religious Orders, and he himself no doubt believed these Orders were not patriotic. He said of them that they “under the specious veil of a religious institution tend to introduce into the state a political corporation, the object of which is first to arrive at complete independence, and then to usurp all authority.” He denounced the great accumulation of ecclesiastical property; it was an economic harm to the country, he said in exaggerated figures, that a billion of francs should be taken out of free circulation, and held tight in the dead hand of the Church. His government took the position that France could not tolerate two wholly different kinds of education, one based on science and the principles of the French Revolution, the other on scholastic and mediæval notions and on the unpatriotic teaching that the first duty of a citizen is not to France but to a foreign power. The Chamber of Deputies supported the government, the anti-clerical legislation of 1901 was passed, and the Religious Orders were expelled from France. It is true that the law allows the Orders to ask for charters from the government, but the effect of receiving such a charter is to subject the Order to

secular inspection, and in substance to the authority of the state instead of to the authority of the Church. The Church refused its sanction to a course of submission.

The immediate cause of these attacks was political, but underneath there appears to be justification for the accusation of the Catholics that the government wishes to make France a non-Christian country, in the sense that it wishes to stop all religious teaching and to destroy the bonds that bind the Catholic to his Church. The present *président du conseil*, M. Combes, is likewise strongly anti-clerical. He takes the position that when the French government nominates candidates for the episcopate, the Pope must invest them as a matter of course, and, irritated by clerical opposition, he goes so far as to hint at breaking the Concordat. The government represents the Chamber of Deputies, but it is said that the Chamber does not represent the nation, for the peasants, who are pious Catholics, do not understand the suffrage, and stay away from the polls. In some parts of France, as in Brittany, when the schools of the Religious Orders were closed, great feeling was shown, and in one or two cases military officers refused to obey orders. Certainly the anti-clerical measures are very severe. Practically all private schools are closed, parents are not allowed to send their sons to schools in which they think morals will be better tended, where religion and such subjects as they may wish will be taught; all men alike must submit their sons to the secular instruction of the public schools. The Religious Orders, too, are associated with all the works of charity, — care of the old and infirm, tending of orphans, healing the sick, — and are bound by ties of intimacy, friendship, and love with thousands of families.

What can Pius X. do to better the Catholic cause in France? Shall he protest, following Leo's example, or shall he

advise submission to the demands of the state? Shall he attempt to organize a Catholic party, or rely on gentle suasion? Perhaps it might be better for the Church to let the French government abolish the Concordat. The bishops and clergy would then depend solely on the offerings of their flocks, and the Church would be free from secular coercion. On one occasion M. Waldeck-Rousseau deprived an archbishop and several bishops of a year's salary, as punishment for a letter which criticised the government. It is not likely that the Pope will submit to what he believes an endeavor to eradicate Christianity from France. It would not be fair to desert the Religious Orders, whose main object is to promote the interests of the Church, since he believes that those interests and the spiritual interests of men are one and inseparable. One cannot glance over the history of the papacy for the last hundred years without thinking it likely that the Church will find means to retrieve her position in France. Her opportunity may come there, as it well may in the rest of Europe, out of the general need for an antidote to the materialism of successful socialism; then perhaps she may persuade leaders of men that religion even mingled with superstition, if that qualification please them, is more necessary to the laboring classes than municipal ownership of the means of production or the equal division of the fruits of labor. All things may come to the church that waits.

The political task before the papacy in Spain is somewhat similar to that in France, except that there the Church has successfully defended herself. The government attempted to imitate the anti-clerical legislation of France, and threatened to enforce a decree requiring all Religious Congregations to apply to the state for charters under pain of dispersion; but not only is Catholicism stronger there than in France, and the Spanish government weaker than the French govern-

ment, but also Leo XIII., who had great influence because he was always a friend and strong support to the Queen Regent and the young King, took a firm stand. He offered to discuss the question of authorization, but only on condition that every demand from a Religious Congregation for a charter should be granted. The government, facing Socialists, Carlists, and a threatened political Catholic Union, and well aware of the insecurity of the throne, had not the courage to press the anti-clerical measures, and they have been suffered to rest uninforced. The success of Catholic opposition in Spain, in contrast with its failure in France, serves to illustrate the need of diverse diplomatic methods, — here to yield, there to resist, — and also shows the extreme difficulties in the way of papal diplomacy.

In Germany different problems exist. The growth of the Socialist party is certainly a movement toward the rejection of any political interference from the Church, and though the clerical party, the Centre, which numbers 102 out of 397 members, is the largest party in the Reichstag, and of great parliamentary importance, nevertheless the writing on the wall indicates that the political future of Germany will be in the hands of the Socialists, and therefore it behooves the Church to consider what attitude she shall take when that time comes. Leo XIII., faithful to the conservatism of the Church, was strongly in favor of private property, and denounced both state and municipal socialism, yet he set a course which would justify Pius X. in permitting and even in encouraging Catholics to become Socialists, so long as that party refrained from attacking the Church. It is not likely that the three million voters of the Socialists are all agreed on an exact socialist platform; some insist on the doctrines of Marx, but probably all unite solely in their opposition to the military system, to a protective tariff, and to certain ideas of the imperial gov-

ernment, and there may well be many who would prefer Christian Democracy, divorced from politics, to a material socialism. Leo's words in his encyclical of January 18, 1901, on Christian Democracy represent a widespread feeling: "It is the opinion of some, and the error is already very common, that the social question is merely an economic one, whereas, in point of fact, it is above all a moral and religious matter, and for that reason must be settled by the principles of morality and according to the dictates of religion. For even though wages are doubled, and the hours of labor are shortened, and food is cheapened, yet if the workingman hearkens to the doctrines that are taught on this subject, as he is prone to do, and is prompted by the examples set before him to throw off respect for God and to enter upon a life of immorality, his labors and his gain will avail him naught."

In spite of Leo's categorical denunciation of public ownership of the means of production, his immense sympathy with the laboring classes directed Catholic policy toward the general goal of socialism, — to secure for those classes a larger share and a sweeter enjoyment of earth's abundance, — and leaves Catholics free to treat the goal as of more importance than the particular means by which it may be attained. In his encyclical on the condition of the working classes, Leo said: "If we turn now to things external and corporeal, the first concern of all is to save the poor workers from the cruelty of greedy speculators, who use human beings as mere instruments for money-making. It is neither just nor human so to grind men down with excessive labor as to stupefy their minds and wear out their bodies. . . . Daily labor, therefore, should be so regulated as not to be protracted over longer hours than strength admits. How many and how long the intervals of rest should be must depend on the nature of the work, on circumstances of time and place,

and on the health and strength of the workman. Those who work in mines and quarries and extract coal, stone and metals from the bowels of the earth should have shorter hours in proportion as their labor is more severe and trying to health. Then, again, the season of the year should be taken into account. . . . Finally, work which is quite suitable for a strong man cannot reasonably be required from a woman or a child. And, in regard to children, great care should be taken not to place them in workshops and factories until their bodies and minds are sufficiently developed. For just as very rough weather destroys the bud of spring, so does too early an experience of life's hard toil blight the young promise of a child's faculties and render any true education impossible. Women, again, are not suited for certain occupations; a woman is by nature fitted for home work, and it is that which is best adapted at once to preserve her modesty and to promote the good bringing up of children and the well-being of the family. As a general principle it may be laid down that a workman ought to have leisure and rest proportionate to the wear and tear of his strength; for waste of strength must be repaired by cessation from hard work."

The German policy of Pius X. must aim to prevent socialism from becoming a rival and an enemy to the Church, and the way is indicated by the encyclical just quoted. On the one hand, there is no fundamental reason why socialists should not be Catholics, and on the other hand, there is the fundamental teaching of the New Testament that Christians should incline toward socialism. The difficulty lies in getting the stiff joints of the conservative Church to bend with the changing attitude of public opinion. The present pontiff, always interested in good works, will, of his nature, help the laboring classes all he can, but a triumphant Social Democracy, once in possession of the empire, may be hard to manage.

In Austria Pius X. has to face the *Los von Rom* movement, which is a secession from the Holy See by a part of the German population, more especially in Bohemia, undertaken apparently for the sake of recommending the seceders to the sympathies of the German Empire, and of preparing their way to political incorporation with that empire on the anticipated downfall of Austria. In Hungary, too, there is a strong sentiment against the Vatican on account of its hostility to the Triple Alliance and of its opposition to certain liberal legislation, of which one of the provisions was to make civil marriage compulsory.

These matters, not to mention many others, are most intricate and difficult, and require great tact and diplomacy on the part of a power which cannot resort to force. Leo was a great political leader, and, though men from different points of view pass different judgments on his career, he was on the whole very successful; it remains to be seen whether Pius X., who bears the reputation of a Christian priest, and has received little or no political training, will be able to hold the tiller with equal skill and success. Certainly it is easy to sympathize with the new pontiff under the load of his great responsibility. Uneasy lies the head that wears the triple crown.

Interesting as papal politics are, they are but the action of the Church on national bodies corporate, which have no souls. The life and vigor of the Church does not consist in them, but in her relations with her individual members, with the countless multitudes who lead laborious lives, recklessly or heedfully plodding on among the rough temptations that beset their way. Here is the domain of faith and morals, here is the true empire of the Church, the source of her power, and the justification of her existence. In the matter of faith her central idea is fixedness. The Church by her most essential personality is steadfast; she will hand on the faith such as she has

received it, not in the spirit only, but in the letter also, unabated by the loss of one jot or tittle. Such she conceives her duty as the depositary of truth. Leo XIII. authorized a consideration and study of biblical criticism, yet he lays down the basic laws for scholars that "nothing can be proved either by physical science or archæology which can really contradict the Scriptures," and that they must hold the truth of Holy Scripture to be irrefutable. The Church's first law is to remain literally faithful to the end. How literal is that fidelity with respect to what she believes is the word of God is shown by the famous case of St. George Mivart. He, a distinguished man of science, in two leading English reviews, *The Fortnightly* and *The Nineteenth Century*, published his opinions on certain passages of the Old Testament, and stated that educated Catholics no longer believe that the Bible is literally inspired throughout. This declaration was a blunt challenge to the Church to state her position. Cardinal Vaughan attempted to persuade Mivart to retract, and meeting refusal, wrote him a letter in which he demanded subscription to this article of faith: —

"In accordance with the holy Councils of Trent and of the Vatican, I receive all the books of the Old and New Testament with all their parts as set forth in the Fourth Session of the Council of Trent and contained in the ancient Latin edition of the Vulgate, as sacred and canonical, and I firmly believe and profess that the said scriptures are sacred and canonical, — not because, having been carefully composed by mere human industry, they were afterward approved by the Church's authority, nor merely because they contain revelation with no admixture of error; but because, having been written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their Author, and have been delivered as such to the Church herself. Wherefore, in all matters of faith or morals appertaining to

the building up of Christian doctrine, I believe that to be the true sense of Holy Scripture which our Holy Mother the Church has held and now holds, to whom the judgment of the true sense and interpretation of the Holy Scripture belongs.

"I firmly believe and profess that the doctrine of faith which God has revealed has not been proposed like a philosophical invention to be perfected by human ingenuity, but has been delivered as a Divine deposit to the Spouse of Christ, to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared, and that, therefore, that meaning of the sacred dogmas is to be perpetually retained which our Holy Mother the Church has once declared, and that that meaning can never be departed from, under the pretense or pretext of a deeper comprehension of them. I reject as false and heretical the assertion that it is possible at some time, according to the progress of science, to give to doctrines propounded by the Church a sense different from that which the Church has understood and understands, and consequently that the sense and meaning of her doctrines can ever be in the course of time practically explained away or reversed."

Mivart replied: "It is now evident that a vast and impassable abyss yawns between Catholic dogma and science, and no man with ordinary knowledge can henceforth join the communion of the Roman Catholic Church if he correctly understands what its principles and its teaching really are." He refused to subscribe, and the cardinal excommunicated him. The declaration of faith demanded was not new; it followed the doctrine laid down by Leo XIII. in his encyclical known as *Providentissimus Deus*, issued in 1893. The Pope said: "It is absolutely wrong and forbidden, either to narrow inspiration to certain parts only of Holy Scripture, or to admit that the sacred writer has erred. For the system of those who, in order to rid themselves of these difficulties, do not hesitate to concede that Divine in-

spiration regards the things of faith and morals, and nothing beyond, because (as they wrongly think) in a question of the truth or falsehood of a passage, we should consider not so much what God has said as the reason and purpose which He had in mind in saying it — this system cannot be tolerated. For all the books which the Church receives as sacred and canonical are written wholly and entirely, with all their parts, at the dictation of the Holy Ghost; and so far is it from being possible that any error can coexist with inspiration, that inspiration not only is essentially incompatible with error, but excludes and rejects it as absolutely and necessarily as it is impossible that God himself, the supreme truth, can utter that which is not true.

“This is the ancient and unchanging faith of the Church, solemnly defined in the Councils of Florence and of Trent, and finally confirmed and more expressly formulated by the Council of the Vatican. . . . Hence because the Holy Ghost employed men as His instruments, we cannot therefore say that it was these inspired instruments who, perchance, had fallen into error, and not the primary Author. For, by supernatural power, He so moved and impelled them to write — He was so present to them — that the things which He ordered, and those only, they, first, rightly understood, then willed faithfully to write down, and finally expressed in apt words and with infallible truth. Otherwise it could not be said that He was the author of the entire Scripture. . . . It follows that those who maintain that an error is possible in any genuine passage of the sacred writings either pervert the Catholic notion of inspiration, or make God the author of such error.”

This pronouncement was delivered by Leo XIII. *ex cathedra*. It concerns the Roman Catholic faith, and as such, in consequence of the dogma of infallibility, even if it had not been taken from decrees of the Councils of Trent and of

the Vatican, would be an authoritative and final statement. As such, of course, it is binding on Pius X. Nevertheless it is one thing to have a dogma on the statute book, another to enforce it. In France opinions similar to those entertained by Mivart are expressed without fear. M. Léon Chaine¹ says: “The great error has been to find in the Bible that which could not be in it and is not in it. The Bible, inspired as it is, is not a treatise upon astronomy or the natural sciences. . . . Some have triumphed a little noisily over certain recent discoveries, because these discoveries have done away with certain contradictions that seemed to exist between the Bible and science. This does not prevent it from being highly unwise to consider all the contents of the Holy Scripture inspired. A school, at the head of which in France is Mgr. d’Hulst, and of which at present Mgr. Le Camus, Bishop of La Rochelle, is one of the most learned representatives, puts a distinct limitation upon the inspiration of the Bible. . . . One may remain attached to orthodoxy without believing that the world was created exactly 4004 years before Jesus Christ, without believing in the story of the apple in the garden of Eden, or in that of the devil tempting in the disguise of a serpent, . . . in the tumbling of the walls of Jericho at the sound of trumpets, the sun stopping at the voice of Joshua, Balaam’s ass speaking, or yet in Jonah’s traveling in the belly of a whale.”

M. Chaine is writing in defense of the oppressed Catholics, and uses arguments likely to affect the French public in favor of the Church. In England, on the contrary, St. George Mivart challenged the Church; he forced the issue; she did not flinch, and no doubt in a similar case she would again deny her rites to a contumacious heretic. But those who are willing to give up the Church for the sake of disbelieving in the tower of Babel, in Jonah

¹ Les Catholiques Français et leurs Difficultés actuelles, pp. 161–175. 1903.

and the whale, in Joshua's stopping the sun, are exceedingly few. Those who trouble themselves about what they style a monstrous demand on credulity are the outsiders.

It cannot be too firmly insisted that the alleged conflict of science with the dogmas of the Church is not a matter of consequence to members of the Church; some of the educated deny the conflict, some have separate departments in their minds for experience and for divinity, some shrug their shoulders, the great mass of Catholics pass on ignorant and indifferent. The attitude of the Church is a logical consequence of the dogmas, that she has received the truth, that she is its interpreter. Neither Pius X. nor any other pope can alter the Church's position.

During the last fifty years knowledge has increased more than in any half century of recorded time. Astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, psychology have developed beyond all hope, and in consequence of these discoveries many educated men in every country in Europe, as well as here, became materialists and atheists. The Roman Catholic Church during those fifty years has declared the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary a dogma of faith, she has asserted the infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith and morals, she has reaffirmed the doctrines of the Council of Trent, and repeated the theories of Thomas Aquinas, and to-day she stands higher in the estimation of mankind, of the educated as well as of the ignorant, than she did before the great illumination of science. Her dogmas have not hindered her, perhaps they have helped her. This steadfastness is the great distinction of the Catholic Church. Protestant churches become rationalistic, following in their own halting fashion, and at a very respectful distance, what they deem the conclusions of science, but the Roman Catholic Church, endowed with a vital principle of her own, develops in her own theology, unswerving under alien

influence, embodying in fresh form some truth which she believes was revealed to the Apostles.

At the present time, however, no question of dogma needs to be settled; there is no dispute in the Church over any tenet, and it is wholly beyond probability that Pius X. should think of holding an Ecumenical Council, or of declaring a new dogma. A priest who has passed his life in the dead little city of Venice, doing good to the poor, will be far more likely to fix his mind on the virtues of conduct, and on obedience to the commandment made to the Apostle, and through that Apostle, as he believes, directly to him, "Simon, son of Jonas lovest thou me, . . . feed my sheep."

Certainly, the duty of the Church to assist men in their spiritual struggles is now and always has been her first duty, for the duty to preserve the faith is but a means to that end. Dogma has no significance except as a rod and staff to the spiritual pilgrim. The new pontiff must ask himself, "Does the Church help her children in all reasonable ways, in all possible ways, to be better men, to forsake lower pleasures and emotions for higher and nobler feelings?" Here is the real task before him. In the practical business of reigning, of administering the Church, he is free to act according to his will, so far as the nature of a gigantic task can leave a man free; here is his great opportunity. The question of temporal power is but a speck of dust compared to the immense importance of able and upright administration. Yet, what can one man do with a thousand bishops and a hundred thousand priests?

In the first place the Pope has the power to appoint cardinals. At present the Sacred College is nearly full, but the cardinals are old men, and it is likely that Pius X. will have frequent opportunity of appointment. That body, respectable enough, cannot be said to be composed of very eminent men. It is unworthy of the Church to have forty

cardinals from little places in Italy, and but one to represent the United States and one to represent England. The Pope certainly would not run the risk of leaving the Italian cardinals without a working majority, but that body should be composed of the most virtuous, dignified, able, and intellectual priests in the whole Church. The appointments to the cardinalate of Lavigerie in France, of Manning in England, of Gibbons in the United States, were equal to great victories for the Church. A resolute pontiff could make the politics of the Vatican of consequence to every government in the world by the appointment of the proper cardinals.

The Pope has the right to invest bishops, and though he appoints, by agreement or by custom, candidates nominated to him, nevertheless directly or indirectly he has immense power over the hierarchy, and can make the Church a career for virtue and talents. That the standard of the bishops should be raised, at least in certain portions of the world, can hardly be doubted; for if the bishops were what they might be, the priests would be on the average of somewhat higher type. One may well regard with admiration the general faithfulness to their trust displayed by an immense multitude of priests, and feel sure that a Father Damien is no rare exception, and yet one may also think that the standard of intelligence among the priesthood in various corners of the world might be raised, and that more priests might have a deep sense of the tremendous responsibility that accompanies their power. It may be added that a little knowledge of hygiene would not diminish any priest's influence for good. The parish priest is the material out of which the Roman Church is made; by him, and not by pope and cardinals, is the Church to be judged. He need not be much better or wiser than his flock in order to be qualified to lead them and help them, but he must be a little better, a little wiser. His life is

hard, his opportunities are great; in his hands lies the future of the Church of Rome. One cannot hope that educated men will be ready to sacrifice their lives and live among peasants, but a little broader education, an education that would bring them into contact with the earth beneath as well as with the heaven above, might be required. It surely would be possible to diminish ignorance in the priesthood, and to check an extreme readiness to call upon the special interposition of Providence to the exclusion of those instruments of grace specially sanctioned by Providence, — intelligence and knowledge. Priests might be better instructed than, when a fire breaks out in a village and threatens every house, to walk up and down in front of the conflagration with litanies and censers and get in the way of the water-buckets.

The pontiff has a great opportunity for immense service in raising the character and the education of the priesthood. The priests, however, are the Church's hands to succor and uplift, to encourage and strengthen, to carry spiritual life to the people, and the best instruction they can receive must remain the Christian doctrines. The gospel of Christ was to bring peace on earth, to turn men away from the individual struggle for existence, and persuade them to union, that side by side they should subdue nature and struggle against the brutal inheritances which bar the way to the Kingdom of God. The Church has not always preached peace, but under Leo XIII. she walked in the true way. He strove to the best of his power to prevent war between nations, and also to prevent as well as to soften that civil struggle between masters and laborers, which resembles war in brutality, knavery, lies, and hypocrisy. Here the Church has declared herself for reason and conciliation. Used to old ways, accustomed to the old order, she was naturally inclined to take the side of the masters, but under the generous-hearted Leo she has pronounced her compassion for

the downtrodden and oppressed, and proclaimed herself the protector of the poor and unfortunate.

In the world's weary endeavor after peace, between nation and nation, between master and laborer, between man and man, the Church may do very much; as a cosmopolitan society, she can sympathize with American and Spaniard, with Englishman and Russian, with German and Frenchman; having children in every rank and condition of society, she can be indifferent between rich and poor; with

her great age, her far-away beliefs, her unworldly standards, she can be just between man and man. She can be the great peacemaker, and if Pius X. and his successors shall be able to increase her influence for peace and the brotherhood of men, as no doubt they will endeavor to do, they may be sure that after the empires of Austria, England, Germany, and Russia shall have passed away, the papacy will still remain, because she will have again proved that she serves mankind.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

AIR AND EARTH.

"IN London the first man one meets will put any high dream out of one's head, for he will talk to one of something at once vapid and exciting, some one of those many subjects of thought that build up our social unity." It is significant of Mr. Yeats's power that when we come upon this sentence in his recent volume of essays,¹ we straightway begin to wonder what it all amounts to, this civil habit of life toward which we have been given to understand that the whole creation has thus far moved. It suddenly seems ridiculous that vapid subjects of thought should be allowed to excite us simply because they concern the practical comfort of the majority. We cannot help admitting, in mere candor, that our common interests are both tame and absorbing, and that we are lucky to escape them for the moment, now and then, by contact with some individual interest.

I.

Mr. Yeats himself is well able to afford us such an interest. He really

¹ *Ideas of Good and Evil.* By W. B. YEATS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

possesses, what the world is always looking for among the younger generation of writers, individuality and distinction. There is, perhaps, no individuality in current literature which imposes itself so directly and ungrudgingly upon the reader. "Reader" seems hardly the word to use, so strong is the sense of personal contact; in his later work, especially, there is a vocal quality which a mere writer could not compass. We find ourselves listening for the next sentence, not looking for it; and when here and there the eloquence or the point of view of the speaker is beyond us, we feel, maybe, a little embarrassment: we are afraid he will notice our dullness or remoteness and be disconcerted by it, and so we shall lose the rest of the music. This is only one of the evidences that Mr. Yeats may yet recapture an audience almost lost to men of letters; an audience which can only be attracted by some writer with the heart and fancy of a child and the subtle skill of an artist. To be childlike and accomplished, to keep perfect balance, not to be either childish or sophisticated, this is the great

thing in lyrical writing; we note with some anxiety that Mr. Yeats possesses theories, and we pray that he may never be possessed by them.

These theories are two: that the middle classes have been the death of good literature, and that symbolism is to be its new birth. His exposition of the former theory is extremely interesting:—

“What we call popular poetry never came from the people at all. Longfellow, and Campbell, and Mrs. Hemans, and Macaulay in his *Lays*, and Scott in his longer poems, are the poets of the middle class, of people who have unlearned the unwritten tradition which binds the unlettered, so long as they are masters of themselves, to the beginning of time and to the foundation of the world, and who have not learned the written tradition which has been established upon the unwritten. I became certain that Burns, whose greatness has been used to justify the littleness of others, was in part a poet of the middle class, because though the farmers he sprang from and lived among had been able to create a little tradition of their own, less a tradition of ideas than of speech, they had been divided by religious and political changes from the images and emotions which had once carried their memories backward thousands of years. Despite his expressive speech, which sets him above all other popular poets, he has the triviality of emotion, the poverty of ideas, the imperfect sense of beauty, of a poetry whose most typical expression is in Longfellow.” . . .

“There is only one kind of good poetry, for the poetry of the coteries, which presupposes the written tradition, does not differ in kind from the true poetry of the people, which presupposes the unwritten tradition. Both are alike strange and obscure, and unreal to all who have not understanding, and both . . . glimmer with thoughts and images whose ‘ancestors were stout and wise,’ ‘augh to Paradise,’ ‘ere yet men knew the gift of corn.’” . . .

“If men did not remember or half remember impossible things, and, it may be, if the worship of sun and moon had not left a faint reverence behind it, what Aran fisher-girl would sing:—

“‘It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird throughout the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

“‘You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked. I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you; and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb. . . .

“‘My mother said to me not to be talking with you, to-day or to-morrow or on Sunday. It was a bad time she took for telling me that, it was shutting the door after the house was robbed. . . .

“‘You have taken the east from me, you have taken the west from me, you have taken what is before me and what is behind me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great you have taken God from me.’” . . .

“Before the counting-house had created a new class and a new art without breeding and without ancestry, and set this art and this class between the hut and the castle, and between the hut and the cloister, the art of the people was as closely mingled with the art of the coteries as was the speech of the people, that delighted in rhythmical animation, in idiom, in images, in words full of far-off suggestion, with the unchanging speech of the poets.”

Here we have suggested the basis of Mr. Yeats’s own best achievement. As a boy he became absorbed in the songs and legends which he found still budding upon Irish country-sides. Many of them he recorded in prose and verse, in prose with especial ingenuousness and grace.¹

¹ *The Celtic Twilight*. By W. B. YEATS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

Then came a season of London life, of experiences "vapid and exciting," which, as he presently found, diverted him from his true field and vein. He had, thereupon, the extraordinary good fortune to realize his mistake, to return to his Irish folk, and to renew and deepen his acquaintance with the Irish atmosphere and lore. The first-fruits of this renewal are several essays of exceptional power, and a play written for an Irish theatre which the author and others of his acknowledged coterie have proposed to establish in Dublin. He tells us plainly what he expects of this theatre and of the plays that are to be produced in it:—

"Why should we thrust our works, which we have written with imaginative sincerity and filled with spiritual desire, before those quite excellent people who think that Rossetti's women are 'guys,' that Rodin's women are 'ugly,' and that Ibsen is 'immoral,' and who only want to be left at peace to enjoy the works so many clever men have made especially to suit them? We must make a theatre for ourselves and our friends, and for a few simple people who understand from sheer simplicity what we understand from scholarship and thought. We have planned the Irish Literary Theatre with this hospitable emotion, and, that the right people may find out about us, we hope to act a play or two in the spring of every year; and that the right people may escape the stupefying memory of the theatre of commerce which clings even to them, our plays will be for the most part remote, spiritual, and ideal."

It is probably fortunate that this experiment is being made in Ireland, where there is still a response to the remote and the ideal, even apparently as they are interpreted by the forms of symbolism: "All folk literature, and all literature that keeps the folk tradition, delights in unbounded and immortal things. . . . Cuchullan in the Irish folk tale had the passion of victory, and he overcame all men, and died warring upon the waves,

because they alone had strength to overcome him. . . . Oisín, new come from his three hundred years of faeryland, and of the love that is in faeryland, bids St. Patrick cease his prayers awhile and listen to the blackbird, because it is the blackbird of Derrycarn that Finn brought from Norway, three hundred years before, and set its nest upon the oak tree with his own hands. Surely if one goes far enough into the woods, one will find there all that he is seeking? Who knows how many centuries the birds of the woods have been singing?"

II.

Mr. Yeats does not hesitate to range himself frankly with those whom we commonly call the superstitious: "I often entangle myself in arguments more complicated than even those paths of Inchy as to what is the true nature of apparitions, but at other times I say, as Socrates said when they told him a learned opinion about the nymph of the Ilissus, 'The common opinion is enough for me.' I believe when I am in the mood that all nature is full of people whom we cannot see, and that some of these are ugly and grotesque, and some wicked or foolish, but very many beautiful beyond any one we have ever seen, and that these are not far away when we are walking in pleasant and quiet places. Even when I was a boy I could never walk in a wood without feeling that at any moment I might find before me somebody or something I had long looked for without knowing what I looked for. And now I will at times explore every little nook of some poor coppice with almost anxious footsteps, so deep a hold has this imagination upon me."

It is evidently impossible to consider the work of so credulous, fanciful, and ingenuous a spirit as we consider the work of an ordinary man of letters, or even an ordinary poet. And we can see why symbolism should be the natural resource for the higher expression of an intelligence

to which figures of speech are hardly more than literal statements of truth. Mr. Yeats has, however, not only an instinct for symbolism, but a theory of it; he is a scholar as well as a child and a seer. He has a good deal to say of the emotional symbol and the intellectual symbol. He chooses to call what is commonly termed "the decadence" by the much more poetic title, "the autumn of the body;" and considers that it really represents a first step upward toward a lost estate: "We are, it may be, at a crowning crisis of the world, at the moment when man is about to ascend, with the wealth he has been so long gathering upon his shoulders, the stairway he has been descending from the first days. The first poets, if we may find their images in the Kalevala, had not Homer's preoccupation with things, and he was not so full of their excitement as Virgil. Dante added to poetry a dialectic which, although he made it serve his laborious ecstasy, was the invention of minds trained by the labor of life, by a traffic among many things, and not a spontaneous expression of an interior life; while Shakespeare shattered the symmetry of verse and of drama that he might file them with things and their accidental relations to one another."

Follows upon this double belief in folk poetry and coterie poetry that Mr. Yeats's early prose mainly consisted in a simple and unmoralized record of certain legends and superstitions which he had from the mouths of Irish peasants, and his early verse and drama contained unmistakable reminders of Mallarmé and Maeterlinck. His new prose play,¹ a first experiment in writing plays for the proposed Irish Theatre, is in many respects unlike his former work. There is no faëry-lore or magic in it, and its simple, almost bald style precludes lavishness in the use of verbal symbols. It has no distinctly drawn human characters, but probably

the author did not mean to make any. "Maeterlinck," he says in the paper called *The Autumn of the Body*, "has set before us faint souls, naked and pathetic shadows already half vapor and sighing to one another upon the borders of the last abyss." The central figure in *Where There is Nothing* is less filmy and unhuman than all that, but it is not quite a person. It is a symbol, perhaps, an embodied situation, a Hamlet, let us say, without personality and without bowels. As for the play, as a whole, he may as well confess that he has not been able to get farther than the suspicion that the play means something. He is sure it is not an allegory, for Mr. Yeats has taken pains to explain that symbolism and allegory are very different things, and that allegory is a comparatively trivial thing. He is sure it is not a study of life, for, considered from that point of view, Paul Ruttledge must be owned a mere lunatic with a desire "to have great iron claws, and to put them about the pillars, and to pull and pull till everything fell to pieces." He does in the end get pulled to pieces himself, and that reasonable fact, perhaps, has something to do with the meaning of the play. Even then the flightiness of the victim precludes the possibility of our considering his death a tragedy; it is a mere pathos; but probably Mr. Yeats would not care about that either. Before he had determined to set himself against the middle classes, with their middling intelligence excited by vapid subjects of thought, he had doubtless conceived a distaste for anything so coarse and obvious as tragedy; and it is much that we should have an interpreter in English even of the naked and pathetic futilities, the pale and disembodied shadows of emotion, which haunt the background of human consciousness.

But this is not quite all we wish to expect from so indubitable a genius as that of Mr. Yeats. He has, he says, learned from the people themselves "that they cannot separate the idea of an art

¹ *Where There is Nothing*. By W. B. YEATS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

or a craft from the idea of a cult with ancient technicalities and mysteries." Every art is in some sense a cult, as every true artist is a seer. We may be ready to agree with Mr. Yeats that most nineteenth-century poetry, even the poetry of Wordsworth and Tennyson and Browning, suffered under the burden of journalistic and philosophical and scientific material with which it was saddled. The pure art, the pure cult of poetry, was compromised. In Mr. Yeats's own line of descent, in Blake and Shelley and Rossetti and Morris, it was not. The "ancient technicalities and mysteries" were preserved, to become, in due order, the property of the initiate in this generation. From these sources, to mention only those which are English, Mr. Yeats has derived his knowledge of the "written tradition." By direct contact with the Irish peasantry he has gained knowledge also of the "unwritten tradition." The danger is that insensibly he will get to following his theory of symbolism, rather than his instinct for it, and that, instead of making toward a free use of symbols, he may be really constructing a code at once arbitrary and rigid. One is struck by nothing more, in reading the symbolists, than by their narrow range of motive. They prefer hallucination to fact, the sound of a wind blowing through a rag of tapestry to the human voice, fancies that glimmer and loom upon the dim borders of the mind to sound and fruitful imaginations. There seems to be something fresh and sane and independent about Mr. Yeats which makes one reluctant to believe that he will be able to give himself entire to his visions and his symbols. He has a power of vigorous imaginative prose which the world needs even more, perhaps, than his power of suggesting preter-human emotion by code.

III.

The middle class, or as we may say, to bring the matter closer to our bosoms,

the "average person" in Anglo-Saxon society, has been getting rough treatment of late at other hands than those of Mr. Yeats. In *A Fight for the City*,¹ Mr. Alfred Hodder delivers himself of some uncomfortable truths; fortunately the average person is by nature an Artful Dodger, and is likely to come quite unscathed from a nominal encounter, whether with Mr. Hodder's frank bludgeon or with Mr. Yeats's courteously proffered point. The method of attack is of course quite different. Mr. Hodder finds in the spectacle of municipal politics a subject highly exciting and not in the least vapid. He speaks not as an artist, but as a "fellow citizen," and the vigor of his presentation is (as may happen in journalism) made rather more effective by its intemperance. The substance of his argument it would be hard to gainsay. The rottenness of our municipal governments, the continually losing fight between theory and practice, he attributes to our fondness for "the administrative lie:"—

"The belief of the puritan that the administrative lie redounds to the advantage of the public is best to be defended on the ground of the hypnotic force of the administrative lie. . . . 'This day England expects every man to do his duty,' was Nelson's message to his navy at the battle of Copenhagen. England was old and wise with the wisdom of ages, and expected nothing of the kind; but still the lie was a good, thrilling, historic lie. . . . People of English blood have a robust talent for administration, and a sturdy faith in the administrative lie. They believe in the power of good words; they have an innate gift for words, and are subject to their charm. They are a fighting race and a commercial race, yet they cannot go to battle on an openly avowed ground of public or commercial expediency; they must first have for battle-cry a decorative

¹ *A Fight for the City*. By ALFRED HODDER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

or thrilling phrase, not meant to bear the light of sober scrutiny. 'Taxation without representation is tyranny;' 'all men are born free and equal;' 'a house divided against itself cannot stand;' 'this nation cannot exist half slave and half free;' such decorative and thrilling phrases lift their lives in their own mind into the realm of the ideal, dignify the conflict, let their deepest passions loose in the service of their will. It may well seem a tenable hypothesis, that by sheer reiteration of audacious but inspiring falsities concerning what men are or may be, they may be transmuted into some sort of likeness to the nature asserted to be theirs. But the hypothesis has in the case in question been tested by experience: for generation after generation there have been maintained upon the statute book the formulas of the hypnotic lie. And some twenty thousand gamblers, young and old, according to the report made by Mr. Nixon, nightly crowd the gambling houses of the city, and the saloons stand open Sunday, with at most closed shutters and a change of entrance, and prostitutes by scores of thousands ply their trade where he may know who will."

This is only a portion of one of the many suggestive passages with which Mr. Hodder illuminates his narrative of the Jerome campaign. We have not space here to enlarge upon the details of his treatment. Enough has been quoted to suggest that it is the product of a strong and uncompromising, rather than delicately balanced intelligence: the voice of one crying in the metropolis and not an expression of artistic instinct or theory. Mr. Hodder's book must be taken as a record or an opinion rather than as an interpretation. But "human documents" have their importance, and to this order Mr. Hodder's book belongs, in a very worthy sense.

Of The Autobiography of a Thief¹ it

¹ *The Autobiography of a Thief*. Recorded by HUTCHINS HAPGOOD. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. 1903.

is not so easy to be sure; yet it seems, so far as an "edited" narrative can, to be a true document; and it has certain qualities which differentiate it from such books as Mr. Riis's *How the Other Half Lives*, or Messrs. Flynt and Hapgood's *The Powers that Prey*. The authorship of the book appears to be pretty clearly what it claims to be, vicarious only as Mr. Hapgood's help was needed in getting the narrative into intelligible form. "The method employed," says the editor or "recorder," "was that, practically, of the interview. From the middle of March to the first of July we met nearly every afternoon, and many evenings, at a little German café on the East Side. There I took voluminous notes, often asking questions, but taking down as literally as possible his story in his own words; to such a degree is this true that the following narrative is an authentic account of his life, with occasional descriptions and character-sketches of his friends of the Under World."

Mr. Hapgood is right in asserting that "the autobiography bears sufficient internal evidence of the fact that, essentially, it is a thief's own story." The fact is borne out with especial clearness by the thief's habit, now and then, when it occurs to him that he is bearing a part in the production of a book, of attempting to be literary. At such moments his conventional moralizing, his cheap "literary" graces, his sentiment of the vaudeville order, are somewhat repellent to one who wishes to take the narrative as a "human document." As a whole, however, it is human enough in all conscience, so grimly human that one has to go back to Defoe to get an analogue in English prose. Mr. Hodder tells us that the women of the upper classes are largely responsible for the maintenance of the administrative lie: "For her victory in words she obtains a prize in words — in laws newly inscribed or else retained upon the statute book; and sometimes even in a show or a reality of zeal for the

enforcement of those laws. The presence of those laws upon the statute book, and even their rigorous enforcement for a season, is precisely what the grafter most desires; she is one of 'those good souls whose credulous morality is so invaluable a treasure to crafty politicians;' where her aid has been invoked in politics, it has invariably been invoked upon the side of the administrative lie." Mr. Hodder speaks here of the political "grafter," but the administrative lie works also to the advantage of professional thieves, as the narrative of Mr. Hapgood's thief sufficiently shows.

"I was a good pickpocket and a fairly successful burglar," is his modest preliminary boast, "and I have known many of the best crooks in the country." The author is now thirty-five years old; he has spent many years at Sing-Sing and Mount Auburn, and several years in asylums for the criminally insane. He realizes that "graft" does not pay. He retains, nevertheless, throughout his narrative, the tone and point of view of the professional criminal; and it is curious and moving to see him continually reverting from what he is given to understand is the proper (and profitable) moral attitude toward life, to the thieves' religion in which he was reared:—

"These three girls certainly were a crack-a-jack trio. You can't find their likes nowadays. Even in my time most of the girls I knew did not amount to anything. They generally married, or did worse. There were few legitimate grafters among them. Since I have been back this time I have seen a great many of the old picks and night-workers I used to know. They tell the same story. There are no Molls [women] now who can compare with Big Lena, Blonde Mamie, and Sheenie Annie. Times are bad anyway." One can see the reformed thief looking back quite innocently, with the eye of a connoisseur, to the day when there were women in New York who really knew something about shoplift-

ing. Otherwise they were not quite paragons. His own relations to one of them do not appear to have been of the most formal; but they were all that the code of his own guild required. Apparently there are no administrative lies employed in the internal working of the world of graft.

Elsewhere, at points of contact with the society which makes the laws, that lie is reckoned among the assets of the criminal. The present autobiographer states the case with appalling frankness. "If a thief wants to keep out of the 'pen' or 'stir' (penitentiary), capital is a necessity. The capital of a grafter is called 'spring-money,' for he may have to use it at any time in paying the lawyer who gets him off in case of an arrest [this apparently means by "influence," not by defending the case in court], or in bribing the policeman or some other official. . . . If a thief has not enough money to hire a mouthpiece (criminal lawyer) he is in a bad way. He is greatly handicapped, and cannot 'jump out' (steal) with any boldness."

This may be taken as a sufficient illustration of the ingenuousness with which the ex-convict relates his experience. There is nothing picturesque about it, nothing ironical; and this is what stamps it as a document and distinguishes it from a work of art. Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*, Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*, Dr. Mitchell's *Adventures of François*—all are extraneous literary interpretations of criminal life. All are more picturesque, more engaging, and, on the whole, less illuminating than this true narrative, which only Defoe, of all English writers, could have conceivably hit upon as an invention.

There is always doubt whether we should class such books as literature. "A book," said Ruskin, "is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing, and written not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence." Very well, then, let us call Mr. Hodder's vol-

ume a piece of bound journalism, and Mr. Hapgood's a collection of depositions. The fact remains that they are both immensely interesting; as interesting in their way as Mr. Yeats's work is

in its way; the expression of immediate practical issues which not even our responsiveness to the remote ideal issues of mysticism can lead us to regard as merely vapid.

H. W. Boynton.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is an allusion mark that I want. I am sure every one — at least every member of the Guild of the Pen — will know directly what I mean. A conventional sign wherewith to make one's acknowledgments when one is adapting, not quoting, another man's phrase: what a boon that would be!

In many instances, to be sure, such a sign would be banal enough; no one desires to point the allusion when he elects to write, for example, "The bitter bye-and-bye," or "Oft in the chilly night," or "Lest we remember," or "He awoke one morning and found himself infamous," or "Persistency thou art a jewel," any more than he wants quotation marks for the corresponding Familiar Quotations. Nevertheless, the need I speak of is frequently so conspicuous that I really cannot conceive why nothing has ever been done about it. Suppose I want to make use of a borrowed bit, not *literatim*, but trimmed, twisted, or touched up to suit a special case. Perhaps it is only a matter of altering a tense or a person, or turning "direct discourse" into "indirect;" perhaps it is a more radical modification keeping at the same time the shape and cadence or other distinguishing feature of the original. Suppose I cannot count on my prospective readers to recognize the adaptation as such, or at any rate to understand that I meant it to be recognized. Suppose, as so often befalls, an explanatory reference, however lightly thrown

in, would disfigure my text. Behold a three-horned dilemma: I must become a "thunder-thief," or at least risk being taken for a thunder-thief, or I must wink at clumsy technique, or I must give up my allusion altogether, and so, it may be, knock out a telling point that cannot otherwise be made. (I don't take into account the illiterate and immoral expedient of putting quotation marks to a phrasing that is not accurate quotation.) What am I to do?

The pertinence of an allusion mark, of course, would largely depend, as the pertinence of the quotation mark largely depends, on the quality of the contingent one might be trying to please. If one were writing with an eye to, say, the readers of the Atlantic, one would naturally dispense with such a device in many cases that would call for it were one considering a company presumably less bookish. An unliterary — *not* illiterate — scientist friend once showed me an article in a leading scientific magazine, whose thesis, as nearly as I who am an ignoramus about biology know how to put it, was that certain processes thitherto supposed to take place only within the several cells of a particular organism really went on from cell to cell throughout the structure. The essay concluded with the words, "In this respect, cell walls do not a prison make." "Look at that!" exclaimed my friend in disgust. "Did you ever see such a sentence? She" — the author in question chanced to be a woman — "has read Ger-

man till she 's forgotten English." Now the allusion to Lovelace's classic line was absurdly out of tone with the article and the magazine, anyway, but if the writer had had and employed a "mark" to indicate that it *was* an allusion, she would have been spared aspersion, at least for anything worse than bad taste, even from readers who did n't happen to be acquainted with the stanzas to Althea.

But, be your market what it may, the allusion mark is still a desideratum. Short of a cumbersome or otherwise inappropriate parenthesis, the little problem confronting you is often quite insoluble. There are the times when your reference is to some out-of-the-way scrap with which no one could be expected to be familiar, — so that the use of it sans acknowledgment would indeed be thunderteft. There are the times when, though precise quotation is n't important to your purpose, you would like to quote precisely, but your memory of the given passage is imperfect, and you can't get at the original. There are the times — but I need n't go on.

Now why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should things be as they are in this particular? Does not the absence of such a device as I have been pleading for constitute a real, a lamentable, little *lacuna* in Language as she is wrote? An allusion mark: why not?

"WELL, Philip, have you learned to read yet?"

The Transmigrations of My Soul. My father's question interrupted the companionless and rather unexciting game of mumble t' peg by which I was assisting the tooth of Time to demolish the back steps.

"Oh yes," I answered confidently, "I can read tip-top." I had hoped that so satisfactory a response — which was hardly borne out by the facts — would prevent further discourse on a subject which interested me not at all. But I reckoned without my host.

"Very good," said my father; "then it is time that you began to read the

Bible. At your age I had finished the Pentateuch and commenced the book of Joshua. You may come in and begin now."

Thus without ceremony was I ushered into a new world, — the world of Literature. I entered reluctantly, — it would have been rebelliously had I dared. Looking back now over the days of my years hitherto, I perceive that after I entered that world I never had any proper Ego. I lived the life and thought the thoughts of the people I read about. My body was just a convenient dwelling-place for one or another $\psi\upsilon\chi\acute{\eta}$ which had outworn its material framework or perhaps had never possessed one of its own. So that, strictly speaking, all I know anything about is the transmigration of other people's souls. Sometimes several of these immaterial infusions contended for the occupancy of my frail tenement. The outward and visible result of this inward strife was variously — and often unpleasantly — characterized by my elders, who failed to perceive the cause of my vagaries. A woman or a child has a strong preference for the personal and concrete. So as I painfully read aloud the book of Genesis, by little and little in daily "stents," just as my sister sewed her patch-work, I was Noah or Abraham or Joseph by turns. But oftenest I was Adam in the Garden, because I was a dreamy lad and the life suited me, and because, also, my mental image of that "garden planted to the eastward" was taken from my playground, — a charming bit of country, lake and river bound, filled with trees and with kindly beasts for company. So, finding my Eden ready, I entered into its joys. To be sure, the old-time characters were not precisely new acquaintances. But in church or at family prayers these things wear a different aspect. Moreover, it sometimes happens, when a boy appears most edifyingly attentive, that his astral body is playing ball, or fishing, or climbing trees for young squirrels. I never hesitated to

insist that the immanent Adam should adapt himself to my environment, though one or two thrilling suggestions from the printed page were gladly welcomed. I eagerly watched the little lakes for some sign of the "great sea-monsters," but there was no Eve in my Paradise, and I always knew better than to parley with serpents. The woodchuck, also, I regarded as an enemy. Doubtless the woodchuck returned my feeling in kind.

Among my father's books which I was not yet permitted to read, I one day came upon one called *Rasselas*. Knowing nothing of its contents, I assumed that *Rasselas* was a boy, and forthwith invited him to come out and play with me. He came readily enough, and when I gave him first choice of a game, he apparently declared for duck-stone. We set off at full speed for the pond where stones were best in size and most abundant. But before we were halfway there, *Rasselas* tripped me up, and a sharp edge of rock cut my forehead. The cut bled so that I had to go home for repairs — not that I would have played with *Rasselas* any longer anyway. My grandaunt bathed and plastered my head very gently, scolding all the time as was her custom.

"How did you get such a cut, anyhow?" she exclaimed, in a tone which implied that a cut on the forehead was positive proof of total depravity.

"*Rasselas* tripped me up," I sobbed.

"*Rastus*? *Rastus* who?" she ejaculated. "I don't know any *Rastuses*."

"Oh, I think he does n't live on this side of the pond, grandaunt," interposed cousin Jane, partly suspecting the identity of *Rasselas*, and wishing to keep me from further entanglement. Playing with strange — and evidently vicious — boys from across the lake was a fault my grandaunt could understand and deal with. But playing with a boy invited down from the library shelves would have been one of those mysterious misdemeanors which puzzled her New England conscience.

The volume relating to the Persecutions of the Early Christians was responsible for one other escapade wherein I got rather an overdose of realism. Personating an Early Christian, I fled wildly through the woods from imaginary pursuers, hiding now and then in dens and caves. At last I thought of a plan which would require less strain of imagination, and would enable me to enter thoroughly into the spirit of my part. A railroad ran through the district, and at each grade crossing was a sort of excavation under the rails which I now understand the farmers call a culvert, but which I then knew as a "culprit." Being designed to keep stray cows from untimely death, — a railroad having much the same fascination for a cow as for a boy, — the "culprit" was uncovered. I, being still an Early Christian, filled one of the dry channels with green weeds and small bushes, beneath which I crawled, hiding from my pursuing foes, represented by the locomotive with its line of cars. Not knowing much about railway schedules, I crept into my hiding-place and waited. I waited so long that my enthusiasm grew cool and my body stiff and cramped. I remembered that sometimes at the Junction steam came from the locomotive's waste-pipe and made little reeking puddles on the ground. I wondered if I ran any risk of being scalded. I began to feel afraid, which, to be sure, was just what I was there for, but I found the real thing worse than I had expected. The repressed energy of my muscles seemed to find outlet through my imagination; until by the time the train actually came on, I was no longer a seeker after experimental knowledge of Early Christian sufferings, but a much terrified boy of seven, who scarcely hoped to survive the passing of the coming monster over the "culprit" and his own trembling little body. Curiously enough, it did not once occur to me that I could crawl out of my hiding-place and go home whenever I pleased. I was there for a purpose, and

I stayed until that purpose was accomplished. After the train had gone by, and I had got my breath once more, I went home a wiser but by no means a sadder boy. Indeed, after the stiffness had passed a little from my limbs, I walked braggartly as one who had performed great feats. But the noise of my deed had preceded me, — by what means I never knew. It put the cap upon the climax by which my iniquities had been steadily mounting. I was removed from the gentle tutelage of cousin Jane, and sent to school.

At the present day, when the accurate study of our own language is **"A Little Learning..."** so greatly extolled, it is amusing to see the blunders into which some would-be purists fall, not from ignorance exactly, but from that little learning which we have known for two hundred years to be so dangerous. The trouble generally arises from people's eagerness to be schoolmasters in English when they should content themselves with being scholars. The result is that the amateur schoolmaster is abroad, — very much abroad, — and is most dogmatic when farthest from real knowledge. Some of these half-learned blunderers deserve to have their achievements specially noted.

What, for instance, induces a large number of popular writers not only in newspapers and magazines, but in books, to make all their men, when talking to a woman, call her "madame"? None of the parties are French, nor is the scene laid in France. Why not "madam"? That word has the sanction of the very first writers for three hundred years. There is no more reason for writing "madame" in English prose, nor in poetry when the word has its ordinary accent, than for "ruine" or "charme."

Why do "society" magazines and newspaper advertisements always print "crêpe"? The word has been thoroughly English for years upon years. Pope told us nearly two centuries ago

"A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn."
Dickens in Martin Chuzzlewit makes

most effective use of black crape in the delirious ravings of poor Lewsome. But there is no need to quote such authorities. The adopting of the French form instead of the English is entirely a fancy of milliners, and of society writers who take their inspiration from milliners, of the last few years.

Why have Americans such a passion for the form "around," almost wholly rejecting "round" as an adverb or preposition, and when they introduce it in writing — usually as a bit of dialect or a vulgarism — printing it "'round"? "Round" and "around" are in all respects equal in the very best writers. The first book of Paradise Lost shows this sufficiently. There is no reason for avoiding the shorter form; and most certainly no reason, if it is used, for prefixing an apostrophe in print.

All such fads come from imperfect knowledge of the best literature, an imperfection which is pretty certain to peep out elsewhere in the writings of those who follow them. One magazine which regularly treats its readers to "madame" and "crêpe" exhibits, in the pages of a really eminent literary man, an Englishman with an estate in "Norfolkshire." Why not "New Yorktown" or "Chicagoville"? Norfolk is not one of the "shires," as any Englishman will tell you. Oh that men — and women — would read more before they wrote! Perhaps then they would not write so much.

A RECENT criticism by a cynical friend of mine upon the Contributors' Club, to the effect that its tone is becoming entirely feminized, has driven me to the sources, and I beg to present herewith the results of my investigation.

I have just read one hundred and thirty contributions to the Club, covering the past two years or more in the honorable life of the Atlantic Monthly, and here is what I have found: Of these one hundred and thirty essays, fourteen are avowedly by women, and seven avowedly by

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scious Sex.**

men; which leaves an overwhelming majority of one hundred and nine cases where it is impossible to be sure. However, one may always guess, and I would hazard the opinion that of the remaining one hundred and nine, seven were probably written by women.

These figures would seem to disprove the belief of my cynical friend effectively enough, but his comment appears to me to have some bearing after all. For it is evident from my statistics that women are just twice as willing to proclaim their sex as men are. And more than this, I find from a study of the character of these revelations, that women do it with far less provocation. Of the seven men who have unmistakably disclosed themselves, only one did so without its having a direct bearing upon his subject. That one merely made a cheerful but irrelevant allusion to his enjoyment of a "quiet pipe;" but as I cannot believe that any lady-contributor to the *Atlantic* smokes a pipe, I have set him down for an unusually confidential male.

But out of the fourteen women who take the trouble to declare themselves as such, only three had any good reason for telling. The rest go out of their way to avow, one that her eyes and nose become red after weeping, a second that she wears a wrap and not a coat, another that her conscience addresses her as "Madam." One admits that she is a "weak sister," and one arrogant soul evidently holds in derision the old rule of the grammars that where the gender is unstated "he" may be regarded as of common gender; for in her generalizations the indefinite "one" is always followed by "she" or "her"! One says she is a "woman," another that she is a "conscientious woman," and a third daring spirit owns to being a "middle-aged woman"!

Verily, times are changed since the days when women adventured, trembling,

on the high seas of literature, flying the protecting pennant of a masculine *nom de plume*. The modern woman is so afraid she *may* be taken for a man, that when denied the privilege of signing the convincing "Mary Ann" at the bottom of the page, she will put her instincts in her pocket and make the most damaging admissions rather than leave room for any delusions on this score.

What, then, shall be the conclusions? For one thing, certainly, that women are not really so anxious to be men as they are always giving us to believe. For, like *Rosalind* in her doublet and hose, when given an admirable chance for masquerade, they are forever playing with their secret, and are bound to disclose it sooner or later.

But perhaps these confidences are the result of the realistic taste of the hour, which declares that whatever chances to be true is also pertinent. Or perhaps it is a new aspect of feminine vanity. Or does it mean merely that women are bound to be personal anyway (the inevitable masculine conclusion)? Or (and this would be an excellent joke on me, one which no one but the discreet editor can perpetrate) may it be that that large remnant of one hundred and two non-committal contributors whom I have guessed to be men merely because they do not sound conspicuously like women, are women after all, who by virtue of their numbers and their reticence at once overturn my theory and establish the theory of my friend the cynic who inspired my researches?

Anyway, in order to put one more bolt in my argument, and swell the list of self-revealed women to fifteen, I will make a damaging admission myself; for I do not mind saying, under the friendly cover of anonymity which the Club extends to every comer, that I have been hitting myself with every word I have herein set down.